MAN WORLD

& RAW EGG JOURNAL

Issue 4

PANIC IN THE SHEETS!

Dating in the Age of WRIDS

NOOR BIN LADIN

EVENT 201

LORD MILES

SEED OILS

CORMAC MCCARTHY

OSWALD SPENGLER

NAZI ICE CREAM

INCEL MONKEYS

THE 39 STEPS

VINCE GIRONDA

RAW EGG NATIONALISM

by Raw Egg Nationalist

RAW EGGS+NATIONALISM=
RAW EGG NATIONALISM

By strengthening the nation state, we make possible the strengthening of the individual, and a nation is only as strong as its people. Raw egg nationalism is a physical and political ethic built upon the massive consumption of raw eggs.

Just as no single food has been subject to greater calumnies in our time than the egg, no men have been more politically persecuted than nationalists.

31 Recipes for

- Shakes
- Steaks
- Sauces
- Cooked Eggs
- Cocktails
- Treats

Put all your eggs in this basket, count your chickens before they hatch, and be the Chad you want to see in the world.

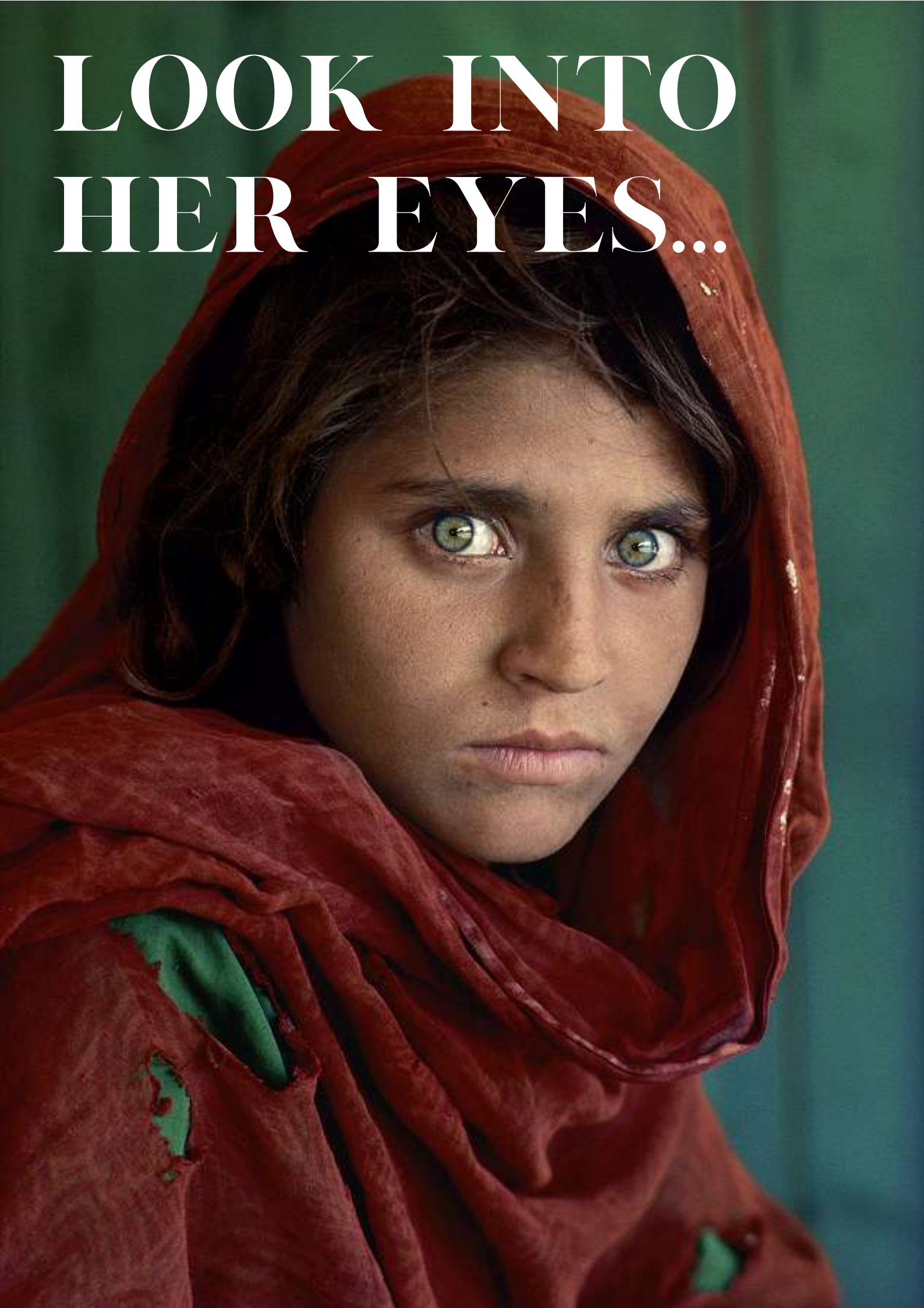
– Raw Egg Nationalist

In hardback exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com

bronzeagepervert
caribbeanvirtu
BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST

Those who cannot conceive of friendship as a substantive love but only as a disguise or elaboration of Eros betray the fact that they have never had a friend.

— C.S. Lewis —


LOOK INTO
HER EYES...

MAN'S WORLD

in partnership with OnlySmut

URGENT APPEAL FOR FEMALE AFGHAN CONTENT CREATORS

DO YOU WANT TO BE THE ONE TO TELL HER SHE CAN'T HAVE AN ONLYSMUT ACCOUNT?

With President Joe Biden's shameful early withdrawal from Afghanistan, the country's nascent female content-creation scene is under mortal threat from the Taliban. Already female content creators have fled the major cities and are having to face an uncertain future. At the time of writing, we estimate some 11,000 Afghan OnlySmut profiles have not received any new content in over five weeks.

If we don't act now, a whole generation of young Afghan women may never know the freedom of selling pictures of their anus for small change. When we invaded Afghanistan in 2001, we made a promise to its women that we would bring them the freedom our enemies hate us so much for. At the MAN'S WORLD URGENT APPEAL FOR FEMALE AFGHAN CONTENT CREATORS, we believe that promise matters. Make a pledge today and help reconquer the country in the name of female empowerment!

'If we don't re-invade now, how will I ever get to see this young girl's goodies?'

Holden Bloodfeast (R, Iowa), proud sponsor of the Man's World Urgent Appeal for Female Afghan Content Creators

HELP #ONLYFANSFORAFGHANS TREND TODAY!

*this is satire

WELCOME TO FRIENDS OLD AND NEW. أهلًا وسهلًا to any Talichads who may be reading this on captured Amerikwan laptops or iPads. Congratulations on vanquishing the pantsuit empire! (Thanks for the follows on Twitter, too!)

The ignominious retreat of the pantsuit legions from Afghanistan is reason for celebration but also bitter reflection. How can we ignore the terrible cost in blood, and of course treasure, that twenty years of warfare in the Graveyard of Empires has cost us? We sent so many of our best, the brave, the steadfast – for what? Whatever the war actually *was* about, it wasn't about making the world safer or better, certainly not for you and me or for the female content creators of Jalalabad (please support our appeal). And now, what's worse, American patriots face the prospect of the entire security apparatus developed for the War of Terror being redeployed on home soil against a new fabricated threat: 'domestic terrorism' in the form of the dreaded 'white supremacy'. A new kind of domination, unknown in the Republic's history, beckons (just remember you can't spell 'tyranny' without 'tranny'). Still, the Taliban victory shows, at least, that the forces of Globohomo *can* be defeated, with great faith, cost and patience. We too must learn to wage the war of the flea. The hegemony of the rainbow flag is not inevitable!

On the subject of events in Afghanistan, this issue of MAN'S WORLD contains one of its finest scoops to date: an interview with LORD MILES ('The Channer Who Would Be King'), the intrepid young man who made the brave (some might say 'stupid') decision to infiltrate the country just as everybody else was doing their level best to get the bloody hell out.

What else? I'm sure you've noticed our wonderful cover. I'm afraid, dear critics, you're not going to be able to cry 'GAY!' this time. Anyway, just like the well-proportioned sailor of Issue 2 fame, sexy face-mask-panty woman also serves a serious purpose here, namely to introduce what I consider to be my finest essay to date: 'Panic in the Sheets: Dating in the Age of WRIDS'. What's 'WRIDS'? I hear you ask. Why, it's Wuhan-Related Immune Deficiency Syndrome, a classic frog coinage (I believe from @lokijulianus). What do my hilarious attempts to date during the pandemic tell us about the nature of this terrible juncture we're at? Read on and find out.

We also have an exclusive interview with the delectable NOOR BIN LADIN, who will be telling us the truth about what based women really want; articles on SEED OILS, EVENT 201. CORMAC MCCARTHY; a health and fitness special from HERCULEAN STRENGTH; a secret recipe for NAZI ICE CREAM; as well as entirely new opinion, news and cartoon sections. Man's World Issue 4: the best just got even better! ■

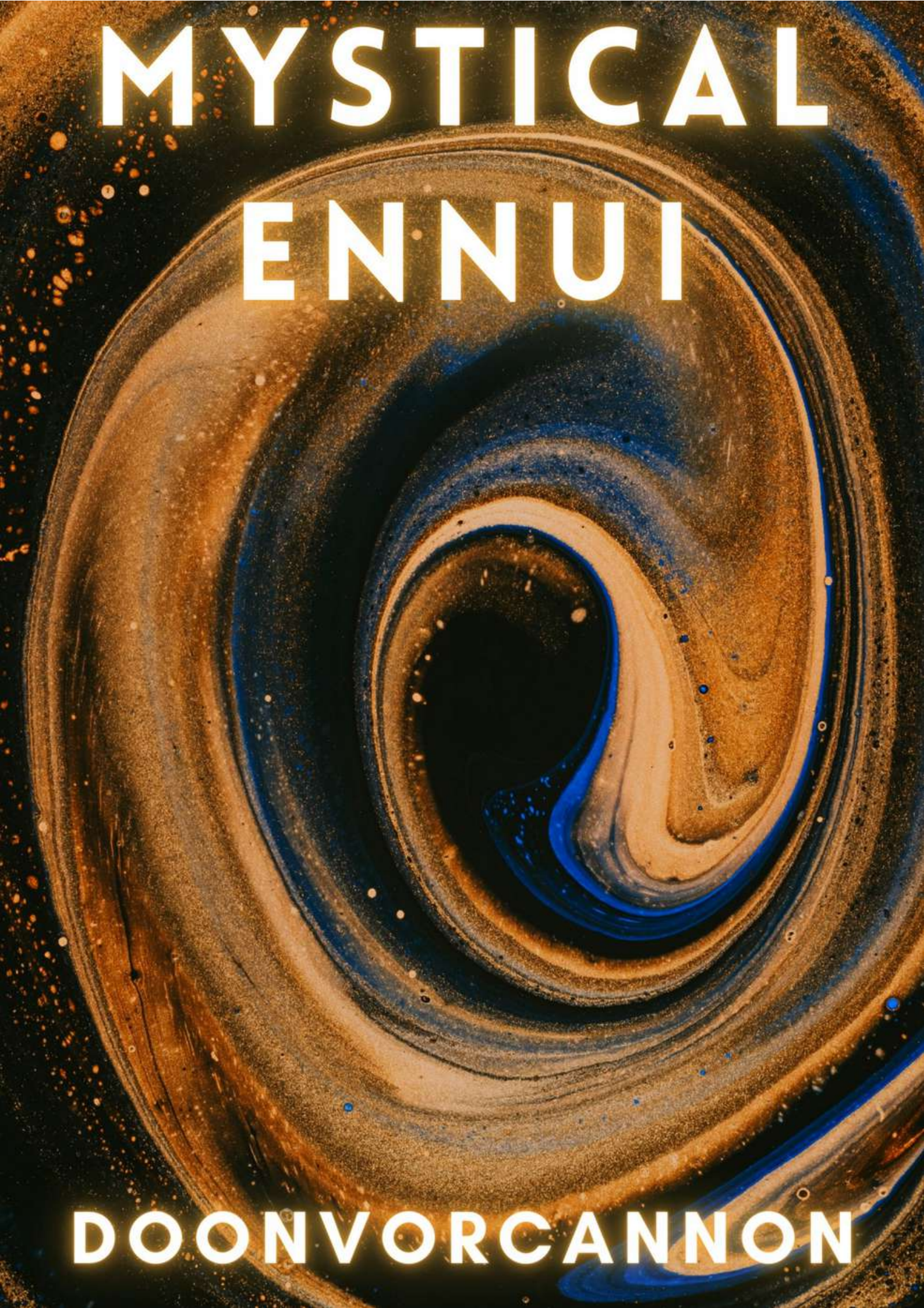
WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?

Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which, after three issues and less than nine months, now stands at over 150k.

If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact either by tweeting @babygravy9 or sending a direct message.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the new sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MYSTICAL ENNUI



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Autumn 2021

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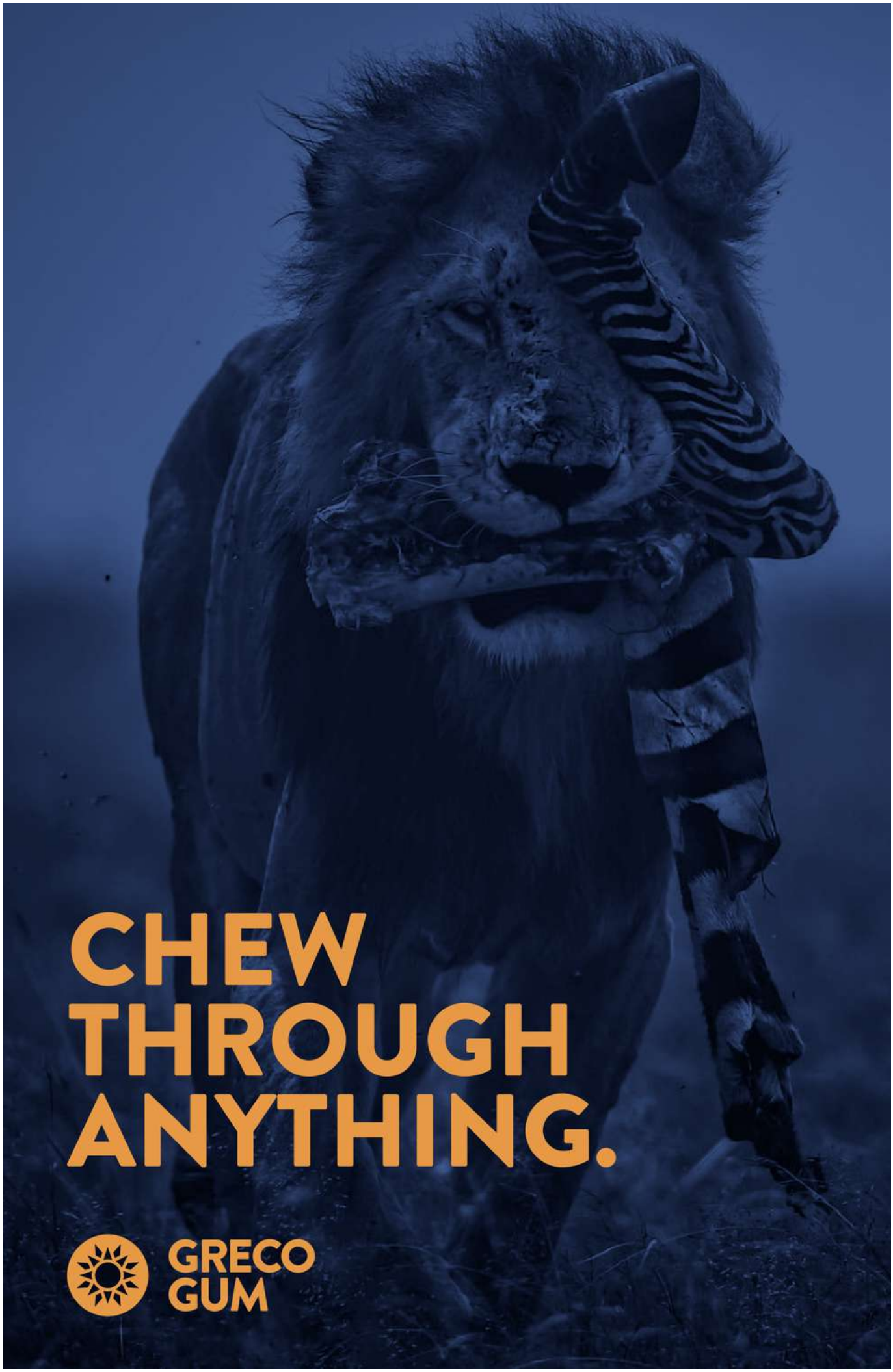
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ANYTHING.
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MAN'S WORLD

& RAW EGG JOURNAL

Issue 4

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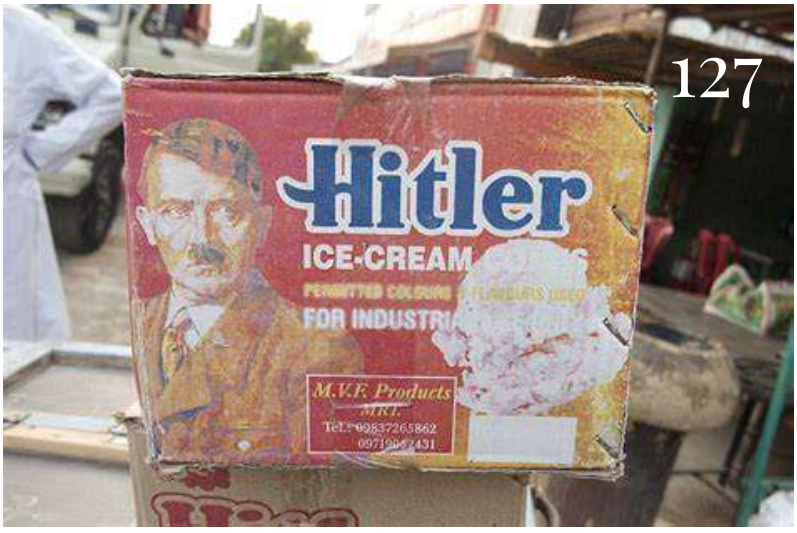
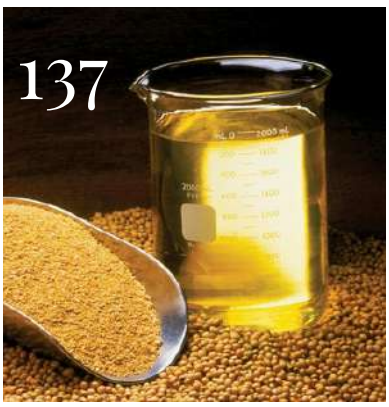
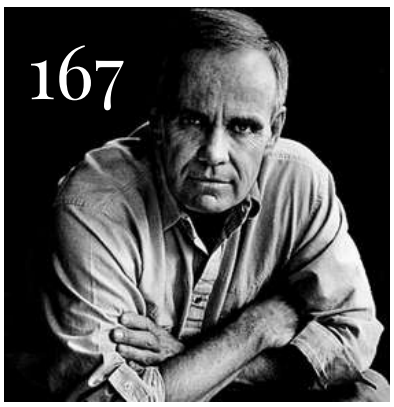


Panzerschokolade ice cream

Incel monkeys





Seed oils / JCormac MacCarthy

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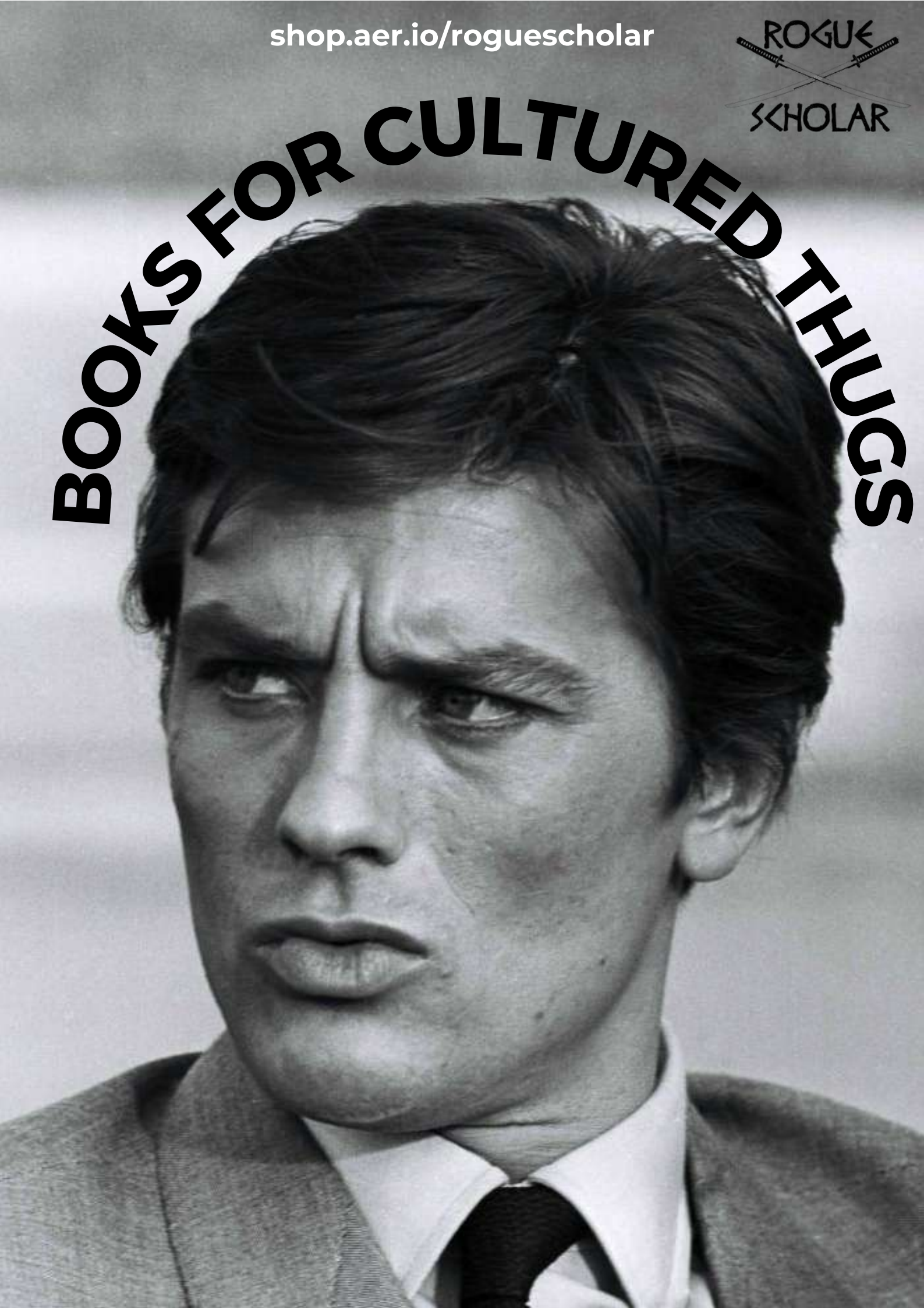
ROGUE SCHOLAR

BOOKS FOR CULTURED THUGS



MAN'S WORLD

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MAN'S WORLD: THE FINEST MASCULINE CONTENT ANY TIME, ANYWHERE

You're busy as hell. We get it. The modern masculine man always has something to do, somewhere to be. We never sit still either. But that's no reason not to read the latest issue of MAN'S WORLD, is it? Especially since you can view the amazing life-like flipbook version on your smartphone.

So the next time you get a spare moment, turn on cruise control, forget the world around you and engross yourself in the finest masculine content on the internet today. The best writers, the most exclusive products. Everything you need to become the man you owe it to yourself to be.

What sort of man reads MAN'S WORLD? A man who knows cyclists shouldn't be on the road in the first place.

MW

MAN'S WORLD: THE FINEST MASCULINE CONTENT SINCE 2020

Dear Man's World

DEFINITIONS

Define 'Man'. Define 'World'. Now define possession of the latter by the former. You're boring me.

Anonymous

I think we have a good idea who sent this...

SEA LEGS

Warning! After reading Issue 2: The Sea! The Sea! I became obsessed with the urge to head out to sea and live off it. Ending up in Hobyo, Somalia working in ship repo with the locals was not what I expected... but worth it!

Steve

Thank you for your letter, Steve. We're glad to hear you've finally reached dry land, even if it is Somalia. Next time we round the Horn, we'll make sure to pop by and say hello. Just make sure to tell the locals we come in peace...

JUST CHECKING

Did you fucking train today?

Alex

Thank you, Alejandro. Very cool!

PAJAMA BOYS

Dear Mr Raw Egg Nationalist,

I am writing in response to your interview in the last issue of "Men's World" magazine, in which you put forward a handful of tendentious and, frankly, downright false suppositions about my understanding of the movement I have described, in a number of my justly celebrated essays, as 'the Pajama Boy Nietzscheans' and 'the BAP boys'.

(PAJAMA BOYS cont.)

I am well aware of the purpose to which the Bronze Age Pervert posts his pictures of half-naked mostly European male models on what he calls 'Handsome Tuesday'. I have studied these posts in great detail. I am familiar with every one of them. I know my Pietro Bosellis from my David Laids. (Although, I must admit, this Zizz character is still something of a mystery to me.)

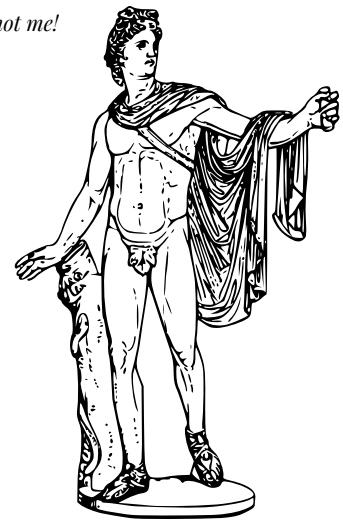
Since I published my rightfully lauded essay 'The Pajama Boy Nietzscheans', I have been subjected to a daily torrent of abuse from online trolls who are too cowardly to show themselves by posting their identities so that their lives can be totally ruined. While I have borne this mud-slinging with the resolve and dignity for which I have deservedly become known, quite frankly I've had it with these constant taunts of 'post fizeek'. No I will not remove my shirt! The shirt stays on!

Why don't <u>you</u> all post <u>your</u> physiques instead? Take off your pajamas and let me see your buff bods!

Yours eternally,

C. Bradley Thompson

You said it, Brad, not me!



ASK Uncle Cobra

GOT A PROBLEM? BROKEN HEART? EMPTY WALLET? DRY YOUR EYES, QUIT COMPLAINING AND SCREW YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT. ANDREW 'COBRA' TATE,* THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MAN ON THE INTERNET WILL GET YOU RIGHT – IF YOU'VE GOT THE BALLS TO TAKE HIS ADVICE...

Dear Uncle Cobra,

My beloved wife of 24 years has only six months left to live. Naturally, I'm devastated to see the women I had hoped to spend the rest of my life with, passing before my very eyes. I feel totally powerless. Her last wish is for me not to mourn, but to build a legacy for our two beautiful daughters. But I just can't think straight. What should I do? Please help me.
Richard, Scarborough

You're really living up to your nickname, aren't you, DICK? Little DICK from Scarborough. Where even is that? It's not Bucharest, DICK, is it?

I thought this was supposed to be a dilemma, DICK? So where is it? I don't see a dilemma. But since you're clearly too much of a PUSSY to figure it out yourself, I guess I'll just have to spell things out for you, DICK. Normally I charge for my master-level wisdom, but in your case I'll make an exception. Loser.

Your supposed 'love' for your wife is blinding you to the reality of the situation. Get with the program: the Tate PhD program (currently selling at the low, low price of $460). In six months, the goose that lays the golden egg will lay no more – you see where this is going, right, DICK? – so you'd best get her laying, and fast.

You've got six months to extract as much hard cash as you can from your wife before she croaks. Sorry to put it like that. Actually I'm not sorry at all. Trust me, if the situation were reversed, your wife would be thinking in exactly the same way about you. Good riddance to the bitch.

Buy a webcam and get her on it. Give her one last thrill – call it palliative porn – and make a pile of cash. Then, when she's gone, buy two more webcams for your daughters. Now there's a legacy.

Cobra out. ■

*NOT REALLY

FLIPPING SWEET

JUST ADD AN EGG TO TAKE YOUR NEGRONI TO THE NEXT LEVEL

Almost any classic cocktail can be made into a "flip" with the addition of an egg. The Negroni, named after an Italian count, is an acquired taste, and while you might think a Negroni with an egg in it would be disgusting, the egg takes the edge off the Campari and makes it something more akin to a thick cough syrup or medicinal milkshake.

WHAT YOU NEED

25ml gin
25ml Campari
25ml sweet vermouth
10ml sugar syrup (dissolve demerara sugar in an equal volume of water)
1 whole egg
Ice
Orange peel to garnish

WHAT TO DO

Combine the ingredients in a cocktail shaker, adding the egg last.

Add ice and shake hard, for at least 30 seconds.

Strain into a glass and add orange peel to garnish.

HISTORY

The Negroni came into existence during the early 1900s after a regular guest at the Grand Hotel Baglioni asked the bartender to add a measure of gin to his Americano cocktail (Campari with a dash of Vermouth).

The combination was a wild success and was quickly given its name after Count Camillo Negroni, the man who first ordered it.

BELMONDO COOL

ADD A LITTLE '50S BELMONDO COOL TO YOUR WARDROBE WITH A TWEED FLAT CAP AND A PAIR OF CLASSIC RAY BAN AVIATORS

Bronze Age Pervert
@bronzeagemantis
I need to live a certain way, I feel until I don't get penthouse floor with jacuzzi, heated saltwater pool, courtesans in silk leggings, multiple gigantic screens running news from around the world, Twatter and various forums, gym in same building, silk bathrobe, I can't flourish
Bronze Age Pervert
@bronzeagemantis
Average Kwan girl needs for explosion
1990-2010: tren body, 13 inch dick, tats
Now: 120 rpm power tool
2025: trampled by horses, donkeys
Bronze Age Pervert
@bronzeagemantis
Sometimes if I with gril in room I grab her sleeve with my teeth, I don't let go...first time they find this playful, want sex0rz, then they notice I keep doing it. "Why BAP?" I tell them I'm reborn dog-human hybrid. They become alarmed as I lock my teeth on clothes, hair
Bronze Age Pervert
@BronzeAgePerv
Ancient men conquered cities put them to the sword and fire, meanwhile you go to WINE BAR with "gf" and enjoy tasteful banter..YOU ARE GAY!!
Like tears in rain.

CLOVIS I

IN THIS FIRST INSTALMENT OF A NEW SECTION ON NEGLECTED HISTORICAL FIGURES, COLUMBA (@COLUMBA_1) INTRODUCES US TO CLOVIS, THE FIRST KING OF THE FRANKS.

Clovis, son of Childeric of the Salian Franks, was born around the year 466 AD in the city of Tournai, in what is now Belgium. His people had migrated into the disintegrating Roman Empire almost a century earlier at the behest of Emperor Julian the Apostate, and in the tradition of the preceding Batavian occupants of the Rhine Delta became friends and military allies of the now struggling imperial government. In 451, at the ferocious Battle of the Catalaunian Plains, the Franks fought alongside Aetius and the Romans against Attila and his Huns. Three years before his son's birth, Childeric had allied with the magister militum Aegidius in battle against the Visigoths outside of Orléans. Despite these victories the empire continued to fall apart, and the once prosperous province of Gaul became nothing more than a battleground for peoples such as the Goths and Burgundians, all vying for supremacy.

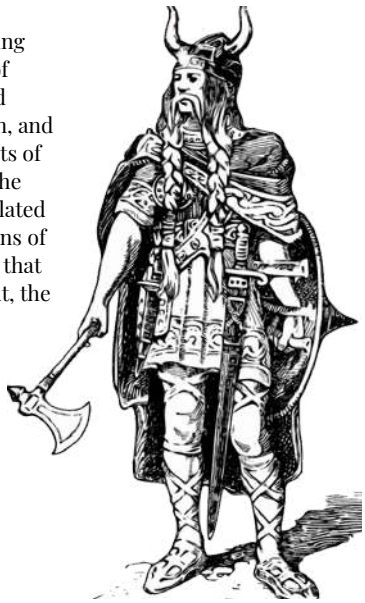
Childeric died in 481, leaving his small and threatened realm to Clovis. At only 16, the youthful warrior could draw on no more than a thousand men to fight alongside him. Heedless of such concerns, the young and ambitious prince allied himself with the Frankish captains Ragnachar and Chalaric. Together, they broke with tradition and took the fight to the last bastion of Roman authority in Gaul, the Kingdom of Soissons. Despite the betrayal of Chalaric, who abandoned the Franks on the field of battle, Clovis and his allies were victorious. This great triumph was followed by more than a decade of constant and vicious struggle at the end of which Clovis emerged as the ruler of almost all of Gaul, though his greatest test was still to come.

In 496 that test came in the form of an invasion of the Alemanni, fearsome warriors from beyond the Rhine. Gaul's young king met these invading barbarians at the Battle of Tolbiac, one of the most pivotal and dramatic struggles in the history of Europe. Clovis' lines were strongly assailed by the hordes that pressed down upon them, and so desperate did the struggle become that Clovis, still an adherent of the paganism of his fathers, he is said to have remembered in the heat of battle the god of his Catholic wife. With his noblest companions about him, he raised his hands to the skies and cried:

"Jesus Christ, whom Clotilda asserts to be the son of the 1iving God, who art said to give aid to those in distress, and to bestow victory on those who hope in thee, I beseech the glory of thy aid, with the vow that if thou wilt grant me victory over these enemies, and I shall know that power which she says that people dedicated in thy name have had from thee, I will believe in thee and be baptised in thy name!"

After this heartfelt prayer, the battle miraculously turned in Clovis' favour. True to his word, Clovis was baptised, but he lost none of his northern power and virility. One anecdote in particular demonstrates his remarkable simplicity and vigour. It is said that the king, upon being told for the first time of Christ's sorrowful passion, wept and exclaimed loudly that "If I had been there with my valiant Franks, surely I would have avenged Him!"

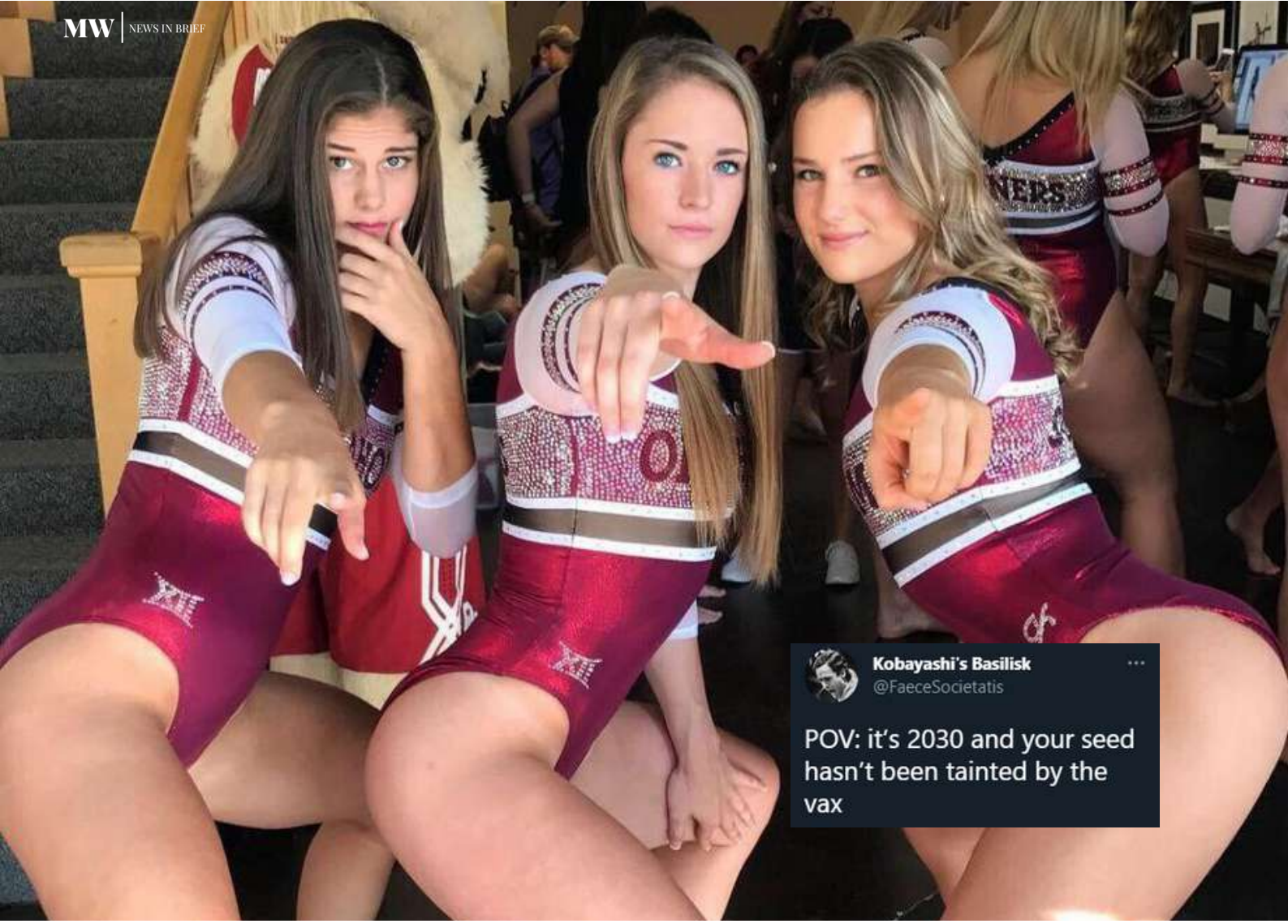
Through his conversion, magnetic personality, ruthlessness and stunning victories, Clovis brought order out of utter chaos, rallied the scattered and disorganised elements of the Church, and laid the foundations for the conquests of Charlemagne and the formation of the Medieval world. It was he who translated the Frankish alliance with the remains of Rome into a new and powerful state that became, as so many have pointed out, the cultural heartland of a new Western civilization. ■



MULLET MAN

Fans and sprinters alike were left shocked when Australian sprinter and proud mullet-haver Rohan Browning bested the second-fastest man in the world to win his 100m heat at the Olympics. Sadly, hopes for an historic White Boy Summer 100m title were cut short in the semi-final, and the gold was eventually won in another shock victory by Italy's Lamont Marcell Jacobs.

lotr.hd
For BAP.


Kobayashi's Basilisk
@FaeceSocietatis
POV: it's 2030 and your seed hasn't been tainted by the vax

Ra's al Gore
@jawn_117
"Our duty is to hold on to the lost position without hope, without rescue, like the McDonald's cashier whose bones were found in front of a register in Kabul, who died at his post because they forgot to evacuate him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred."

GENGHIS KHAN

HE'S KNOWN AS ONE OF THE GREATEST CONQUERORS OF ALL TIME, BUT JUST HOW GREAT WAS HIS IMPACT? WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE FACTS AND FIGURES.

Temujin

Genghis Khan's actual name. He assumed the title of 'Genghis Khan', meaning 'universal ruler', in 1187

12 million

The number of square miles of territory Genghis Khan conquered in his lifetime. His descendants would extend these territories further, producing the largest contiguous land empire ever

1 in 200

Genetic research suggests this many modern-day men may be directly related to him

40 million

A respectable estimate of the number of people killed by Genghis Khan

35%

Of all modern-day Mongol men share his Y-chromosome

700 million

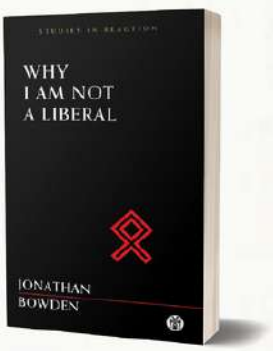
The number of tonnes of CO_2 that were removed from the atmosphere as a result of Genghis Khan's killings. Scientists believe this is partially responsible for colder global temperatures in the thirteenth century!

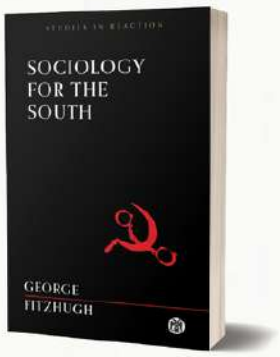
"If you had not committed great sins, God would not have sent a great punishment like me upon you."

IMPERIUM PRESS

STUDIES IN REACTION

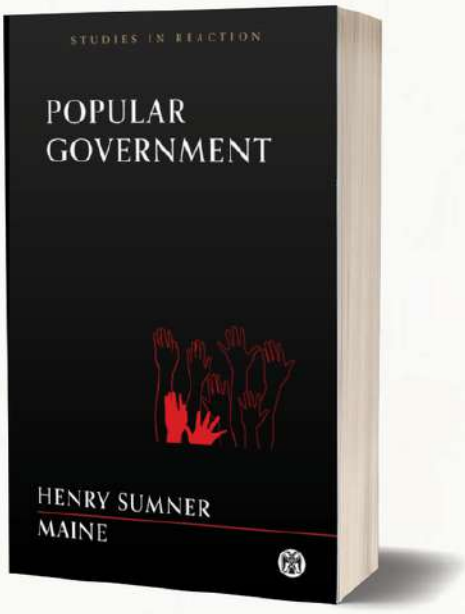
Imperium Press' Studies in Reaction series collects essential works in the history of reactionary thought.





Each entry in this compact library is short and to the point, laying bare the just-so stories of progress and Enlightenment in as few words as possible, and no fewer.

NOW AVAILABLE



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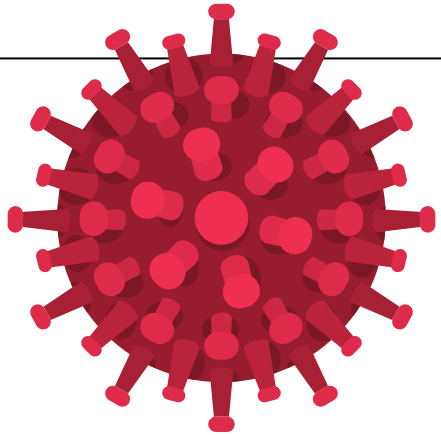


PANIC IN THE SHEETS!

*Dating in the Age of WRIDS**

*Wuhan-Related Immune Deficiency Syndrome

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

THE RELATIONSHIP BREAKS UP. Two months of (mostly) bliss, that euphoric early phase – a couple of dinner dates, cosy evenings and walks by the sea, a trip to the range – and then four weeks of separation, followed by a curt phone call to end things. Her voice is strained. I can tell she's under massive pressure with work. We don't live together, so there are no doors to slam, no clothes to pack. It's just over: words as performative act.

I feel sorry for myself for a little while, but then I start to think I'm much better off without her, even if it was just the added pressure of working from home and the isolation that made her do it (what else had changed?). I remember all those things she'd said that made me twist and cringe inside but that I'd smiled my way through only because I liked having sex with her. The blank incomprehension, the tightness that gripped her face when I said the word 'repatriation'...

Under normal circumstances, now would be a great time for a rebound. But we're four weeks into a global pandemic and I'm only allowed to leave my house for essential shopping and brief exercise. There's a bog-roll shortage. It's not a good time to be playing the field.

I talk to an old friend on the phone. We haven't spoken in a while. He didn't even know I'd had a new girlfriend. I give him the lowdown.

'Well, I'm sorry. Hopefully this virus stuff won't last long.'

'Yeah, me too. It's not a good time to be playing the field.'

Three weeks to save the NHS and it's already been four.

London. 2012. No, not the Olympics. Most of my friends and their friends have downloaded a new app called 'Tinder'. Now, instead of talking, they sit swiping when we go out for drinks.

I watch them, huddled over their phones, totally engrossed by what's on offer. The phrase 'meat market' enters my head. From time to time, one of them passes his phone around to the others. 'Look at that!' Just as often it's somebody horribly unfortunate as drop-dead gorgeous. Occasionally, one of them will swipe right on one of the unfortunates while the phone is still out of its owner's hands. What a great joke – and even better when the unwitting dupe matches seconds later.

A whole new etiquette for dating emerges. Friends now think nothing of leaving a social engagement – drinks, a house party, even a restaurant meal – at the drop of a hat to go and have sex with somebody they've never met before. 'Where did Dan go?' Eventually we all stop asking.

Despite repeated prodding from my friends – 'Come on, you'll love it!' – an observer I remain. It just doesn't appeal to me. Something about the idea of shopping for people: it's too much like going on Amazon. And people aren't commodities, are they? You can't appraise a person like you can a flat-screen television or a desk lamp. A few pictures and some very selective autobiography will tell you next to nothing. Pretty quickly my friends get shallower intimations of this too, as the horror stories of dates who look nothing like their profile pictures begin to mount. But still my friends keep at it.

A Skype conversation with a female friend from Down Under. She edits an online journal. Married, kids. We've been talking about coronavirus.

The connection is bad, so I miss the first part of what she's saying.

'… and I'm not giving up anal sex. No way!'

What the hell does that have to do with coronavirus? I wonder.

Wait. Wasn't there some early suggestion of faecal transmission? Could that be what she's referring to?

I'm not sure, so I pretend I didn't hear her and just carry on.

My objections weren't – and aren't – just philosophical. Using dating apps is like shopping in another sense; it's sterile, curated, curtailed. Almost entirely devoid of risk and therefore, in a very important sense, excitement. One of the best parts of meeting women 'in the wild', for me, has always been the thrill of that first interaction: the lingering glance across the bar or dancefloor, the approach, the opener. And I don't mean those things in some choreographed, pickup-artist kind of way. What I mean is, quite simply, the electricity of two people who are attracted to each other and in that moment, despite the chaos around them, care about nothing more than getting to know each other. With a dating app, by contrast, you can 'select' a potential partner without any of that messy, uncertain business. No need to be brave or daring or persistent (that's just likely to get you reported). Rather, you skip ahead to a stage where the mutual attraction is superficially confirmed and you're talking in a neutral space.

AND PEOPLE AREN'T COMMODITIES, ARE THEY? YOU CAN'T APPRAISE A PERSON LIKE YOU CAN A FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISION OR A DESK LAMP.

That was my understanding of some of the things that were wrong with dating apps before I ever used one, and it remains my understanding now, after a year of using them on and off. These are strange days, granted, but I don't think the pandemic has created any new trends. If anything, it's just made existing ones a whole lot worse.

To cut a long story short, I cave. So ends a valiant seven-odd-year defence of an increasingly lonely hill. I download and install Tinder. And then Bumble. And then Hinge. Just for the hell of it.

I keep my profile brief: just pictures, no text.

My initial interest tends to the curious. I begin to notice just how true the 4chan memes really are. The rainbow-haired BPD hell-rides. The 4-out-of-10s with impossibly high standards. The career-driven women in their late 30s still holding out hope of having kids 'someday' (so much pathos in just a single word). The Wall.

A whole world of people I'd been oblivious to.

Such anthropological concerns soon take a backseat, though, as I begin talking to some actual attractive women. I had no idea there were so many in this neck of the woods, a very charming country backwater – or eddy in the gene pool, as I like to call it. Most turn out to be students who have come home to stay with their parents since the lockdown began.

I want to talk about anything but the pandemic, and they indulge me without being asked, at least initially. Even at this early stage of proceedings I'm disappointed – with the pandemic, I mean. It's already clear that my preparations were for nothing. I was one of those people – perhaps you were too – who was taken in by those scary videos of hazmat-suited death squads, enormous flocks of carrion crows and people being welded into their apartment blocks. So for a few glorious weeks I spread terror in my local supermarket with my industrial respirator mask – children crying, adults swerving their trollies and turning back at the top of aisles to avoid me – until it becomes clear that, no, people aren't going to be dying in the streets, supply-chains aren't going to collapse, and I'm not going to be hunting pheasants and other small game with my newly acquired crossbow. I'd be the first to admit there was more than a little wish-fulfilment going on.

I'm weirdly attracted to

Men who have been fully vaccinated - thank god Hinge has provided an option to highlight this on your profile ... 💉

Mostly the girls talk about the holidays they're going to go on in the summer ('Give me travel tips for Indonesia!'), their pets. I humour them.

I learn that there's a sweet spot – a tipping-point, if you will – beyond which almost all interactions, however enthusiastically pursued at the start, inevitably fail. Clearly, these apps are designed to lead to a face-to-face pretty sharpish. But how do you do that when the government has the whole country under lockdown? For most, there's absolutely no question of meeting up. 'I don't want to risk it.' 'My parents are isolating.' 'Aren't the police stopping people on the roads?' I hear that rumour, and many others of heavy-handed policing, time and again.

And so the conversation, if you could call it that, dies.

I wonder how people manage to sustain internet relationships over many years without even meeting one another – sometimes ever. What the hell do they say? Seriously.

Some conversations do persist, though, and others come along to replace those that don't, and by the beginning of the summer, with an end to the first lockdown in sight, most girls are now willing to meet.

I agree to meet one of them at a local beauty spot, an Iron-Age hill fort near where she lives, on a delightful Saturday afternoon. A perfect cloudless, early-June day. I wait for her in the car park. When she arrives, trudging up the steep path, she's as pretty as she looked in her pictures, but I can see she's made no effort. As far as I can tell, she's wearing her pyjamas. She looks pleased to see me, but she holds back, keeping her distance. She hides her hands in the voluminous sleeves of her striped top, like a child. She's 25.

We walk the full circuit of the ramparts and talk. She tells me about how she managed to get out of London just before the first lockdown. She's been here for the duration. Most of her job is online, so it doesn't matter that she's away from the office. Her parents are stressing her out though, getting in the way all the time. I neglect to tell her about my modestly growing Twitter following, or my plans for a raw-egg cookbook that's also a political manifesto. We sit, and talk some more.

As we're sitting there, looking out over little villages and a gently buzzing A-road, I sense she's moved closer to me. Then she says, 'If you see me again in two weeks, we can kiss.' Two weeks? Why two weeks? The date seems to have been plucked out of thin air.

(An important effect of the endless prolonging of the pandemic response: how it collapses your perception of time, making it nigh on impossible to reconstruct an accurate chronology from your own experience. I believe this must be a desirable effect in psychological warfare, such as the last eighteen months have undoubtedly been. Most people, I suspect, if you asked them now would say that masks were never discouraged in the early days of the pandemic, and that the number of 'cases' was always the key metric, not 'flattening the curve' (i.e. spreading more thinly the same number of deaths) to prevent the NHS from being overwhelmed. Perhaps my companion was simply referring to the official end of the lockdown, which may have been two weeks away at that time. Alternatively, it may have been a simple-minded idea of a quarantine period, to ensure I was 'safe' before we had actual physical contact. I reckon it was the latter.)

'And we can have sex in July,' she adds.

?

'But it will have to be in my garden. I have a tent. I can't go to yours and we can't do it in my house.'

Oh yes, the parents. She's sleeping in her childhood bedroom, which still has the doll's house in it she got for her seventh birthday. She told me.

Better the tent, then. Let's just hope it doesn't rain.

An unwelcome development: masked faces appearing on the apps. Lots of them. Perfectly good faces ruined by cloth masks, surgical masks and the occasional colour-coordinated 'fashionable' mask. Ugly faces too. I remember what it was like in the early days when you were a source of great suspicion for wearing one – a mask, not an ugly face. Now, it seems, they've become another badge of virtue, just like saying 'I've never kissed a Tory' or 'I never get tired of: talking about intersectional feminism.' As soon as I see a mask, I swipe left.

THERE IT IS, THE CHOICE AS IT STANDS: YOU EITHER BELIEVE WHOLEHEARTEDLY, OR YOU'RE A TOTAL CRANK. THERE'S NO IN-BETWEEN. THE GULF BETWEEN THOSE WHO SWALLOW EVERYTHING THEY'RE TOLD AND THOSE WHO DON'T IS NOW, LESS THAN A YEAR IN, TOTALLY UNBRIDGEABLE.

The apps add 'social distancing preferences' and I make sure to swipe left on anybody who says they'll only go on a socially distanced date with masks. In fact, anybody who has such preferences listed in the first place. In my annoyance after months of listening to my neighbours clap publicly each week for the NHS – the sort of synchronised display once confined to countries like North Korea – I also make sure to swipe left on every NHS employee I see, which is a fair few. The NHS, if you didn't know, is the world's fifth largest employer (1.7 million), behind McDonald's (1.9), Walmart (2.1), the People's Liberation Army of China (2.3) and the US Department of Defense (3.2).

I also begin to see messages about 'covid hoaxers'. 'I'm tired of: covid hoaxers'. 'Don't swipe right on me if: you're a covid hoaxer.' Part of me would like to match with these people and start dropping redpills about NIH funding for gain of function research at the Wuhan Institute of Virology (don't forget that we frogs knew about it back in March 2020), but these people wouldn't understand. Left it is.

I find myself barely ever swiping right.

Finally, after scratching at the festering wounds of my misanthropy and muttering to myself about midwits and 'the Great Filter' for so long, I can take it no more: into the bin the apps go. I feel an almost immediate sense of relief.

Summer is here and the lockdown has been lifted.

Throughout it all, though, there have been girls who just don't seem to care that there's a global pandemic taking place.

After a whirlwind of daytime matchmaking, I arrange to visit one in a nearby university city that very evening. She says she's going to pop to the supermarket. Do I like prosciutto? Who doesn't? Cheese? I'd be lying if I said I didn't. 'I want to make you feel so comfortable,' she purrs. 'You're a very special man.'

I could get used to this –

'Oh, and before you ask, don't worry: my friends don't mind this kind of thing at all.'

A very special man, eh? Just like all the others, I bet.

With the apps gone, I experience a period of blessed productivity. I write three books in quick succession and launch an online magazine. Things are going well. I don't think about women much at all and I certainly don't miss the never-ending succession of pings and juggling conversations with half a dozen women at once.

But as we head back into a de facto and then an actual lockdown, I find myself reaching for the apps once again. A moment of weakness, maybe. I don't expect things to be any different this time and they aren't. If anything, they're worse. By this point, the virus is well and truly enmeshed in the online dating experience and by applying my previous standards I once again find myself dismissing all but a tiny minority. And conversations about coronavirus now seem inevitable – and interminable.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, I make the mistake of saying to one match that the whole thing has been a 'nothingburger'.

'You mean you think this is a hoax?' There it is, the choice as it stands: you either believe wholeheartedly, or you're a total crank. There's no in-between. The gulf between those who swallow everything they're told and those who don't is now, less than a year in, totally unbridgeable.

'That's not what I said.' The clarification begins in earnest. 'I think that the pandemic has been seriously mishandled. We're treating all groups as if they're equally at risk, when they clearly aren't. We have reams of data to show this. A better strategy would have been to isolate and protect the most vulnerable groups and let the rest go about their lives in as close to a normal manner as possible. If we have to close the borders, that's fine, but why should young people be confined to their homes when the virus isn't a threat to them?'

'But the virus is a threat to young people too. Somebody told me most of the people on ventilators now are young people.'

'That's just a lie. If you go on a ventilator, you're basically dead. The average age of death is two years above the national life expectancy. Think about what that means.'

But she doesn't, of course. The gesture towards hard facts is met with a further appeal to rumour and generalities. We continue like this for a little while, despite my better judgement.

She unmatches with me and I'm sure she reports me too, because not long after I find myself banned from that particular app.

Finally, when the app makers add a new vaccine status update in the spring of 2021, I can tolerate it no longer. I remove the remaining apps and I haven't reinstalled them since.

In 1988, Michael Crichton wrote an essay that gave this essay its (affectionate) title. Whereas I'm writing about dating in the age of WRIDS, he was of course writing about dating in the age of AIDS. (Just so you know, 'GRIDs' or 'gay-related immune deficiency syndrome' was one of the earliest names proposed

for AIDS. Read *And the Band Played On*, if you haven't.)

According to his website, 'this essay aroused intense controversy for hinting that AIDS was not a disease to which everyone was equally susceptible.' Reading it now, with the benefit of hindsight, it's hard to see what all the fuss was about. The essay is measured and mature, with Crichton refusing to partake in the hysteria that seemed to be an unavoidable part of even saying the word 'AIDS' in the 1980s. Then again, given the special obloquy reserved for those who refuse to partake in today's hysteria about the coronavirus, maybe it's only all too clear why his essay caused such a stink.

Towards the middle of the essay, after an anecdote about a female friend who couldn't understand his apparent nonchalance about catching the disease, Crichton moves into a more philosophical discussion of risk. It's worth quoting verbatim.

'Life is inherently risky. Everything you do carries a risk. You walk across the street, you take a chance. You eat in a restaurant, you might die of food poisoning. You go jogging, you could drop dead of a heart attack. You make love, you could catch a disease and die.

Through all of human history, sex has carried the risk of death. Even in this century, prominent statesmen and artists died of syphilis. It's only in the last decade that the combination of contraceptives and antibiotics led people to think that sexual intercourse was without risk. Now people are offended and angry, because risk-free sex has been taken away from them. And they are overreacting.

I see Tom at the gym. He's sweating on the Nautilus machines, his body looks good, but he leans over and says, "To tell you the truth, these days I'd just as soon not make it with anybody at all.

It takes a moment to remember that all the great lovers from history, from Casanova to Sarah Bernhardt to Erroll Flynn, carried off their amours at the risk of death from incurable disease. That didn't stop them. And it won't stop us, either. We're just in a period of adjustment.'

Crichton was right about the period of adjustment concerning AIDS. But the underlying malaise, the fear of risk, has only grown and become more paralysing in the 30 years since he wrote his essay.

What is the coronavirus pandemic if not the most catastrophic mismanagement of risk, on every level? In the name of preventing the spread of a disease which, on the whole, is not much worse than the flu and which certainly presents a miniscule risk to the young and the healthy, we have, in no particular order, shut down our economies for over a year, causing irreparable damage to small businesses, their owners and employees; forcibly confined the elderly in conditions that have made their death from the virus more likely and deprived them of the love and solace of their families in their final days; prevented young children from being socialised properly with their peers and precipitated a serious mental-health crisis among the demographic (the young, including teenagers) which is least at risk from the virus; created hospital backlogs that will see more dying from late diagnoses and missed operations than will die from the virus itself; surrendered our fundamental liberties to the government, with no guarantee of ever receiving them back. I could go on, and on. A full reckoning of the costs of the pandemic, beyond the monetary, will almost certainly prove impossible, but however imprecisely we might estimate them, there can be no doubt that the 'cure' has been far, far worse than the disease.

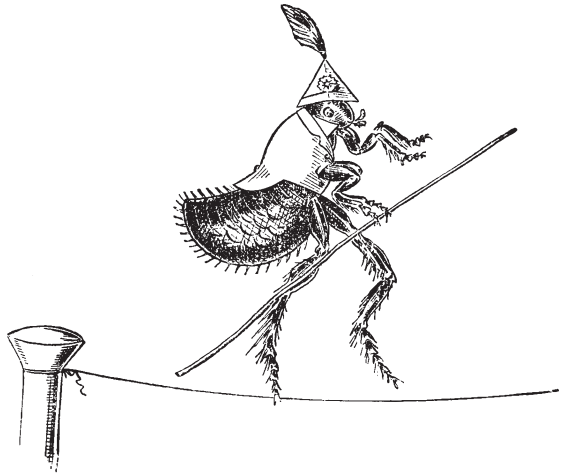
Could we imagine such things happening 30, 50 or even 100 years ago? While there's obviously a technological element that has made these lockdowns practicable, the truth is that they would never have been possible without a largely willing or 'primed' populace. The sight of a lone person wearing a surgical mask while driving a convertible on a country road – something I've seen more than once – speaks to the strange mixture of compulsion and personal choice that has defined this pandemic.

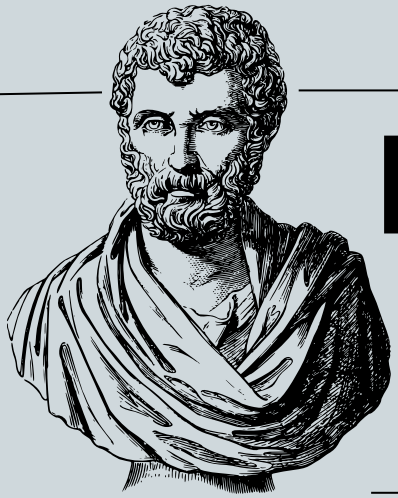
The re-discovery, or even discovery, that there are microscopic things all around us, some of which can do us serious harm, has been a shattering one. We adjusted to AIDS, as Crichton said we would, but will we adjust to this? I suspect, from what I've seen, that many will not. For one thing, coronavirus is an airborne respiratory, not a sexual, disease, with all the paranoid implications that brings. The conditioning of the past eighteen months – the depth and duration of the behavioural changes, in particular, as well as the unceasing barrages of propaganda – is also unprecedented, beyond anything we were subjected to with AIDS. As with Pavlov's dogs, I think the reflex will continue long after the stimulus has been withdrawn – assuming that this grim situation does, in fact, come to some definitive end, which it may well not.

But where do dating apps fit into this? While these apps have probably been an expedient for many, as for myself, due to the social distancing restrictions, I think their popularity also issues from the same desire to evade risk that has brought us to this terrible juncture. The desire to quantify an unquantifiable – a person – so as to render them safe and predictable is fundamentally a fool's errand. That, I think, is what makes these apps simultaneously so popular and so disappointing.

And, of course, these platforms have also become ways of extending the coronavirus inquisition deeper into our personal lives, as if not having had two vaccines or doubting the official narrative about the virus's origins could really preclude true love. Then again, perhaps people who behave as if those things could, don't really deserve to find love anyway. In a real sense, these apps now function as a trial run for the digital IDs and social credit score we may soon be forced by the government to adopt.

All I know is that, unless we reject the false notion that all risk is something to be avoided, we risk not loving, or living, at all.





MEDITATIONS

WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEDITATIONS SECTION, WHERE EVERY ISSUE THE BEST WRITERS GIVE YOU THEIR THOUGHTS ABOUT A TOPIC OF CURRENT INTEREST, IN A THOUSAND WORDS OR LESS.

The New Right-Wing Kitsch

Black Rifle Coffee and the aesthetics of insincerity.

BY RAW EGG NATIONALIST

I'LL ADMIT IT'S not often I find myself reaching for the works of the famously ugly (and mediocre) cultural critic Susan Sontag, let alone when I'm talking about matters on the right side of the chamber – but, friends, hear me out. Of the right's many problems of image, an emerging one is what I'd like to call, after Sontag, 'the new right-wing kitsch'. Slick and cynical, the new right-wing kitsch relies on an embarrassing OTT mash-up of Reddit-tier clichés to market products to an audience the company's owners view and treat with contempt, sometimes openly. Sound familiar? If you've been paying attention to recent events, I'm sure you'll have a good idea exactly which company I'm going to be talking about.

Before we get to that company, though, a little theorising. What's useful in Sontag's work here is her well-known distinction between 'camp' and 'kitsch'. The thing that matters most, when distinguishing between the two, is authorial intent, namely the author's attitude to the subject matter at hand. Both camp and kitsch are, among other things, well beyond the boundaries of good taste – 'the ultimate camp statement: It's good because it's awful,' Sontag writes – but a camp object is always made with love, whereas with a piece of kitsch that reverence is always absent. And not just absent but consciously so: the author is at the very least aware of how ridiculous the thing is, and at worst is using that object purposely to mock. The author may even hate it.

We know what the camp element of patriotism, especially American patriotism, looks like. (Don't get me wrong here: I don't mean 'gay', so forget that association of 'camp' for now.) With the world's biggest, brashest nation, isn't it perhaps right that there should always be something bad taste about the forms its patriotism takes? Look at Hulk Hogan's famous entrance theme, 'Real American', if you want a prime example of what I'm talking about. Ridiculous? Yes. Offensive to the dictates of good taste? Absolutely! Sincere? You bet! For all the camp of the persona, behind the bleached moustache, perma-tan and spandex, there's no question that Hulk Hogan is a real American, as the song claims. HH, brother.

And herein lies the contrast with Black Rifle Coffee and the absurd, overblown flag-waving it also uses to market its products: sincerity, or the lack thereof. Darren Beattie has referred to the Black Rifle aesthetic, in an hilarious recent piece for Revolver News, as being pitched to a 'male-to-male transexual' demographic; check out the Fourth of July video the company posted on Twitter and you'll see, in less than a minute, exactly what he means. Truth be told, I had no idea who or what Black Rifle Coffee was until November 2020, when the company issued a statement disavowing any association with Kyle Rittenhouse and taking the first of many dumps on its loyal customer base. Just to recap: after being released on bail, Rittenhouse had been pictured wearing a Black Rifle t-shirt. He wore it presumably because he liked their coffee and thought they were precisely the kind of company that represented his values, including, vitally, the Second Amendment. It's a mistake Rittenhouse can be excused, I think.

Beattie makes the crucial point, which often gets missed, that even by saying nothing in the wake of Rittenhouse's endorsement, Black Rifle would have been saying something. By simply keeping schtum, Black Rifle could have artfully disavowed the disavowal game that almost all modern companies now feel compelled to play. Instead, they spoke – and revealed their forked tongue.

They've been speaking with it ever since. In early August of this year, in a 7,000 word puff-piece for the New York Times, founder Evan Hafer went yet further, slandering the thousands of customers the brand had lost because of the Rittenhouse statement as 'repugnant', 'the worst of American society'. He was glad for the opportunity, he said, 'to flush the toilet of some of those people that kind of hijacked the brand.' Hijacked the brand!? I thought it was Black Rifle people manning the miniguns, pledging to hire veterans instead of refugees (contra Starbucks) and donating free bags of coffee to police officers? What Hafer should have said is that these people, these turds to be flushed, were just holding Black Rifle to the word and the image the brand had wilfully, gleefully projected. More fool them.

INSTEAD OF SIMPLY BEING CONSUMERS, WE MUST ALSO BECOME PRODUCERS OF A NEW CULTURE.

Given what I've said about the camp element of American patriotism especially, it's not a wonder that people were taken in by Black Rifle. Hopefully, the company will sink back into the mud whence it came. However much it tries to change its image, to 'go woke', the left will never forgive the brand for what it once was pretending to be. But although Black Rifle is the best example, at this time, of a turncoat brand, there will surely be others: fair-weather friends of the right that break ranks at the first sign of trouble. There is money, after all, in the right as much as the left, especially as society polarises further.

The problem isn't just that the free (or not-so-free) market makes for fickle bedfellows. Of course the profit incentive is a very strong one. At least some of the problem is the recipient model of consumer culture. Instead of simply being consumers, we must also become producers of a new culture. That's why I'm so proud to be doing what I'm doing and to help genuine brands like Dissident Soaps, Greco Gum, Antelope Hill, Imperium Press and others develop their businesses. The more we hold the reins, the less inclined the beast will be to turn on us. But when we are consumers in the broader market, as we must necessarily be, we need to wise up and pay attention. The truth is, whatever our opponents may say, we're not actually as good at discrimination as we think we are. ■

Raw Egg Nationalist is the founder and editor of Man's World magazine.

THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

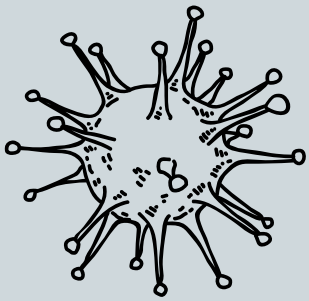
Cartoons by Ending Bigly Promotional Account (@powerfulrapist)

Rick Wilson
@TheRickWilson
Again, Donald Trump killed Ashli Babbit.
Facebook's long tolerance of QAnon conspiracy twaddle killed Ashli Babbit.
Fox News endlessly trumpeting the Big Lie of a stolen election killed Ashli Babbit.
"Play stupid games, win stupid prizes."

Actually, the police officer who shot Ashli Babbit didn't kill her.

It was the Orange Man.

Winter Is Coming



The vaccines are failing. So what now?

BY BEN BRADDOCK

I do not relish what I am about to say. I'm tired of Covid and like any sane person would rather put it all in the rearview mirror and get on with normal life. But we have been through many false endings, most recently in June when all of this began to be talked about in the past tense. It didn't sit well in my gut, most likely because I had just written an article for American Greatness which had required a fair amount of research into India's experience with the Delta variant. I had the same uncanny feeling that something significant was coming that I had in early 2020 when the mainstream media was running with the 'racism is the real pandemic' narrative and virtually the only people identifying this as a big event were a handful of anon internet posters.

My gut sense was that right-wing media was ignoring the brewing storm and moving on to other political topics too soon, without fully burying the Fauci-led biomedical establishment that has come to be the fourth branch of American government. Without staying on this like bulldogs, another wave would open the doors to panic-acceptance of ineffective restrictions when the Delta wave inevitably crashed on American shores. And politics aside, I was also concerned with making sure as many people as possible were prepared to treat Covid early by laying in a stock of effective early treatments. Post I had discussing the Delta variant and need for early treatment were flagged by twitter for deletion and I was put in time-out. Bronze Age Pervert graciously invited me on his show, Caribbean Rhythms, to discuss these topics, and I received quite a few nice messages later thanking me for talking about treatment options from people who successfully used them for themselves and family members. Ironically, less than a week after recording the show, I had Covid (very mild case), along with everyone in my church who hadn't had it yet, including all nine people who fully vaccinated (but no one with a confirmed natural infection).

That early July outbreak was instructive to me — 0% efficacy against symptomatic infection from the vaccine, 100% efficacy against it from natural immunity. I had read plausible arguments that the vaccines were failing, but those were confounded with other data that made it appear that they were working. This was my first personal confirmation that breakthrough cases were not the rare events that they were advertised to be and that no impact on transmission was evident, given that all of these fully-vaccinated cases resulted in the infection of other fully vaccinated close contacts who were not present at the outbreak event.

Fast-forward to present day. Vaccine failure has only grown more obvious. There may be a short-term impact on severity but as vaccine-induced antibodies further wane for the vaccinated, the fully-vaccinated make up a larger and larger share of hospitalizations and deaths. In fact, the gap in hospitalization and death rates between the vaccinated and unvaccinated is now narrow enough to be entirely attributable to other socioeconomic factors such as race and income — factors which predict both covid risk and vaccine refusal. By race, black Americans have the lowest vaccine uptake rate, as well as the highest Covid risk. By income, the lowest income bracket is the least likely to be vaccinated, but the most likely to have poor health outcomes *regardless of whether or not they are vaccinated*.

So what is the government's response to the failure of its vaccination campaign? Hiding the evidence at any cost. The Biden Regime is risking the entire American economy to cover up this failure. Make no mistake, enough workers will choose termination over vaccination that serious damage will be caused to their employers. In this labor market, it takes just a few. But enough will accede to the mandates to get the vaccination numbers high enough to hide the control group that would otherwise show the impact of the vaccinations being much smaller than advertised. By then, we will be entering the winter wave, which will truly be the Dark Winter referenced by Biden in the 2020 Presidential debates. Likely, this will be blamed on some new variant — as well as the handful of unvaccinated holdouts still remaining — and the vaccine failure will be spun as "Think of how much sicker you would have been without the shot."

Welcome to the post-truth world.

Shot or not, this second wave is heading north. Monoclonal antibody treatments are being diverted from Red States who need them right now, to be stockpiled for Blue States who will need them very soon. The healthcare system will be overwhelmed, and a hospital is the last place you or your loved ones will want to be. I recommend laying in a supply of enough of the drugs on my early outpatient protocol for yourself, family, and friends. Early treatment is the key. ■

Visit benjaminbraddock.substack.com for more of Ben's writing. He tweets @graduatedben.

OTC meds
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Famotidine - 20mg/2x day
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Vitamin D - 5000iu
Quercetin 500-1000mg
Zinc - 60mg
Vitamin C - 2-3 grams
Thiamine - 500 mg
Flush Niacin (nicotinic acid) - 500mg
Melatonin (bedtime) 6mg
Glycine - 1g
Bromhexine 8mg/4x day

Prescription meds
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Budesonide inhaler

seloolive.com

THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

Cartoons by Ending Bigly Promotional Account (@powerfulrapist)

David French
@DavidAFrench
When Biles committed to prudence at a testing point more dramatic than any of us will likely experience in a thousand lifetimes, she demonstrated exactly the kind of courage that C.S. Lewis so powerfully defined. Thoughts on courage, and Simone Biles:

What? Someone abandoned their nation
and portrayed their cowardice as virtuous?

Greatest hero of our generation.

Sins of the Father

True Detective Season 2 isn't the failure critics claim it is. In fact, it's a powerful meditation on the place of a real father.

BY ROSS ERICKSON

True Detective is a three-season anthology crime drama on HBO. Seasons 1 and 3 are quite similar: we follow two small-town detectives forward and backward through time as they attempt to solve a cold case about missing children. Both seasons were loved by critics and fans, praised as thrilling masterpieces.

Season 2 is the misfit of the bunch. Instead of two partnered detectives, we follow three disjointed cops and a mob boss as they solve some murders and thefts in the corrupt city of Vinci, California. TDS2 was hated by critics and fans as predictable and boring.

But, dear reader, this will not stand. I am here to inform you - nay, enlighten you - of the genius that is True Detective Season 2. It's not just my favorite of the bunch. TDS2 is a man's roadmap for the perils and pitfalls of fatherhood in the modern age.

On its face, the show is a normal detective drama. Frank Semyon (Vince Vaughn) is converting a life of crime into legit business interests when the police find a body - his business partner, who had all of his money. The case is given to Vinci PD cop Ray Velcoro (Colin Farrell), a burnout whose life has unravelled since he murdered his wife's supposed rapist. Working with him are Detective Ani Bezzerides (Rachel McAdams), a petite but prickly woman obsessed with self-protection; and Paul Woodrugh (Taylor Kitsch), a highway patrolman whose military work has landed him in tabloids. When I first watched True Detective Season 2 in 2015, I didn't "get it". I'd watched Season 1 and loved it, and I expected more of the same. But finally I succumbed to Mystery Grove's meme campaign. It was then I saw the light. But first, let's talk about fatherhood for a second.

Every father's style is a direct response to his own father's style. Once you notice the pattern, you see it everywhere. If you like your father, you try to emulate him. When the man takes the time to show up to your football games, when he always compliments his wife's cooking, you'll do the same. But if you despise your father, you will cancel him out. You become strong if your father was weak, you make yourself gentle if he was harsh. But oversteering – pushing the wheel too hard in the opposite direction – can land you in the ditch just as often.

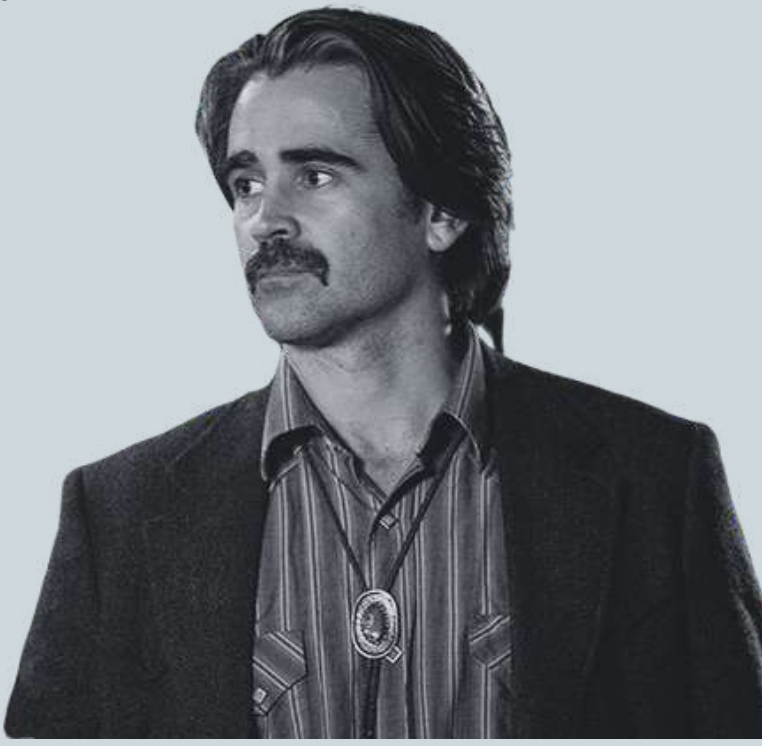
Basically, True Detective Season 2 features four characters overcorrecting their miserable fathers. Frank's father was controlled by vices, leaving Frank feeling powerless; he responds by trying to control his surroundings before he and his wife can bring a child into the world. Velcoro's father was too distracted to care, so Ray responds with obsession for his own son's problems, leaving him coddled. Bezzerides's father led a hippie cult, leaving him nihilist and detached. Because of his neglect, she was raped as a child. She can only maintain casual flings, as she assumes any potential father of her children would end up being just like her own. Woodrugh never knew his father. Raised by his domineering mother, Paul fears intimacy with women. He struggles with unwanted feelings of same-sex attraction, which he fears will undermine his relationship with his pregnant fiancée.

If you watch this show expecting a mysterious detective drama, none of this seems very important. That's probably why it got such bad reviews. True Detective Season 2 didn't make any sense to me until I started to see fatherhood as a unique and important job that only virtuous men could do well. It's a show about messed up characters colliding, and the beauty as well as the pain that can come of it. The first time they're tasked to work together, Velcoro's protectiveness grates on Bezzerides. Her own experiences have left her unable to trust it. However, after she learns to feel safe with him, the experience leaves her changed forever.

So, what can we learn from this show? The lessons in True Detective about fatherhood also apply for all men. Take control of yourself. Pay attention. Don't get lost in the weeds. And if you can't handle any of that, at the very least show up.

What is a man? What does it mean, to become a man? The essence of masculinity is to take responsibility - to see a problem and say, "I'll take care of that." This is what a man does. Even if you are not yet a father yourself, you can still apply these principles to your life. Each of you reading this has the ability to be a great man. Where there's a will, there's a way. ■

Visit rossmerickson.substack.com for Ross's writings. He tweets @hurricaneross.



We Were Never Asked

The Western way of life is under threat like never before from mass immigration. But patriots are fighting back.

BY DAN LYMAN

Western Civilization is in crisis.

More than half a million illegal aliens from around the world have poured across the southern border. Nearly 100,000 unvetted 'asylum seekers' are being flown in from Afghanistan in an open-ended resettlement program. Tens of thousands of Haitians have invaded Texas. The Regime is raising the 'refugee' ceiling to 125,000 for the coming fiscal year. This all unfolded in the past couple of months in the United States alone.

Rampant mass migration from the Third World poses one of the greatest imminent and long-term threats to our nations. The government-media complex works day and night to obfuscate the truth about how dire our predicament is, employing a stunning array of propaganda weaponry to keep Westerners in the dark.

In response, we launched BorderHawk.news as a resource center for anyone seeking a clearer picture about how immigration is affecting our way of life.

Our format is undeniably influenced by the formerly-great Drudge Report, but the similarities end there. We are laser-focused on immigration and the matters it directly impacts: crime, security, demographics, environment, population density, health, quality of life, economics, political corruption, and so much more.

As a US-based entity advocating an 'America First' ethos, we are also committed to promoting and preserving English as the common unifying lingua of the US and the official language of government business.

Having lived and travelled for years throughout the US, Europe, and Oceania, I have witnessed first-hand the differences between places overrun by foreigners and places which remain relatively unscathed by mass migration.

The stunning scope of scorched-earth migration facilitated by anti-national entities dawned on me fully for the first time during a journey to the Arctic Circle in 2019.

I had just landed at the airport in Bodø, Norway, and hopped on a high-speed (high-cost) ferry to the Lofoten archipelago.

To my great surprise, I discovered multiple African families were also onboard.

It's not particularly difficult to differentiate 'tourists' from 'migrants' in Europe these days — if you know, you know.

After spending a few days in the fishing village of Svolvær, I learned African migrants have been 'resettled' there in relatively large numbers.

I watched African mothers in their traditional garb pushing prams about town in the cold rain and pondered the extent to which our rulers must hate us – and those whom they recklessly transfer from totally disparate cultures and regions into the homelands our ancestors fought, bled, and died to build for us.
We shouldn't have to live like this.

Globalists claim we must import millions of migrants to 'do the jobs natives won't do.'

This is a lie.

Rugged Americans will gladly landscape yards and frame new single-family homes, as they do in Sandpoint and Petoskey. Hearty Croatians will cheerfully craft beautiful pizzas and seafood dishes, as they do in the kitchens of restoranima across Rovinj and Zadar. Lovely Polish women will meticulously pinch and boil dumplings, as they do in the pierogarnie of Gdańsk and Wrocław.

I've seen it with my own eyes. I know /our people/ will work hard to sustain, support, and preserve our ways of life, just as those who came before us.

We are in a fight for our very existence. We must be armed with information. We have to know who is entering our lands, who is living among us, who are our allies — and who are our enemies.

It is imperative we are informed on immigration issues.

No one is curating cutting-edge immigration news like we are at Border Hawk.

We invite you to come 'round for a visit and bookmark the website for a daily read over your protein shake or morning coffee. ■

Visit borderhawk.news now. Dan Lyman tweets @citizenanalyst

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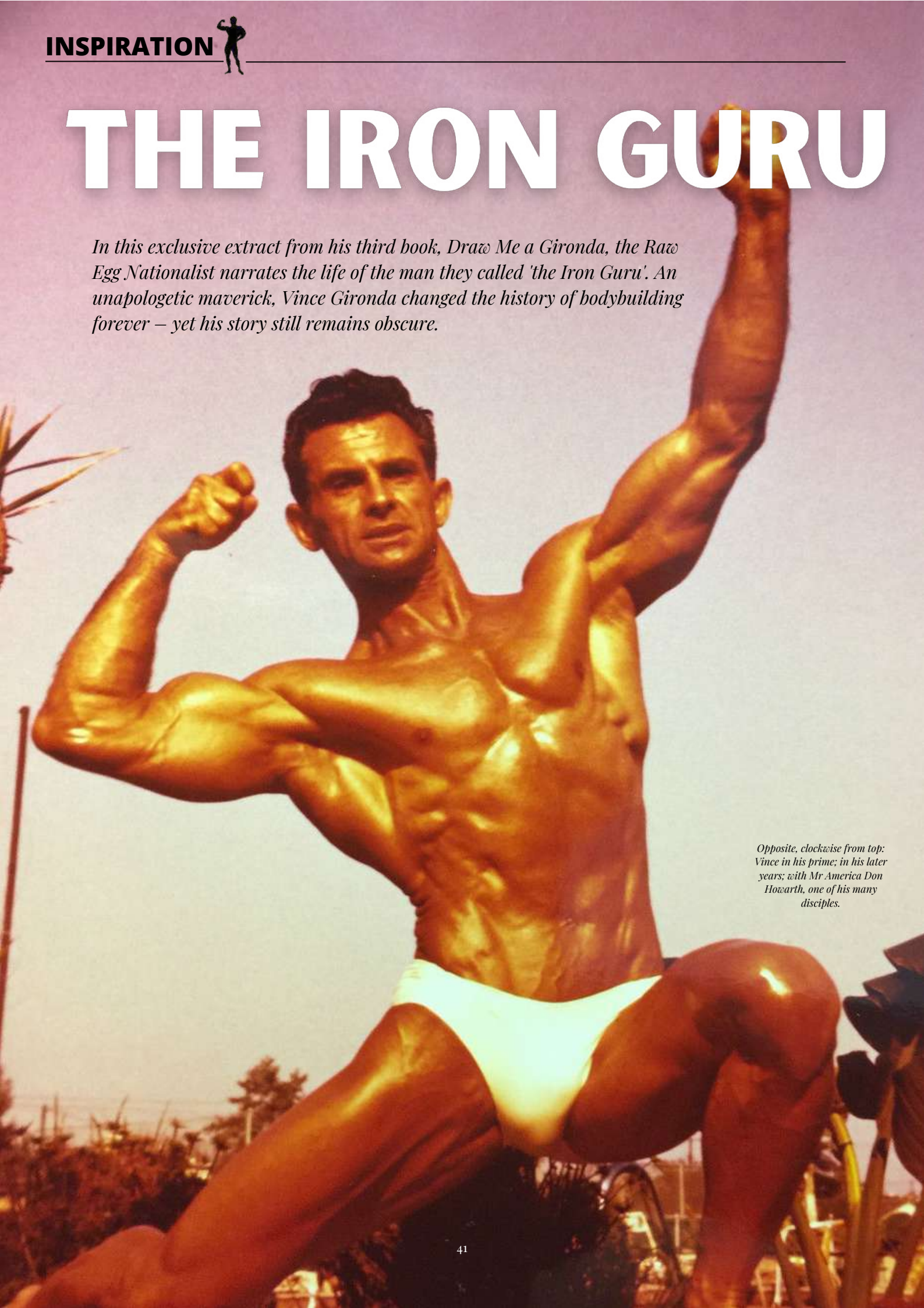
THE IRON GURU

In this exclusive extract from his third book, Draw Me a Gironda, the Raw Egg Nationalist narrates the life of the man they called 'the Iron Guru'. An unapologetic maverick, Vince Gironda changed the history of bodybuilding forever – yet his story still remains obscure.

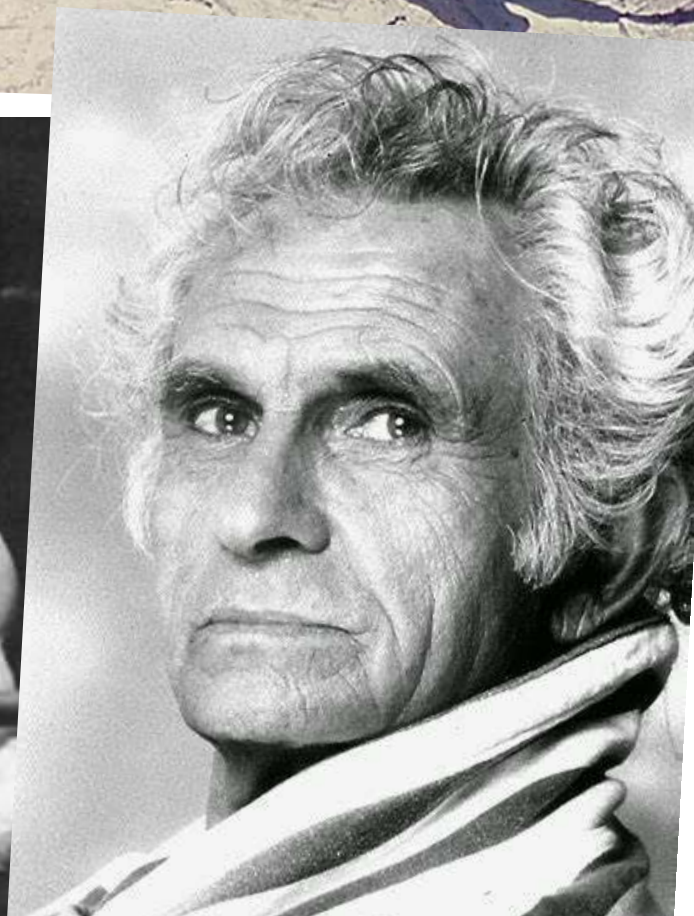


Opposite, clockwise from top: Vince in his prime; in his later years; with Mr America Don Howarth, one of his many disciples.

VINCE GIRONDA

"There's no doubt about it – I am hated and I am loved. Why? Because I am dogmatic. I have this unforgivable feeling inside me that when it comes to bodybuilding I know what I'm talking about. If it ruffles feathers, so be it. I can neither compromise to save feelings nor stretch the truth to flatter and please. I am my own man – egocentric, controversial, and proud."

Vince Gironda



After spending the first seven years of his life living in the Bronx, the young Vince Gironda moved with his family to Los Angeles in the early 1920s. His father worked as a stuntman on a number of Hollywood films, including Ben Hur (1925), the most ambitious and the most expensive silent film ever made. The first movie stuntmen were true daredevils, including large numbers of rodeo riders and actual cowboys, who were put to good use in the burgeoning western movie scene. The demands and the dangers of the job, long before the days of CGI, were legendary, and so it was expected that these men should be not just brave but also extremely fit. Little is known about Vince's father's background, apart from that he was not much of a weightlifter, unlike many of his fellow stuntmen. Vince himself was more interested in dance during his early years, until his father 'persuaded' him to return to the fold of more traditional masculine pursuits. (I can't help but picture the scene as Billy Elliot meets Tony Soprano, with exactly the result you'd expect. 'My son a fuckin' dahncer!?')

Unlike Chuck Sipes and Chet Yorton, two of the Golden Age bodybuilders I wrote about in my previous book, Vince displayed serious promise as a young athlete, setting local records in various running events as well as pole vaulting. Eventually, he decided to follow in his father's footsteps and become a stuntman. Realising he might need to pack on a little muscle to do so, Vince joined the local YMCA gym. At the age of 23, he had his mind blown by a photograph of John Grimek, 'the Monarch of Muscledom', a bodybuilder who was also an early inspiration to Reg Park. Grimek won the Mr America in that year (1940) and the next, and went on to win the Mr Universe in 1948, in London, before winning the 1949 Mr USA and then retiring undefeated. Like many bodybuilders of that time, Grimek was also a serious strength competitor, having represented the US at the 1936 Olympics, in Berlin, where he placed 9th. Grimek's dominance of the nascent bodybuilding scene was so great that after his second win a new rule was made preventing previous winners of the Mr America from competing again. His other nickname, 'the Glow', was coined in reference to how brightly he stood out on stage in contrast to his competitors.

When he first started training, Vince weighed 148lb, some 40lb less than he would eventually weigh, with 12" arms, a 39" chest and 20" thighs. After eight months of serious bodybuilding training at the YMCA, he moved to Harvey and Dale Easton's gym in West Hollywood, which has been described as one of the first 'dungeon gyms' in Los Angeles and is still open today. The gym was an early favourite for bodybuilders and Hollywood celebrities alike. The Easton brothers themselves were responsible for the invention of the preacher curl machine and other exercise equipment. Vince was put on an intensive weight training course and made significant gains. He went on to work as an instructor at the gym for a year, during which time he was able to continue his experimentation with muscle-building methods.

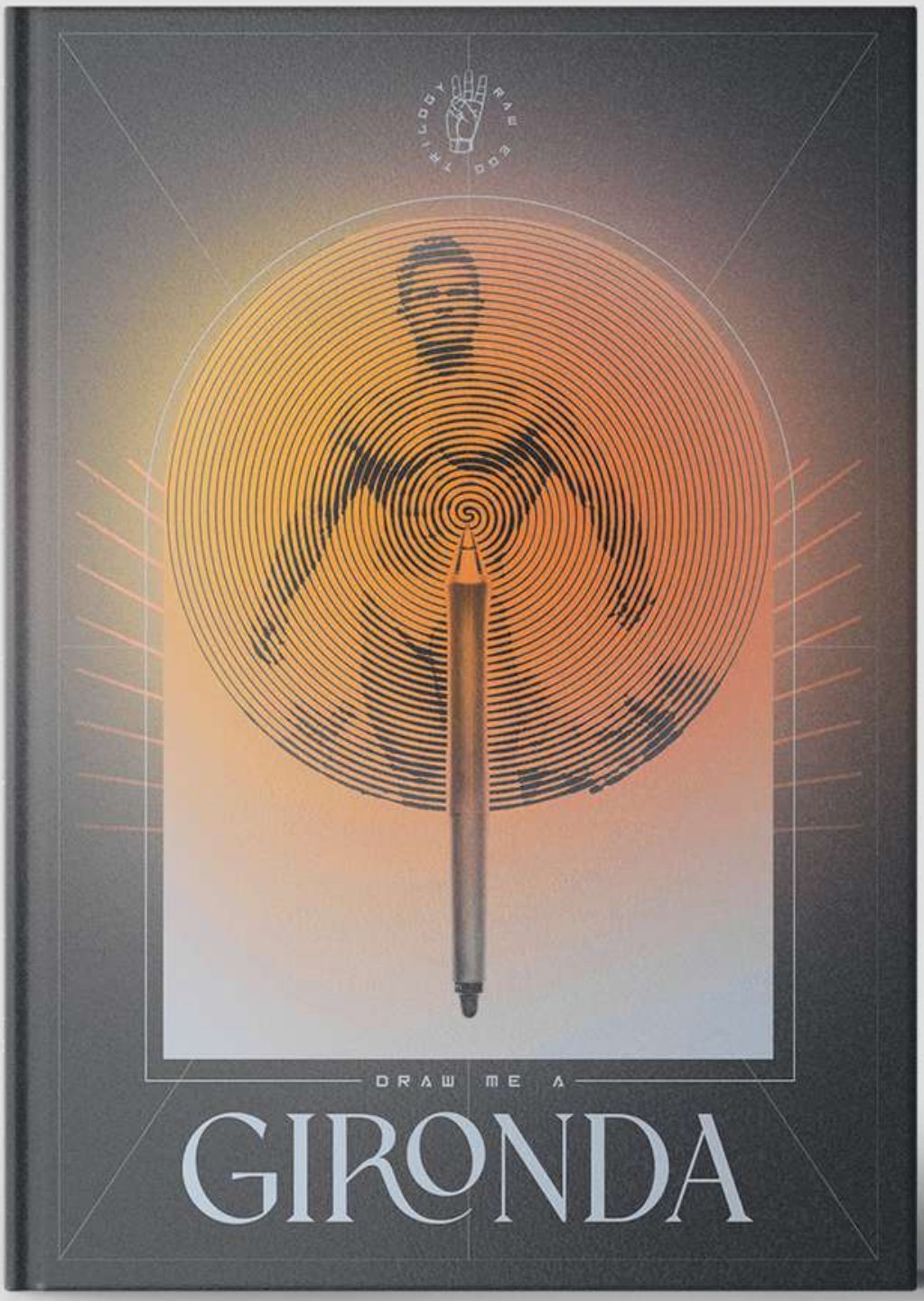
Soon it became clear that Vince was on to something with his own training ideas, and with the encouragement of his clients he decided to open his own gym. Vince's Gym, at 11262 Ventura Blvd., opened in 1948; it would remain open for 40-something years, through the most transformational period in bodybuilding history. At the time of its opening, Vince's Gym was only one of two dedicated bodybuilding gyms on the west coast, the other being Jack La Lanne's gym in San Francisco; on the east coast, there was also Sig Klein's gym, where Reg Park would train when he visited the US in preparation for his first Mr Universe win, in 1951.

Vince was a master of posing, with a deep understanding of how to maximise the visual effects he wished to produce.

Vince and his eponymous gym were an immediate success. Easily the most notable of the early successes was with 'the Golden Boy' Larry Scott, the man who would win the very first Mr Olympia contest, in 1965, and along with Reg Park and Bill Pearl become one of the sport's first crossover stars. After winning the Mr Idaho competition in 1959, Scott moved to California to train. Vince took him under his wing and helped him further build and refine his physique, including turning a weak point, his biceps, into his strongest through the use of preacher curls. With Vince's help, Scott became the first bodybuilder to boast 20" arms. His work ethic was legendary – he worked out for two hours a day, six days a week – and one of the main reasons Vince was prepared to invest as much time in him as he needed to be a champion. And a champion he soon was. In 1960 he won the Mr California, followed by Mr Pacific Coast the next year; in both contests he also won the 'most muscular' prize. Mr America followed in 1962, and Mr Universe in 1964. The inaugural Mr Olympia contest, which Scott won in 1965, was established by the Weider brothers to sort the best from the best of all the many competing federations of the time: only winners of the Mr America or Mr

Over the page: clockwise from top right, Vince in competition; inside Vince's gym; the young Vince. Bottom row, left to right: Arnold c.1968 in a Vince's Gym vest; members line up outside Vince's Gym in its glory days

VINCE'S GYM



New and improved Draw Me a Gironda, available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store

Universe competition could participate. Scott won the Olympia the next year too, and then retired, much to the shock of the bodybuilding community, to focus on other projects.

After Larry Scott, Vince would train a succession of the sport's best, including Don Howarth, Frank Zane, Lou Ferrigno and Arnold Schwarzenegger; the influence he had on these legends would be more than enough, in itself, to guarantee his place in the annals of the sport. Arnold, in particular, came to Vince at a difficult time, after the second of two losses that would prove transformational for his career; in his book, Muscle, Smoke and Mirrors, Randy Roach describes this period as 'Arnold's Cuban Missile Crisis'. The first of the two losses, which I discuss in my previous book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, was to Chet Yorton in the 1966 Mr Universe in London. Arnold first met Vince two years later, when he was about to compete in the 1968 Mr Universe. He entered Vince's Gym in fine spirits, confident of his upcoming victory, and telling everybody who would hear; Vince, however, didn't share his optimism, and casually dismissed the young Austrian as a 'fat fuck'. Two weeks later, after losing the Universe title to Frank Zane, Arnold returned and was forced to admit that Vince had been right. Up to that point, Arnold had not paid much attention to his diet, but now under the tutelage of Vince – for whom bodybuilding was, in his own words, '85 percent nutrition' – he was able to elevate his conditioning. Arnold eventually won Vince over with his work ethic, which Vince described as a 'slow, plodding Germanic type of drive'.

Arnold had to look elsewhere, however, to increase his knowledge of the latest performance-enhancing drugs. From the beginning, Vince was always opposed to drug use, not only on ethical grounds but also because he believed steroid use only produced puffy, swollen bodies – the opposite of the kind of well-proportioned bodies he championed. An entire chapter of his most famous training manual, The Wild Physique is titled 'Steering Away from Steroids'. 'I detest the use of chemicals by any athlete in any sport', he writes.

'Everything about drugs rubs me the wrong way. Unlike many pro bodybuilders who see benefits that outweigh the disadvantages, I see only the atrocious side effects... and absolutely no benefits.'

In his final interview before his death in 1997, Vince asked 'whatever happened to physical culture?' His answer was stark: 'In a bodybuilding world gone mad, it no longer exists.'

He pointed to the use of human growth hormone in particular, which was probably first used in the early 1980s, if Dan Duchaine's 'underground steroid handbook', dating to 1982, is a reliable guide. Other practices he decried included intramuscular injections, 'producing an instant increase in size without loss of definition' and the use of cosmetic surgery.

As well as operating Vince's Gym, Vince of course trained and competed in bodybuilding shows himself, through the 1950s and into the 1960s. A year after opening the gym, he placed fourth in the 1949 Mr California. Two years later, he finished second in Mr America. Despite the obvious quality of his physique, he would never win a major title, his best result being second place in Class II of the 1962 NABBA Mr Universe. In many instances, Vince suffered for being too ripped, at a time when a softer, rounder musculature was preferred. Vince's favourite diet to get in optimal shape for competition was called the 'Maximum Definition' diet, which was basically a ketogenic diet. The diet involved eating steak and eggs three times a day, and nothing more (except a selection of supplements, including Vince's favourites: liver tablets and kelp tablets); carbohydrate consumption was limited to once every four days.

But it wasn't just hardcore bodybuilders who sought out Vince Gironda and his famous training methods. Like at the Eastons' gym, Hollywood celebrities were regularly to be seen at Vince's Gym, especially after his success with Larry Scott. It became clear to Hollywood executives looking to get their leading men in screen-worthy shape that Vince was the man to turn to. A full list of celebrities Vince had trained up to 1984 is included as the final chapter of his book, The Wild Physique, with his thoughts on each of them, some quite surprising. He noted Cher's sense of humour; David Carradine's introversion; Clint Eastwood's 'quiet charisma' – a 'fun-loving rowdy'; Marty Feldman's love of talking about 'soccer and world politics'; Kurt Russell's initial grudging acceptance of having to work out; Shawn Penn's studiousness; Carl Weather's almost unlimited physical potential – 'What a natural!... An Olympic athlete or an Olympia bodybuilder – both are within his grasp'.

Vince capitalised on the success he had as both a bodybuilding and a celebrity trainer by publishing extensively. As well as writing his own pamphlets – with such titles as 'A Muscle Has Four Sides', 'Balanced Arms', 'Blueprint for the Bodybuilders', 'How I Train the Stars' and 'Secrets of Definition' – he wrote a regular column for Iron Man magazine which earned him his moniker of 'the Iron Guru'. He also had a mail-order business which included nutritional supplements under the brand NSP Nutrition. The publication of his 1984 book, The Wild Physique, written with MuscleMag International publisher Robert Kennedy, was followed by a promotional tour in which Vince gave seminars throughout North America to packed audiences.

'Everything about drugs rubs me the wrong way. Unlike many pro bodybuilders who see benefits that outweigh the disadvantages, I see only the atrocious side effects... and absolutely no benefits.'

By the early 1990s, however, Vince's fortunes were on the wane. This was due both to his son Guy's worsening health, which took up more and more of Vince's time, and to the changing nature of the fitness industry. Guy had been a regular helper at Vince's Gym, but appears to have developed a serious drug habit; little information about him, or the exact nature of what ailed him, is to be found. The general movement of bodybuilding and the fitness industry more generally had been away from rather than towards Vince's own ideas, and a gym that had been fit for purpose and among the best equipped in the 1950s and 1960s was no longer so 30 years later. Vince's Gym suffered by comparison with newer, larger and better equipped gyms that opened in the area; not that Vince thought so himself, however ('I would never install a piece of apparatus that I didn't think would help a person build a great physique'). In his final published interview, he lamented various changes that had made it harder to run an honest fitness business, including rampant steroid abuse, corruption in the bodybuilding federations and an increasing desire for 'certified' trainers. He told an amusing story about how one of his female clients had actually dropped Don Howarth – a former Mr America with 40 years of bodybuilding experience – because she learned that he was not 'certified' as a trainer. Disregarding Howarth's 'uncertified' advice about the way she was training her back, she had soon injured herself and had to give up training. Vince's Gym closed in 1995. Vince died two years later. ■

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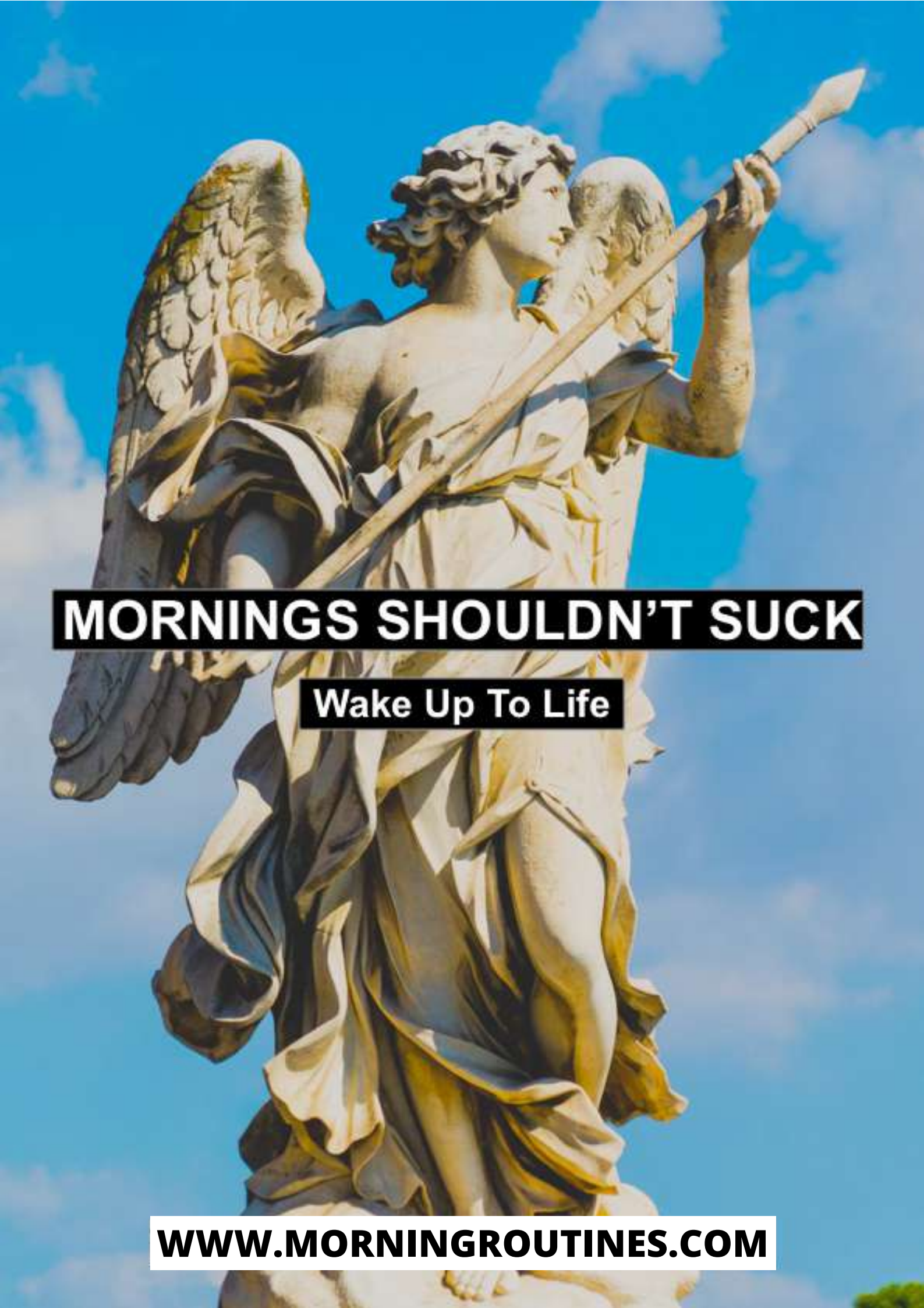
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George Hackenschmidt

The Russian Lion

In this episode of Eternal Physique, the Raw Egg Nationalist examines the the extraordinary life and the enduring influence of George Hackenschmidt, the man known to his admirers and opponents as 'the Russian Lion'.

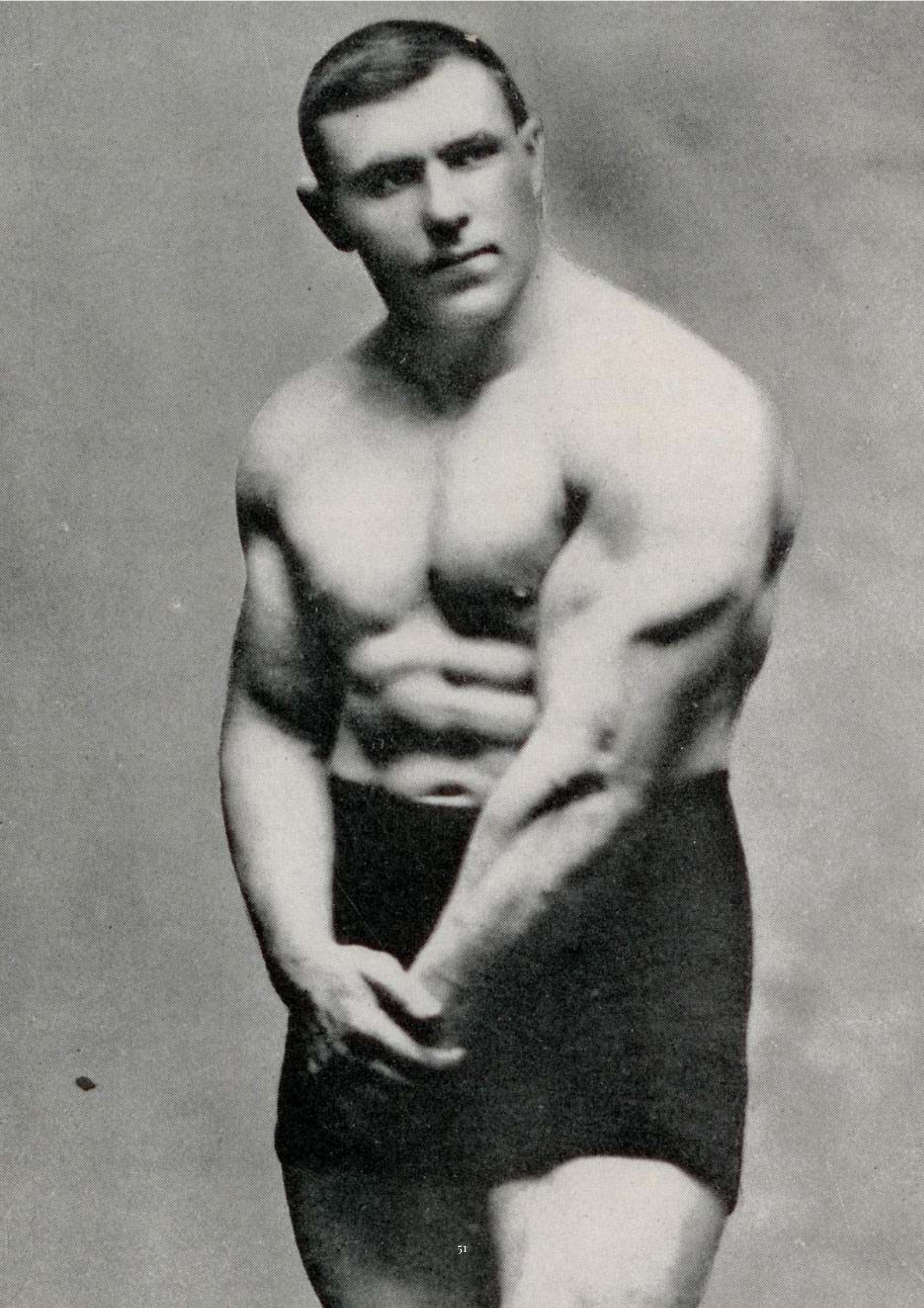
It would be difficult in such a small amount of space, or indeed in a much larger space, to do full justice to the depth and influence of George Hackenschmidt, the man they called 'the Russian Lion'. Strongman, wrestler, author and philosopher, Hackenschmidt bestrode the world of early 20th century physical culture like a true colossus. Maybe the best testament to that influence was given by Teddy Roosevelt himself, who said, 'If I weren't president I'd want to be George Hackenschmidt.'

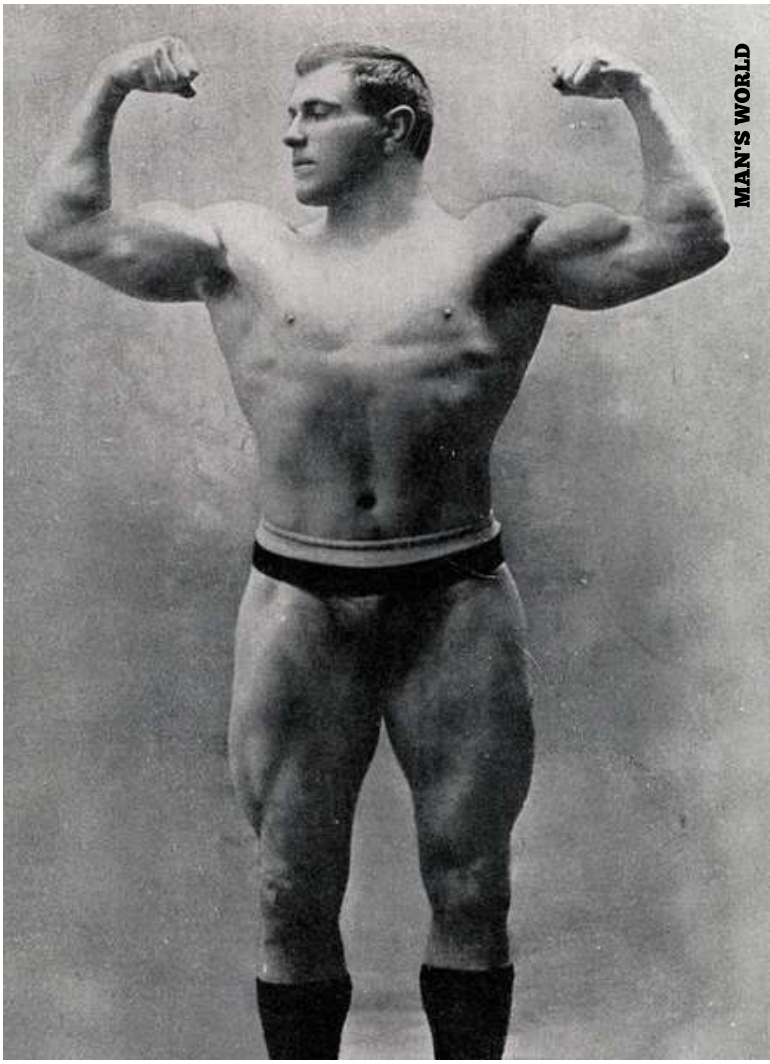
As well as his achievements in weightlifting and the squared circle, Hackenschmidt is also credited as the inventor of the bench press and the eponymous hack squat. His celebrity and his writings on health and fitness helped these movements gain popularity and become the staples they are today. The bench press is now the premier strength standard for the upper body, and the hack squat, albeit on a machine rather than with a barbell, is also an integral part of many modern-day lower-body routines.

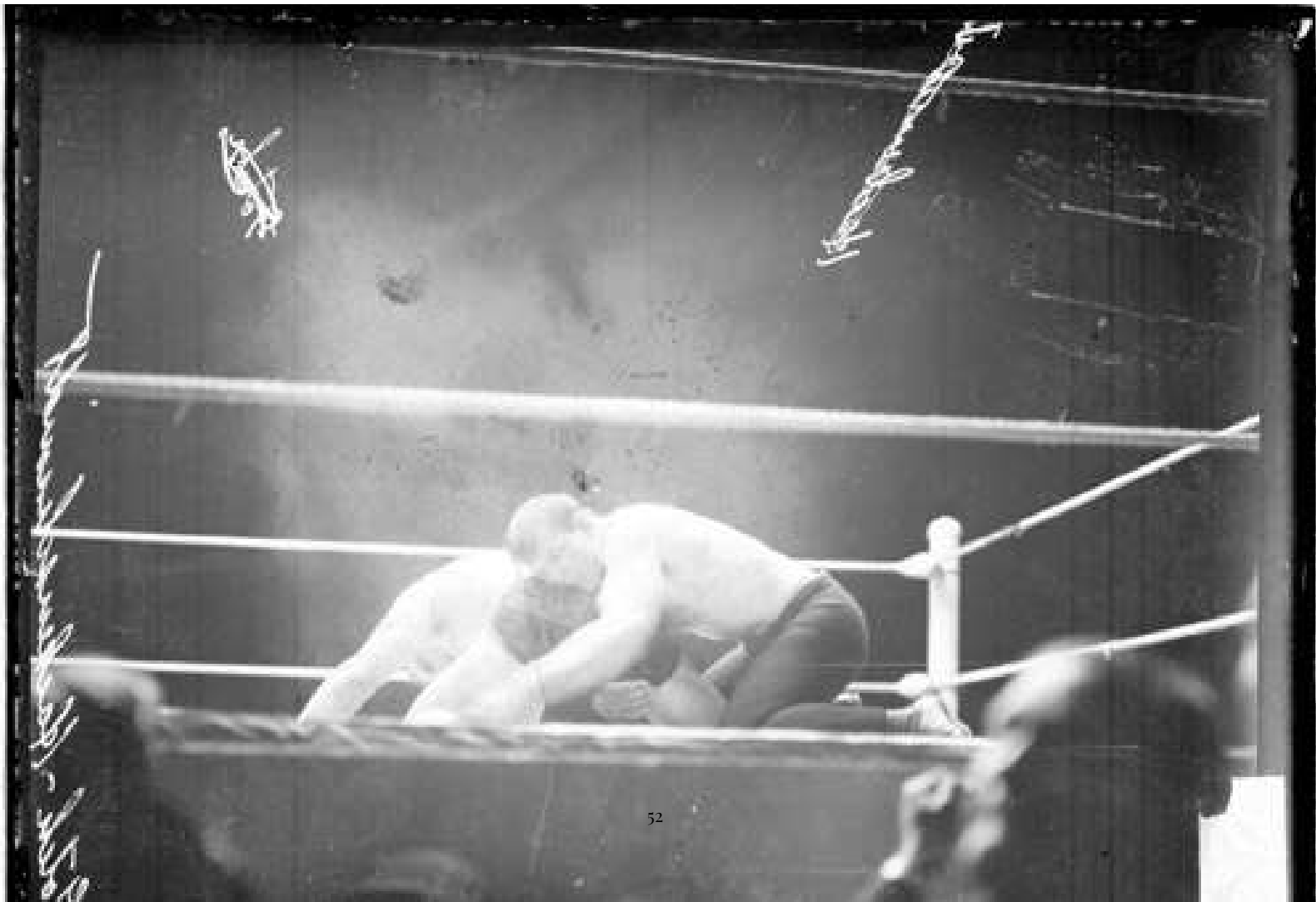
Born in 1877 in modern-day Estonia, then a part of the Russian Empire, Hackenschmidt was called to strength training at a young age. At school, as well as displaying all-round athletic excellence, he was famous for pressing 200lb overhead and even lifting a small horse off the ground on his back. By the end of the century he was drawing crowds for his feats of strength, which included 200+lb one-armed shoulder presses and heavy one-armed dumbbell curls off the ground.

After a chance and rather humbling encounter with a professional wrestler, Hackenschmidt intensified his strength training and began to take wrestling seriously. He would soon break Sandow's one-armed press record by some 15lb, among many record-breaking lifts. Between 1901 and 1911, he also won 3,000 wrestling matches, challenging the greatest wrestlers of his time. Over the page, he can be seen wrestling the great Frank 'the Iowa Ploughboy' Gotch.

Having retired from wrestling, Hackenschmidt began his career as a writer, publishing five books on fitness, physical culture and philosophy. The most well known of his books is *The Way To Live*. ■







THE COST OF GLORY

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Harold Poole

A school athletics star from an early age, Harold Poole competed in boxing, wrestling, track and field, and American football. After taking up weight training while still at school, he had carved an impressive 200lb physique by the age of 18.

His appearance on the bodybuilding competition scene not long after marked the beginning of a new phase for the sport, with a denser musculature that had never been seen before. As well as winning the Mr America and Mr Universe, Poole was the first man to compete in three consecutive Olympias; although he was never able to win the title.

Ken Waller

Like Harold Poole, Ken Waller was also a high-school star. After enrolling at Western Kentucky University, he became part of their undefeated football team, nicknamed the 'Tangerine Bowl'. Ken served in the Marine Corps before playing professional football, which provided a strong foundation for his subsequent career in bodybuilding.

After blasting through the amateur leagues, Ken turned pro. His most notable achievements include winning the 1975 Mr America and the 1976 Mr Olympia 200+lbs category, as well as appearing in *Pumping Iron* the following year.

Danny Padilla

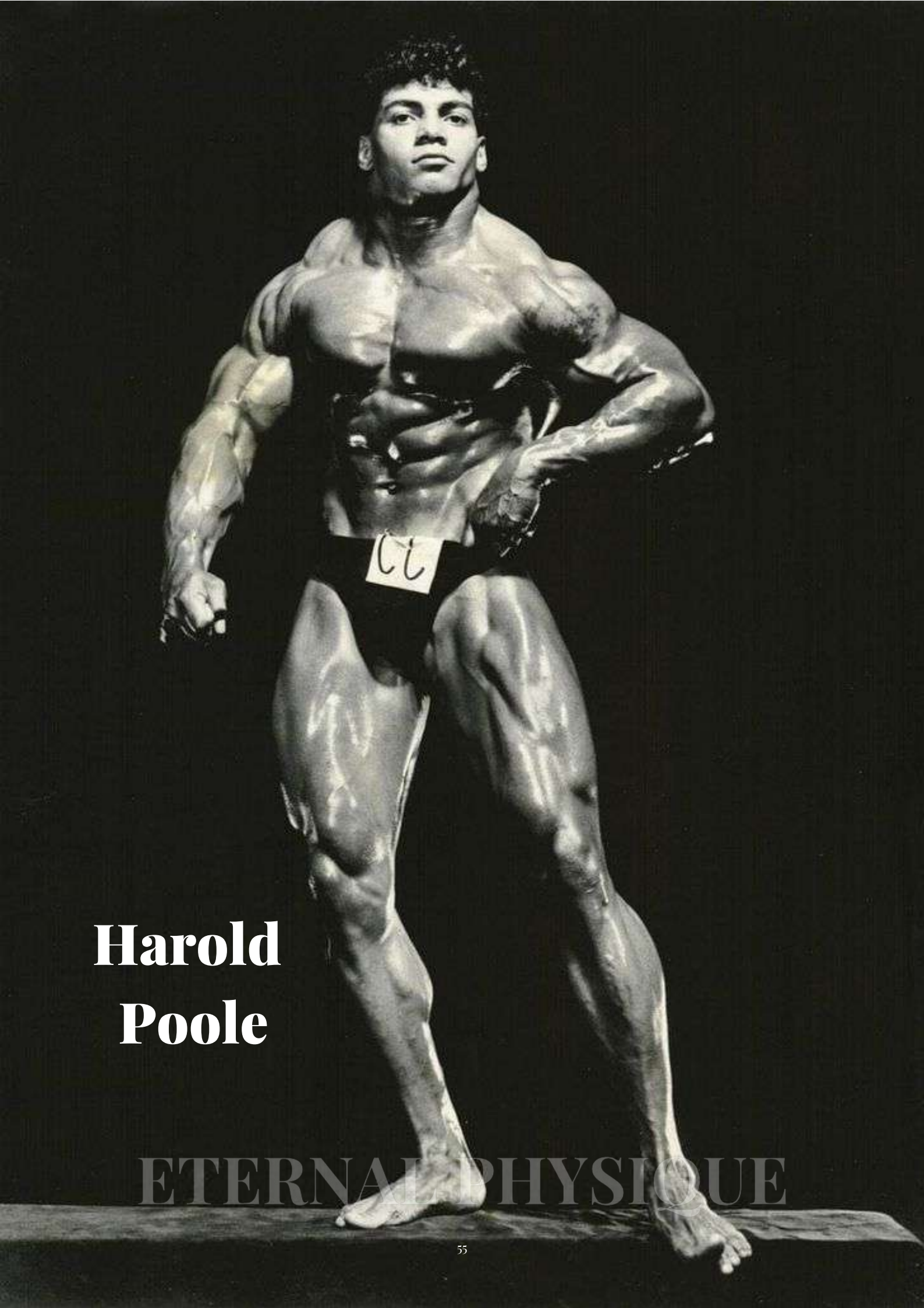
Danny Padilla, AKA the 'Giant Killer', was able to overcome his short stature (5'2") to best some of the greats of the sport, with a truly Eternal Physique. Danny wanted to become a bodybuilder from a very young age, and by the time he was 18 he was already dominating the local bodybuilding circuit.

After being told by AAU judges that he was too short to be a champion, in 1975 Danny won the Mr USA, beating Arnold, Franco and Robby Robinson to the tile. Mr America and Mr Universe titles followed. Between 1978 and 1991, he competed in 26 competitions, placing in the top three eight times.

Jusup Wilkosz

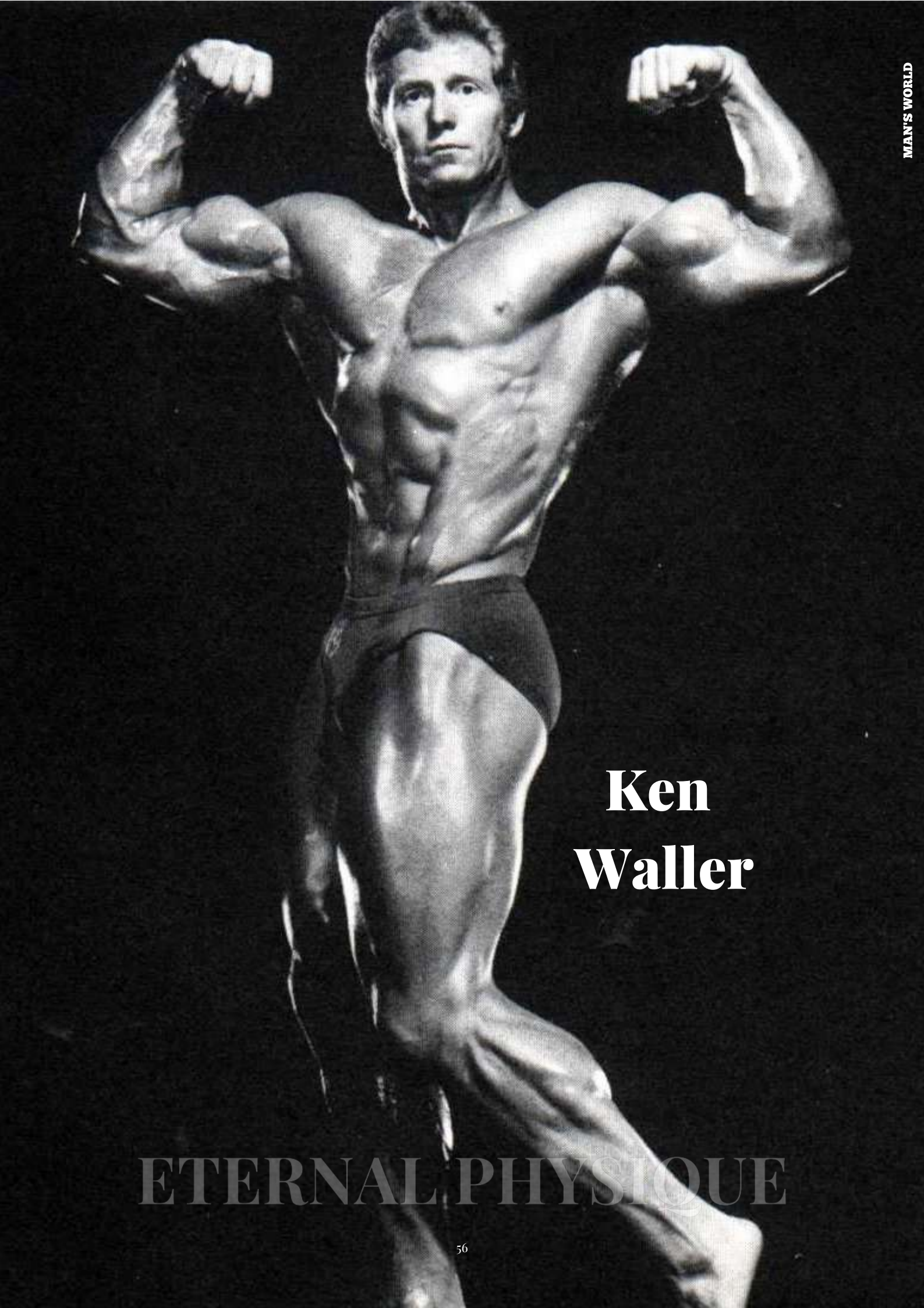
Jusup Wilkosz is perhaps most famous for placing third in the 1984 Mr Olympia contest and for being the training partner of Arnold Schwarzenegger during the late 1970s and early 1980s. Jusup's career, sadly, was dogged with injury, leaving many to wonder what he could otherwise have achieved.

After beginning training at age 16, Jusup quickly came to dominate the German bodybuilding scene. In 1978, he finished second to Mike Mentzer in the World Cup. The next year, he was a world champion. Between 1980 and 1989, when he was forced to retire by a family tragedy, he won 12 bodybuilding titles, including the 1980 Mr Universe.



Harold Poole

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE



Ken Waller

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

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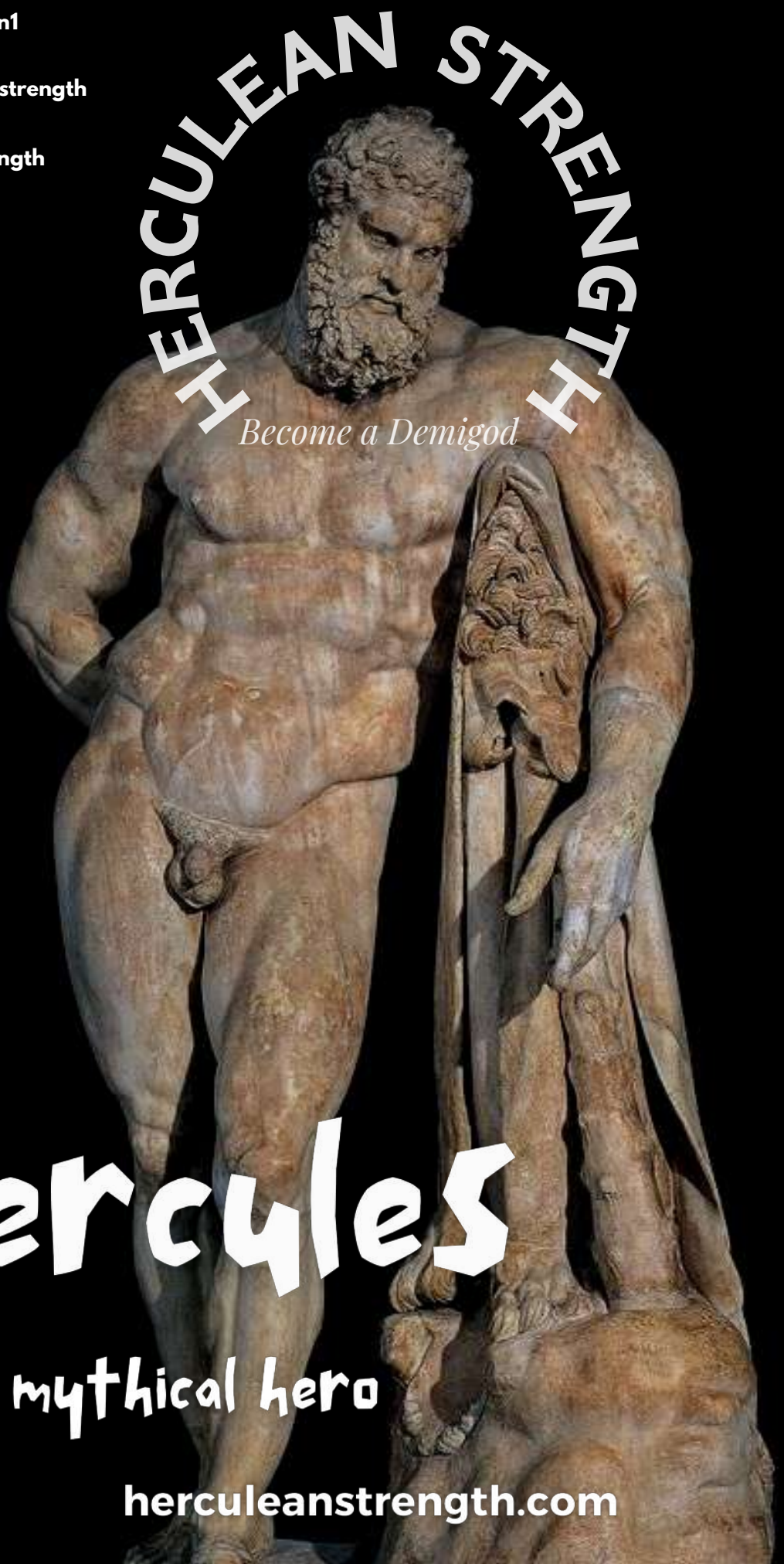

Hercules

The mythical hero

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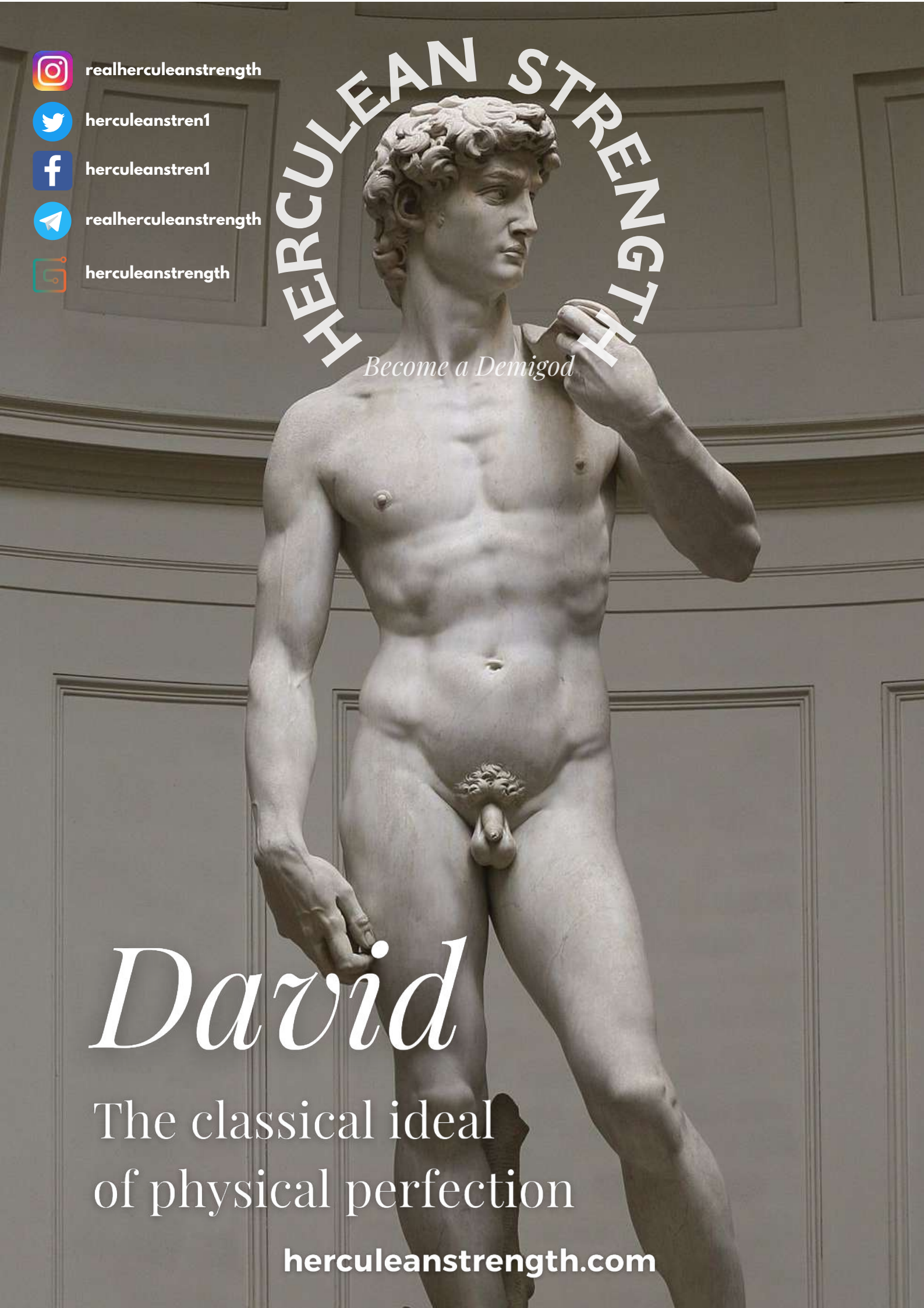
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of physical perfection
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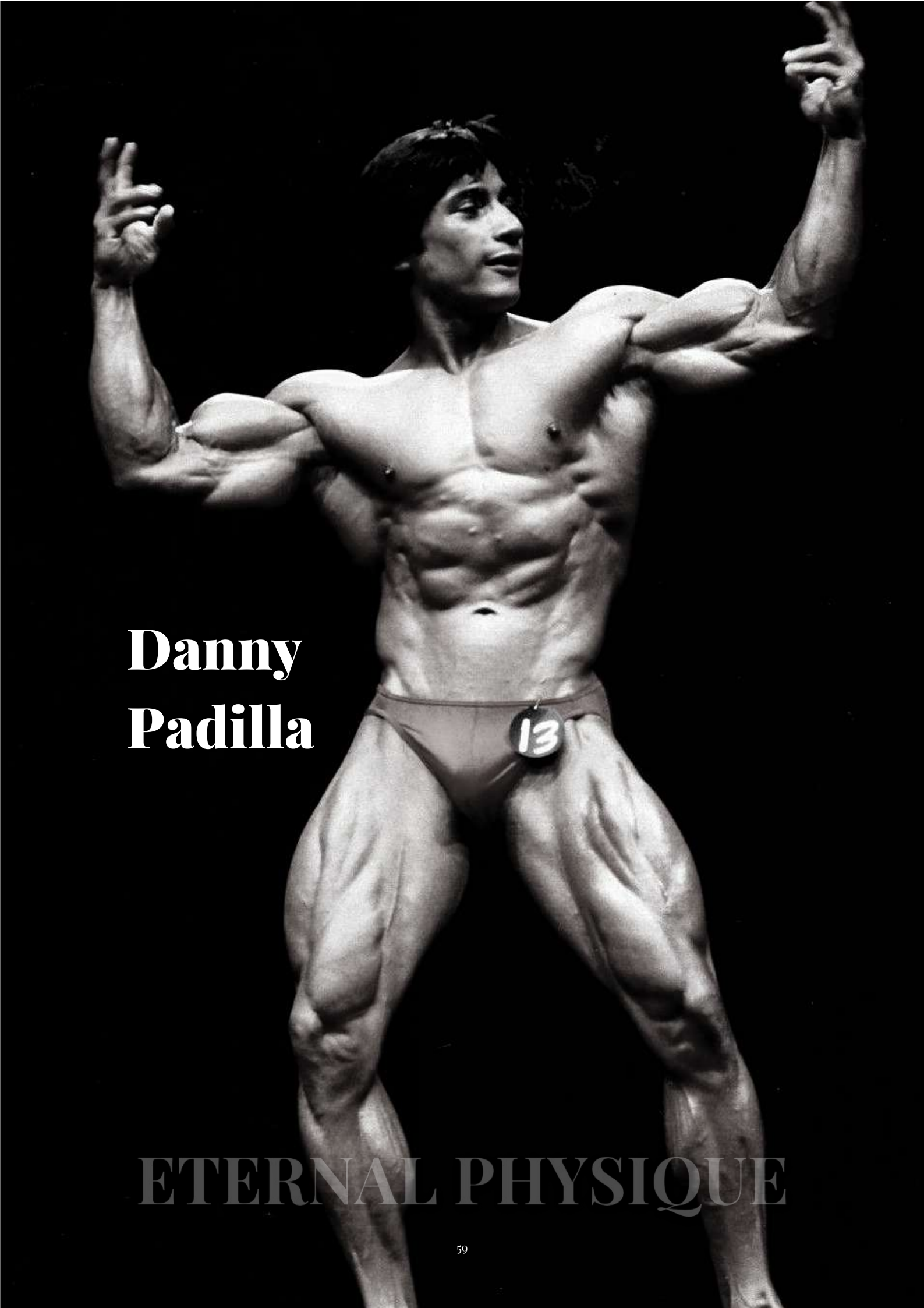

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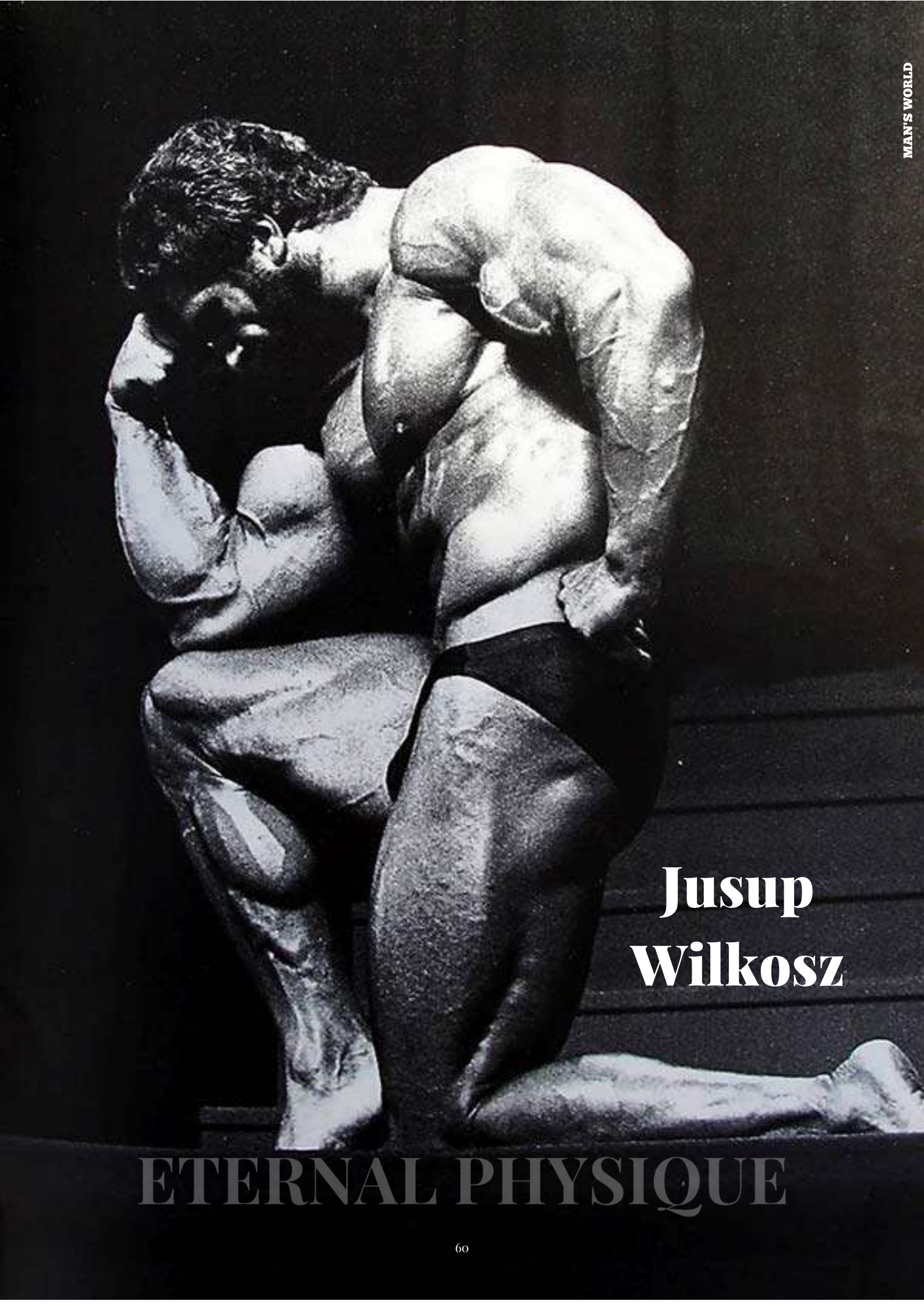

Jusup Wilkosz

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

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MEL GIBSON
NOOR BIN LADIN
(BASED)
What Women Want
(Hint: It's still Mel Gibson)
Raw Egg Nationalist is granted an exclusive audience with Noor Bin Ladin.

"WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE STATE OF MANHOOD IN THE WEST, IT'S CLEAR THAT WE'RE WITNESSING A TIME WHEN THE FEMINISATION OF MEN IS REACHING ITS CLIMAX AFTER YEARS OF POLICIES AND SOCIAL ENGINEERING."

I'm less than a minute into my interview with the delectable Noor Bin Ladin, and it's already abundantly clear that this won't be a surface-level discussion of the more obvious stereotypes of 21st-century masculinity we're all familiar with. It starts out gently enough – "What's the first thing you think of when I say, 'Men in 2021?'" Answer, "Soy boys!" – but then, hold your breath!, we're already taking a deep-dive into the causes of the present-day crisis not just of masculinity, but of Western civilisation itself. I shouldn't have expected anything less.

For those of you who don't know, yes, Noor Bin Ladin is a member of that Bin Ladin family, and September is never the best of months to have that infamous surname. It's a time that elicits solemnity and reflection from Noor. And this September is no exception, given that it's the twentieth anniversary of 9/11. This September also marks the one-year anniversary of Noor coming out in support of Donald Trump with her "Letter to America", and she plans to follow it up this year with another personal statement of support for the US. (By the time this interview "goes to press", we'll already know what it is, but at the time of writing all I had to go on was a few rather enigmatic clues.)

"With President Trump at her helm," she wrote in her "Letter", "America stands a chance at restoring her principles, pride, independence and true place in the world as beacon of liberty and hope for all. This to me, is what "Make America Great Again" means. Looking back at your country's foundation, and preserving what makes it truly GREAT. But also knowing that the best is yet to come."

It may come as a shock to you to learn that a member of the Bin Ladin family is an America First patriot, but in these strange times, when nothing is as it seems, it feels somehow rather apt. Noor Bin Ladin was born in Switzerland to a Swiss mother and Saudi father who just so happened to be Osama Bin Ladin's older brother. When Noor's mother realised she couldn't raise her daughters according to Saudi traditions, there ensued an almighty legal battle in the Swiss Courts to allow her to raise them in the West. It was her mother's victory in this battle, 'this clash between my life and how different it would have been in Saudi Arabia had she lost', and frequent visits to America from a young age that have made Noor so profoundly appreciative of what the West, and especially America, represents. This is why, rather than dispiriting her, the outrage of the fraudulent election has only made her fight harder for what she believes in. Soon after Biden was installed into office, she was exposed to the full glare of the global media spotlight for a boat-borne protest against him on Lake Geneva. She's also made appearances on Tonight with Tucker Carlson and Steve Bannon's War Room: Pandemic. She has an active, pugnacious presence on Twitter, with close to 60k followers. Noor Bin Ladin isn't going anywhere; or, to put it conversely, wherever it is she is going, only she decides.

Social engineering, and especially the efforts of globalists and globalist organisations like Julian Huxley and the Rockefeller Foundation, is one of the main focuses of her work, she tells me; she likes to call her field "the real history of the twentieth century". In particular, she's interested in the way the 19th century science of eugenics was rebranded as "population control" after the events of the Second World War, which made social and medical intervention to curb or entirely remove "undesirable" populations a very hard sell. But while the name changed to a more pleasing euphemism, the attitudes and the methods remained broadly the same: a paternalist elite, self-appointed, would get to decide who reproduces and who doesn't. (Noor calls that elite a "cult of Malthusian psycho-freaks".) The bad news? The vast majority of the world's population doesn't make the cut. "This whole population control movement," she says, "is a direct cause of the state of manhood today." The feminisation of men, up to and including the promotion of transgenderism, is a clear way "to limit reproduction." It's that simple.

"WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU THINK OF WHEN I SAY, 'MEN IN 2021?'" ANSWER, "SOY BOYS!"

Nor does the denigration and, finally, the destruction of the masculine ideal stand alone as an aim on the road to population control for these social engineers. Rather, this is just one prong of a many-pronged attack on the two genders and the root of their combined strength: the nuclear family. Abortion, the birth-control pill, irreligion, women in the workplace, sterile hedonism, transgenderism – all have, some more than others, been weaponised by the social engineers to force men and women apart and to make it less likely that they'll have children. Noor and I both agree that this process has taken place in distinct phases, with a particular focus on changing women's behaviour and attitudes in the immediate decades after the Second World War. One of the stranger ironies of the new transgender agenda (try saying that in a hurry!) has been the sustained attack on women, not only on the rights and "freedoms" they've won in the twentieth century, but also on the very biological notion of womanhood. Even stranger has been the enthusiastic acquiescence of many so-called feminists in this process. (One Twitter commentator whose name escapes me perceptively suggested that this is just the apogee of the AWFL desire for ethical self-effacement – to be, quite literally, defined out of existence for the greater good. How moral!) The upshot, though, is the same as before: confusion, disorientation and subversion of traditional gender roles.

Anybody who's taken a cursory glance at the demographics of the Western world will, at the very least, have a hard time denying that we aren't having children like we used to. Even so, to many the notion of a global depopulation plan will of course sound like the most lurid of "conspiracy theories" (DUN DUN DUN!). Well, I'm not here to pitch you the notion of such a plan, and neither, ultimately, is Noor Bin Ladin; although she could marshal, and does during our interview, an impressive array of evidence in favour of that idea. She speaks with certainty, and I can tell that she believes that at this point in proceedings, the globalist plan should be plain as day to anybody whose eyes aren't screwed or glued shut; she says as much when we speak.

But I will say a few things, since Noor and I end up talking about them at length. First, the ideas and goals of eugenics are very old and also remarkably consistent across the ages. One thing that struck me when I was writing my cookbook, Raw Egg Nationalism, was how the ideas expressed about diet control in Plato's Republic, for instance, mirror those that seem to lie behind the notion of a "Great Reset", including the injunction that we must all give up eating animal products, especially red meat. In both cases, a grain-slop diet, free from meat, is an essential part of maintaining orderly control of the workers; on that Plato's Socrates and Klaus Schwab, the ludicrous thrift-store Palpatine of the WEF, would seem to be in total agreement. The only substantial difference between then and now is that today's eugenicists actually have the means to realise their perverted dreams.

Then there's the question of whether the globalist depopulation plan actually qualifies as a 'conspiracy' at all, if by that term you mean that the plan is hidden. Because very little about the beliefs and desires of the most prominent globalists is hidden – far from it. Since the earliest days, groups like the Fabian Society and Rockefeller Foundation and individuals like Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley have been quite open about their eugenic beliefs, and this openness has continued to the present day. I get the sense with Noor that there's still a certain disbelief at just how brazen this "cult of Malthusian psycho-freaks" really is. They're not even hiding in plain sight, as the saying goes. They're just there, and all you have to do is look them up, and what they've said and done, on the internet. Bill Gates is obviously the most prominent example, but it seems that you only have to scratch the surface of a billionaire these days and you're likely to reveal someone who believes that the higher man must transcend his fleshly body, merge with machines and jet off into space to fulfil some greater destiny. While the growing fascination with space may simply be to provide these billionaires with a pristine space to fuck kids away from prying eyes now that Little St James is off-limits, their obsession with life-extension technology and increasingly urgent preparations for some unspecified doomsday scenario – remember those bunkers in New Zealand? – at the very least suggest that they know something big that we don't.

Like I said, it's a whole can of worms, and one we could spend multiple interviews discussing. But we're here primarily to talk about men – and maybe women too. Although she's unequivocal about the fact that most men in the West these days aren't exactly masculine (or attractive), Noor doesn't blame them entirely for this state of affairs. In this regard, it pleases me greatly to learn that she's hip to the xenoestrogen question. Xenoestrogens, if you don't know – and you really should – are industrial chemicals that mimic the effects of the female hormone estrogen. By upsetting the natural hormonal balance, these substances wreak absolute havoc on our health and the health of a wide variety of animals too, including Alex Jones's famous "gay frogs". The worst thing about xenoestrogens is their ubiquity: they are quite literally everywhere – in the food, in the water and even, as we're discovering with microplastics, in the air. As Noor points out, prominent "population control" experts like Paul Ehrlich, for instance, were saying as early as the 1960s that sterility drugs might have to be put in the water to limit the population (there's a New York Times article about it if you don't believe

Below left: Noor holding a Trump banner at her protest on Lake Geneva

her), but even if the spread of all of these gender-bending chemicals isn't deliberate in every case, their feminising effects serve the depopulation agenda nonetheless.

"What we need is more egg men, not soy boys!" Noor chimes in at one point. I'm pleased that she intuitively understands what I'm trying to say about the importance of taking control of your diet in the modern world if you want to live a full and independent life. But the problem, as we've already established, is a societal one. How do we fix an entire generation of weak men? Noor finds it especially funny that China is now doing its best to curb effeminacy – "China bans 'sissy men' from TV, demands masculine role models and orders broadcasters to stop promoting 'vulgar internet stars'", runs one headline - at precisely the time that the US, including the military, is embracing degeneracy like never before. Noor tells me, by contrast, that Moscow has banned pride marches for the next 100 years. She's in no doubt that the West must find the means to reverse its growing degeneracy.

Noor's view of the current state of Western politics is, as you might expect, far from positive. 'Politics is totally performative – how do you say? – astroturfed!' (She laughs with abandon whenever a word comes to her, her mother tongue being French.) The endless squabbling of mainstream politicians is just a distraction from the real problems, which most politicians have no interest in solving. In fact, they have every interest in perpetuating them. Noor has a very keen nose for who is and isn't a fake conservative, a uniquely besetting problem on this side of the chamber. The words 'Ben Shapiro' and 'Dan Crenshaw' elicit visible disgust from her, much to my amusement. Still, there are a few America First candidates, like Joe Kent, who are trying to take back the Republican Party, but it's a tall order for sure.

For many, the answer to a broken political system, one whose institutions have been totally colonised by the enemy, is to withdraw from the wider pozzed world into based enclaves and intentional communities of like-minded individuals. It's easy to see the appeal of this approach. Even so, neither of us believes it's the right one. A few weeks before the interview, Noor and I talked at length about secessionism, and we both agree that this is the worst possible solution. The globalist game is divide and rule, and secessionism will only divide the United States and make it easier to rule. Look at the history of the smaller nations of Europe, say the former Habsburg nations after 1918, and tell me why an independent Florida or new Confederacy wouldn't suffer the same fate. A real American civil war would almost certainly see the involvement, directly or indirectly, of other major powers like Russia and China, not to mention the UN. The answer, then? To fight for what is rightfully ours – all of it.

How? "We have to get involved locally", something General Flynn, another of Noor's heroes apart from Trump, has been a strong advocate of. Many of you will have seen the Twitter videos of parents bringing down righteous fury on school boards for their mask mandates or promotion of paedophilia, and this is precisely the kind of thing Noor means. Fight for your local communities and institutions, take them back from our enemies. One of the lesser-known facts of Biden's "victory" is the way figures like George Soros and Mark Zuckerberg poured money into local institutions, including election officials, in order to capture them in advance of the 2020 election. Take care of the little things and the big things will look after themselves, or so the Bible has it.

So what's to come? Noor is in no doubt that America is the lynchpin. "The future rests on the shoulders of America right now," she says. "If America succeeds, the rest of the world has a chance." It's not just the fact that America remains, for now, the most powerful nation on earth that makes its fate the true test of whether or not global government will succeed. It's what America represents and its unique arsenal of ideas and traditions, in particular the written Constitution, that make its people uniquely placed to resist. And the globalists know this as well as anybody else, which explains why so much of their effort, for decades but with increasing ferocity over the last five years, has been focused there.

By turns, Noor blends optimism and pessimism about the future. "I walk through the streets sometimes and think to myself, 'My God, so many of these people don't realise the war we're in.'" But it's clear enough to me that her attitude is ultimately one of hope for the future. When I suggest that the pandemic response has been a "great filter" event – an event that decides, quite literally, whether people are going to make it or not – and that most people have failed abjectly, she rebuffs me strongly. However many people have accepted events at face value and gone along with what the good doctor Anthony Fauci has told them, enough people are aware of the "war", and of the stakes involved, that a globalist victory is anything but assured. Despite the reversals of the last year, what she calls the "Great Awakening", which began five years ago with the election of Donald Trump, is still going strong. "People are fighting back" – look at the protests in France, the Netherlands and even Australia, which people have been far too quick to write off as totally lost, she says. The increasingly desperate measures taken by authorities, especially vaccine mandates, are a clear sign for Noor that things are not going as planned for the globalists.

And, for all the talk of irreligion, decadence and degeneracy

THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

Cartoons by Ending Bigly Promotional Account (@powerfulrapist)

Jennifer 'pro-voting' Rubin
@JRubinBlogger
a more diverse, more inclusive society. this is fabulous news. now we need to prevent minority White rule.
The number of White people in the U.S. fell for first time since 1790, according t...
The first detailed race and ethnicity breakdown from the 2020 count shows a country that has become more multiracial and more racially and ethnically ...
washingtonpost.com

White people are universally non-inclusive, non-diverse and racist.

That's why I'm glad they're dying and not having kids. Fuck that race.

over the past hour – however "far removed from God we are", as she puts it – she trusts, nonetheless, that "we all have an innate sense of morality" and "people know that what is happening is wrong."

"But whatever happens," she adds, "God wins at the end of the day." This seems like a good place for us to end our conversation.

There's one last thing, though. Given the gravity of everything we've talked about – from Auschwitz to xenoestrogens – it feels almost frivolous to ask Noor the burning question, the question that prompted this interview in the first place. But since we're wrapping up, I think "what the hell?" and ask it anyway.

So what is it based women really want?

"Oh that's simple," Noor replies, with a smile. "Based women want a man who's even more based than they are."

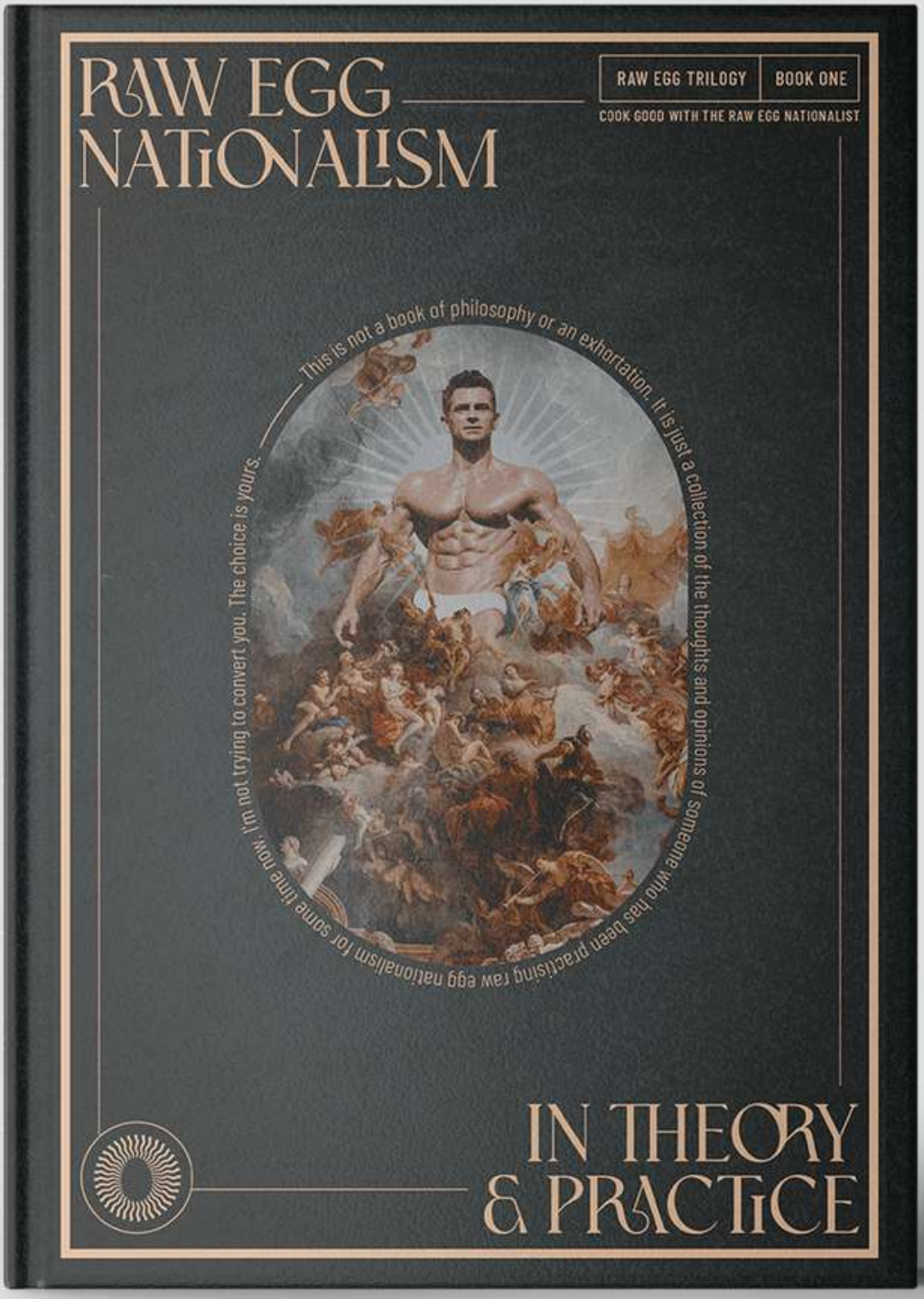
"And who might that be?"

"Mel Gibson. Is he single?"

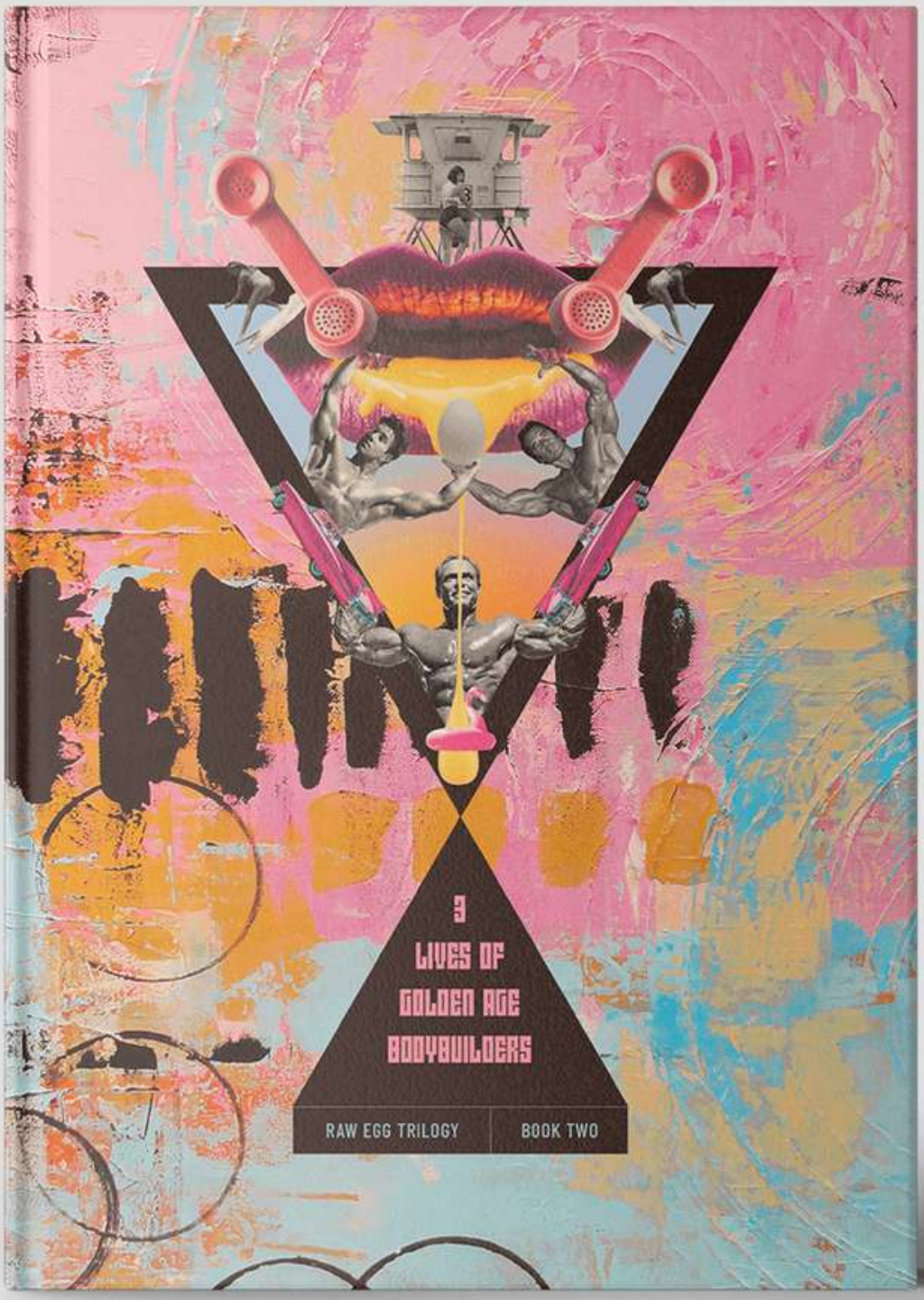
Visit noorbinladin.com. Noor tweets @noorbinladin

"BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS," SHE ADDS, "GOD WINS AT THE END OF THE DAY."

The original books that started a movement...


RAW EGG NATIONALISM
RAW EGG TRILOGY
BOOK ONE
COOK GOOD WITH THE RAW EGG NATIONALIST
This is not a book of philosophy or an exhortation. It is just a collection of the thoughts and opinions of someone who has been practising raw egg nationalism for some time now. I'm not trying to convert you. The choice is yours.
IN THEORY & PRACTICE

...just got an amazing makeover



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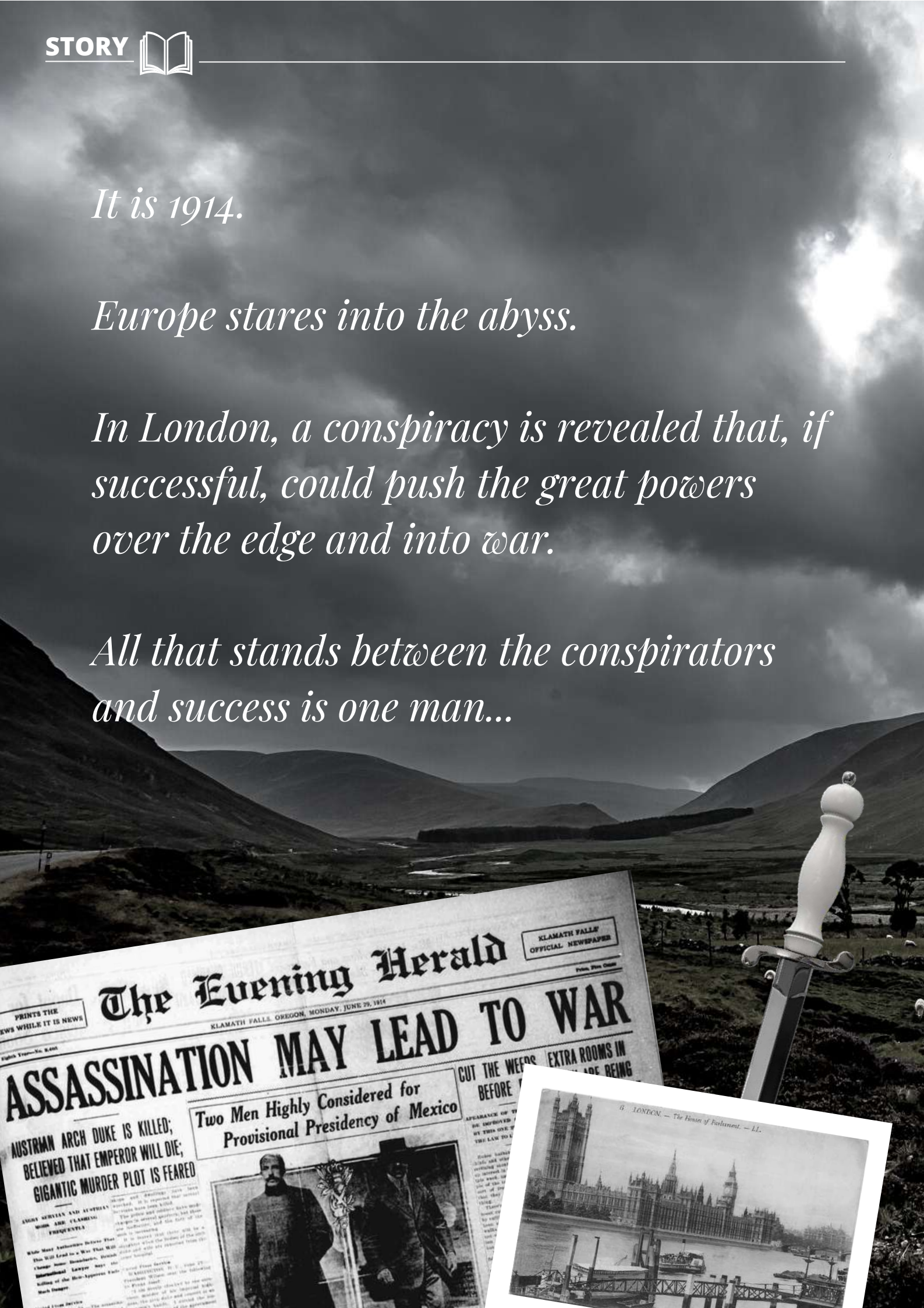
It is 1914.

Europe stares into the abyss.

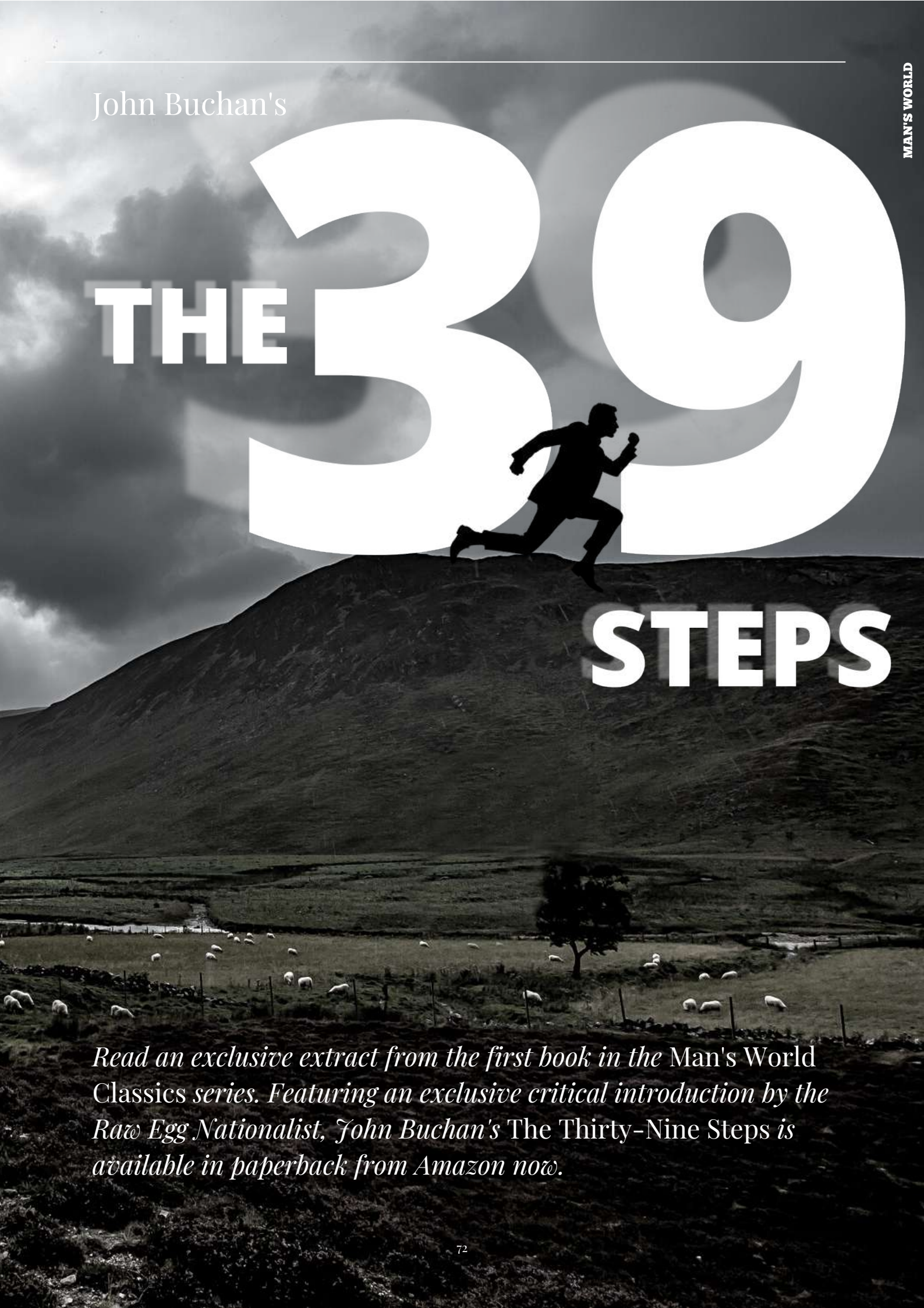
In London, a conspiracy is revealed that, if successful, could push the great powers over the edge and into war.

All that stands between the conspirators and success is one man...


The Evening Herald
KLAMATH FALLS' OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON, MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1914
ASSASSINATION MAY LEAD TO WAR
AUSTRIAN ARCH DUKE IS KILLED; BELIEVED THAT EMPEROR WILL DIE; GIGANTIC MURDER PLOT IS FEARED
Two Men Highly Considered for Provisional Presidency of Mexico
EXTRA ROOMS IN
LONDON — The Houses of Parliament — LL.

John Buchan's

THE 39 STEPS



Read an exclusive extract from the first book in the Man's World Classics *series. Featuring an exclusive critical introduction by the Raw Egg Nationalist, John Buchan's* The Thirty-Nine Steps *is available in paperback from Amazon now.*

The Man Who Died

I returned from the City about three o'clock on that May afternoon pretty well disgusted with life. I had been three months in the old country, and was fed up with it. If anyone had told me a year ago that I would have been feeling like that I should have laughed at him, but there was the fact. The weather made me liverish, the talk of the ordinary Englishman made me sick, I couldn't get enough exercise, and the amusements of London seemed as flat as soda-water that has been standing in the sun. "Richard Hannay," I kept telling myself, "you have got into the wrong ditch, my friend, and you had better climb out."

It made me bite my lips to think of the plans I had been building up those last years in Buluwayo. I had got my pile—not one of the big ones, but good enough for me; and I had figured out all kinds of ways of enjoying myself. My father had brought me out from Scotland at the age of six, and I had never been home since; so England was a sort of Arabian Nights to me, and I counted on stopping there for the rest of my days. But from the first I was disappointed with it. In about a week I was tired of seeing sights, and in less than a month I had had enough of restaurants and theatres and race meetings. I had no real pal to go about with, which probably explains things. Plenty of people invited me to their houses, but they didn't seem much interested in me. They would fling me a question or two about South Africa, and then get on their own affairs. A lot of Imperialist ladies asked me to tea to meet schoolmasters from New Zealand and editors from Vancouver, and that was the dismalest business of all.

Here was I, thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb, with enough money to have a good time, yawning my head off all day. I had just about settled to clear out and get back to the veld, for I was the best-bored man in the United Kingdom.

That afternoon I had been worrying my brokers about investments to give my mind something to work on, and on my way home I turned into my club—rather a pot-house, which took in Colonial members. I had a long drink, and read the evening papers. They were full of the row in the Near East, and there was an article about Karolides, the Greek Premier. I rather fancied the chap. From all accounts he seemed the one big man in the show, and he played a straight game too, which was more than could be said for most of them. I gathered that they hated him pretty blackly in Berlin and Vienna, but that we were going to stick by him, and one paper said that he was the only barrier between Europe and Armageddon. I remember wondering if I could get a job in those parts. It struck me that Albania was the sort of place that might keep a man from yawning.

About six o'clock I went home, dressed, dined at the Café Royal, and turned into a music-hall. It was a silly show, all capering women and monkey-faced men, and I did not stay long. The night was fine and clear as I walked back to the flat I had hired near Portland Place. The crowd surged past me on the pavements, busy and chattering, and I envied the people for having something to do. These shop-girls and clerks and dandies and policemen had some interest in life that kept them going. I gave half-a-crown to a beggar because I saw him yawn; he was a fellow sufferer. At Oxford Circus I looked up into the spring sky and I made a vow. I would give the Old Country another day to fit me into something; if nothing happened, I would take the next boat for the Cape.

My flat was the first floor in a new block behind Langham Place. There was a common staircase, with a porter and a lift-man at the entrance, but there was no restaurant or anything of that sort, and each flat was quite shut off from the others. I hate servants on the premises, so I had a fellow to look after me who came in by the day. He arrived before eight o'clock every morning and used to depart at seven, for I never dined at home.

I was just fitting my key into the door when I noticed a man at my elbow. I had not seen him approach, and the sudden appearance made me start. He was a slim man, with a short brown beard and small, gimlety blue eyes. I recognized him as the occupant of a flat on the top floor, with whom I had passed the time of day on the stairs.

"Can I speak to you?" he said. "May I come in for a minute?" He was steadying his voice with an effort, and his hand was pawing my arm.

I got my door open and motioned him in. No sooner was he over the threshold than he made a dash for my back room, where I used to smoke and write my letters. Then he bolted back.

"Is the door locked?" he asked feverishly, and he fastened the chain with his own hand.

"I'm very sorry," he said humbly. "It's a mighty liberty, but you looked the kind of man who would understand. I've had you in my mind all this week when things got troublesome. Say, will you do me a good turn?"

"I'll listen to you," I said. "That's all I'll promise." I was getting worried by the antics of this nervous little chap.

There was a tray of drinks on a table beside him, from which he filled himself a stiff whisky and soda. He drank it off in three gulps, and cracked the glass as he set it down.

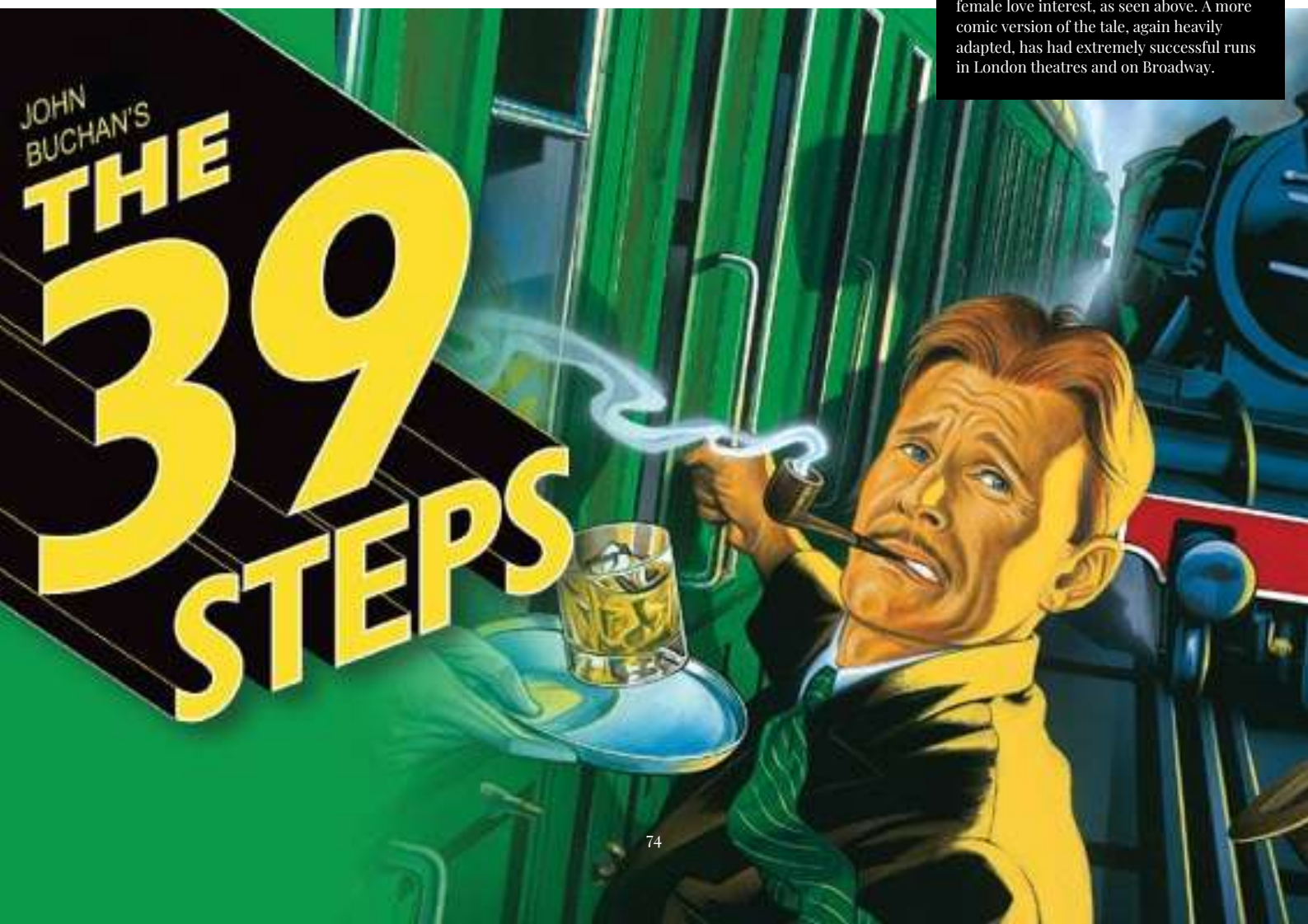
"Pardon," he said, "I'm a bit rattled tonight. You see, I happen at this moment to be dead."

I sat down in an armchair and lit my pipe.

"What does it feel like?" I asked. I was pretty certain that I had to deal with a madman.

A smile flickered over his drawn face. "I'm not mad—yet. Say, sir, I've been watching you, and I reckon you're a cool customer. I reckon, too, you're an honest man, and not afraid of playing a bold hand. I'm going to confide in you. I need help

In Alfred Hitchcock's 1939 version of the 39 Steps, he makes the fatal mistake of recasting Hannay's unbeckoned guest as a female love interest, as seen above. A more comic version of the tale, again heavily adapted, has had extremely successful runs in London theatres and on Broadway.



worse than any man ever needed it, and I want to know if I can count you in."

"Get on with your yarn," I said, "and then I'll tell you."

He seemed to brace himself for a great effort, and then started on the queerest rigmarole. I didn't get hold of it at first, and I had to stop and ask him questions. But here is the gist of it:—

He was an American, from Kentucky, and after college, being pretty well off, he had started out to see the world. He wrote a bit, and acted as war correspondent for a Chicago paper, and spent a year or two in southeastern Europe. I gathered that he was a fine linguist, and had got to know pretty well the society in those parts. He spoke familiarly of many names that I remembered to have seen in the newspapers.

He had played about with politics, he told me, at first for the interest of them, and then because he couldn't help himself. I read him as a sharp, restless fellow, who always wanted to get down to the roots of things. He got a little further down than he wanted.

I am giving you what he told me as well as I could make it out. Away behind all the governments and the armies there was a big subterranean movement going on, engineered by very dangerous people. He had come on it by accident; it fascinated him; he went further, and then he got caught. I gathered that most of the people in it were the sort of educated anarchists that make revolutions, but that beside them there were financiers who were playing for money. A clever man can make big profits on a falling market, and it suited the book of both classes to set Europe by the ears. He told me some queer things that explained a lot that had puzzled me—things that happened in the Balkan War, how one state suddenly came out on top, why alliances were made and broken, why certain men disappeared, and where the sinews of war came from. The aim of the whole conspiracy was to get Russia and Germany at loggerheads.

When I asked why, he said that the anarchist lot thought it would give them their chance. Everything would be in the melting-pot, and they looked to see a new world emerge. The capitalists would rake in the shekels, and make fortunes by buying up wreckage.

Capital, he said, had no conscience and no fatherland. Besides, the Jew was behind it, and the Jew hated Russia worse than hell.

"Do you wonder?" he cried. "For three hundred years they have been persecuted, and this is the return match for the pogroms. The Jew is everywhere, but you have to go far down the back stairs to find him.

"Take any big Teutonic business concern. If you have dealings with it the first man you meet is Prince von Und zu Something, an elegant young man who talks Eton-and-Harrow English. But he cuts no ice. If your business is big, you get behind him and find a prognathous Westphalian with a retreating brow and the manners of a hog.

"He is the German business man that gives your English papers the shakes. But if you're on the biggest kind of job and are bound to get to the real boss, ten to one you are brought up against a little white-faced Jew in a bath-chair with an eye like a rattlesnake. Yes, Sir, he is the man who is ruling the world just now, and he has his knife in the empire of the Tzar, because his aunt was outraged and his father flogged in some one-horse location on the Volga."

I could not help saying that his Jew-anarchists seemed to have got left behind a little.

"Yes and no," he said. "They won up to a point, but they struck a bigger thing than money, a thing that couldn't be bought, the old elemental fighting instincts of man. If you're going to be killed you invent some kind of flag and country to fight for, and if you survive you get to love the thing. Those foolish devils of soldiers have found something they care for, and that has upset the pretty plan laid in Berlin and Vienna. But my friends haven't played their last card by a long sight. They've gotten the ace up their sleeves, and unless I can keep alive for a month they are going to play it and win."

"But I thought you were dead,' I put in.

"Mors janua vitæ," he smiled. (I recognized the quotation: it was about all the Latin I knew.) "I'm coming to that, but I've got to put you wise about a lot of things first. If you read your newspaper, I guess you know the name of Constantine Karolides?"

I sat up at that, for I had been reading about him that very afternoon.

"He is the man that has wrecked all their games. He is the one big brain in the whole show, and he happens also to be an honest man. Therefore he has been marked down these twelve months past. I found that out—not that it was difficult, for any fool could guess as much. But I found out the way they were going to get him, and that knowledge was deadly. That's why I have had to decease."

He had another drink, and I mixed it for him myself, for I was getting interested in the beggar.

"They can't get him in his own land, for he has a bodyguard of Epirotes that would skin their grandmothers. But on the 15th day of June he is coming to this city. The British Foreign Office has taken to having international tea-parties, and the biggest of them is due on that date. Now Karolides is reckoned the principal guest, and if my friends have their way he will never return to his admiring countrymen."

"That's simple enough, anyhow," I said. "You can warn him and keep him at home."

"And play their game?" he asked sharply. "If he does not come they win, for he's the only man that can straighten out the tangle. And if his government is warned he won't come, for he does not know how big the stakes will be on June the 15th."

"What about the British Government?" I asked. "They're not going to let their guests be murdered. Tip them the wink, and they'll take extra precautions."

"No good. They might stuff your city with plain-clothes detectives and double the police and Constantine would still be a doomed man. My friends are not playing this game for candy. They want a big occasion for the taking off, with the eyes of all Europe on it. He'll be murdered by an Austrian, and there'll be plenty of evidence to show the connivance of the big folk in Vienna and Berlin. It will all be an infernal lie, of course, but the case will look black enough to the world. I'm not talking hot air, my friend. I happen to know every detail of the hellish contrivance, and I can tell you it will be the most finished piece

of blackguardism since the Borgias. But it's not going to come off if there's a certain man who knows the wheels of the business alive right here in London on the 15th day of June. And that man is going to be your servant, Franklin P. Scudder."

I was getting to like the little chap. His jaw had shut like a rat-trap, and there was the fire of battle in his gimlety eyes. If he was spinning me a yarn he could act up to it.

"Where did you find out this story?" I asked.

"I got the first hint in an inn on the Achensee in Tyrol. That set me inquiring, and I collected my other clues in a fur-shop in the Galician quarter of Buda, in a Strangers' Club in Vienna, and in a little book-shop off the Racknitzstrasse in Leipsic. I completed my evidence ten days ago in Paris. I can't tell you the details now, for it's something of a history. When I was quite sure in my own mind I judged it my business to disappear, and I reached this city by a mighty queer circuit. I left Paris a dandified young French-American, and I sailed from Hamburg a Jew diamond merchant. In Norway I was an English student of Ibsen collecting materials for lectures, but when I left Bergen I was a cinema-man with special ski films. And I came here from Leith with a lot of pulp-wood propositions in my pocket to put before the London newspapers. Till yesterday I thought I had muddied my trail some, and was feeling pretty happy. Then . . ."

The recollection seemed to upset him, and he gulped down some more whisky.

"Then I saw a man standing in the street outside this block. I used to stay close in my room all day, and only slip out after dark for an hour or two. I watched him for a bit from my window, and I thought I recognized him. . . . He came in and spoke to the porter. . . . When I came back from my walk last night I found a card in my letter-box. It bore the name of the man I want least to meet on God's earth."

I think that the look in my companion's eyes, the sheer naked scare on his face, completed my conviction of his honesty. My own voice sharpened a bit as I asked him what he did next.
"I realized that I was bottled as sure as a pickled herring, and that there was only one way out. I had to die. If my pursuers knew I was dead they would go to sleep again."

"How did you manage it?"

"I told the man that valets me that I was feeling pretty bad, and I got myself up to look like death. That wasn't difficult, for I'm no slouch at disguises. Then I got a corpse—you can always get a body in London if you know where to go for it. I fetched it back in a trunk on the top of a four-wheeler, and I had to be assisted upstairs to my room. You see I had to pile up some evidence for the inquest. I went to bed and got my man to mix me a sleeping-draught, and then told him to clear out. He wanted to fetch a doctor, but I swore some and said I couldn't abide leeches. When I was left alone I started in to fake up that corpse. He was my size, and I judged had perished from too much alcohol, so I put some spirits handy about the place. The jaw was the weak point in the likeness, so I blew it away with a revolver. I daresay there will be somebody to-morrow to swear to having heard a shot, but there are no neighbours on my floor, and I guessed I could risk it. So I left the body in bed dressed up in my pyjamas, with a revolver lying on the bed-clothes and a considerable mess around. Then I got into a suit of clothes I had kept waiting for emergencies. I didn't dare to shave for fear of leaving tracks, and besides it wasn't any kind of use my trying to get into the streets. I had had you in my mind all day, and there seemed nothing to do but to make an appeal to you. I watched from my window till I saw you come home, and then slipped down the stair to meet you. . . . There, sir, I guess you know about as much as me of this business."

He sat blinking like an owl, fluttering with nerves and yet desperately determined.

By this time I was pretty well convinced that he was going straight with me. It was the wildest sort of narrative, but I had heard in my time many steep tales which had turned out to be true, and I had made a practice of judging the man rather than the story. If he had wanted to get a location in my flat, and then cut my throat, he would have pitched a milder yarn.

"Hand me your key," I said, "and I'll take a look at the corpse. Excuse my caution, but I'm bound to verify a bit if I can."

He shook his head mournfully. "I reckoned you'd ask for that, but I haven't got it. It's on my chain on the dressing-table. I had to leave it behind, for I couldn't leave any clues to breed suspicions. The gentry who are after me are pretty bright-eyed citizens. You'll have to take me on trust for the night, and tomorrow you'll get proof of the corpse business right enough."

I thought for an instant or two.

"Right. I'll trust you for the night. I'll lock you into this room and keep the key. Just one word, Mr Scudder. I believe you're straight, but if so be you are not I should warn you that I'm a handy man with a gun."

"Sure," he said, jumping up with some briskness. "I haven't the privilege of your name, sir, but let me tell you that you're a white man. I'll thank you to lend me a razor."

I took him into my bedroom and turned him loose. In half an hour's time a figure came out that I scarcely recognized. Only his gimlety, hungry eyes were the same. He was shaved clean, his hair was parted in the middle, and he had cut his eyebrows. Further, he carried himself as if he had been drilled, and was the very model, even to the brown complexion, of some British officer who had had a long spell in India. He had a monocle, too, which he stuck in his eye, and every trace of the American had gone out of his speech.

"My hat! Mr Scudder—" I stammered.

"Not Mr Scudder," he corrected; "Captain Theophilus Digby, of the Seventh Gurkhas, presently home on leave. I'll thank you to remember that, sir."

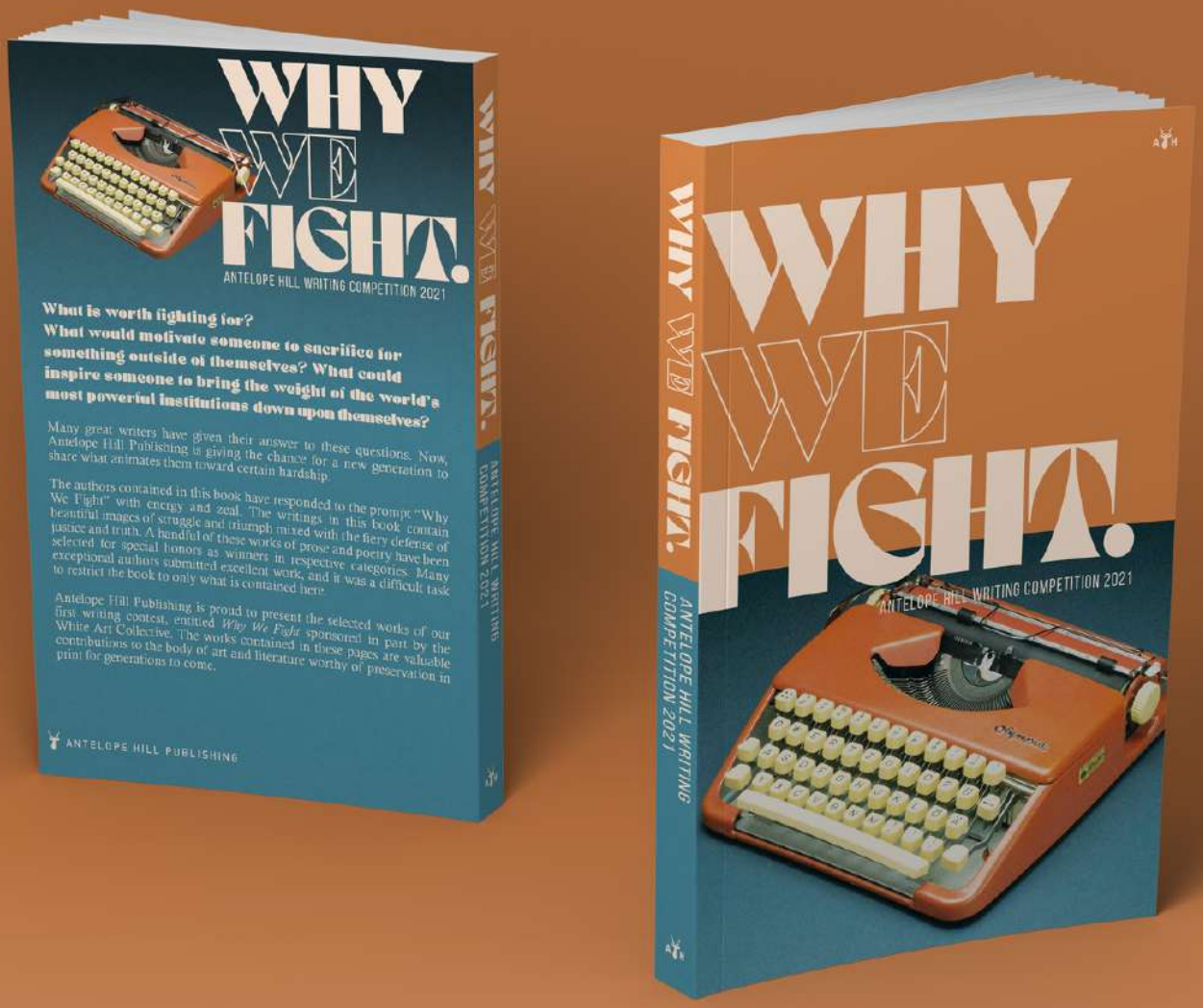
I made him up a bed in my smoking-room and sought my own couch, more cheerful than I had been for the past month. Things did happen occasionally, even in this God-forgotten metropolis

I woke next morning to hear my man, Paddock, making the deuce of a row at the smoking-room door.

Paddock was a fellow I had done a good turn to out on the Selakwi, and I had inspanned him as my servant as soon as I got to England. He had about as much gift of the gab as a hippopotamus, and was not a great hand at valeting, but I knew I could count on his loyalty.

WHY WE FIGHT!

ANTELOPE HILL WRITING COMPETITION 2021


WHY WE FIGHT.
ANTELOPE HILL WRITING COMPETITION 2021
What is worth fighting for?
What would motivate someone to sacrifice for something outside of themselves? What could inspire someone to bring the weight of the world's most powerful institutions down upon themselves?
Many great writers have given their answer to these questions. Now, Antelope Hill Publishing is giving the chance for a new generation to share what animates them toward certain hardship.
The authors contained in this book have responded to the prompt "Why We Fight" with energy and zeal. The writings in this book contain beautiful images of struggle and triumph mixed with the fiery defense of justice and truth. A handful of these works of prose and poetry have been selected for special honors as winners in respective categories. Many exceptional authors submitted excellent work, and it was a difficult task to restrict the book to only what is contained here.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present the selected works of our first writing contest, entitled Why We Fight, sponsored in part by the White Art Collective. The works contained in these pages are valuable contributions to the body of art and literature worthy of preservation in print for generations to come.
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
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antelopehillpublishing.com

"Stop that row, Paddock," I said. "There's a friend of mine, Captain—Captain—" (I couldn't remember the name) "dossing down in there. Get breakfast for two and then come and speak to me."

I told Paddock a fine story about how my friend was a great swell, with his nerves pretty bad from over-work, who wanted absolute rest and stillness. Nobody had got to know he was here, or he would be besieged by communications from the India Office and the Prime Minister and his cure would be ruined.

I am bound to say Scudder played up splendidly when he came to breakfast.

He fixed Paddock with his eyeglass, just like a British officer, asked him about the Boer War, and slung out at me a lot of stuff about imaginary pals. Paddock couldn't learn to call me "sir", but he 'sirred' Scudder as if his life depended on it.

I left him with the newspaper and a box of cigars, and went down to the city till luncheon. When I got back the lift-man had a weighty face.

"Nawsty business 'ere this morning, sir. Gent in No. 15 been and shot 'isself. They've just took 'im to the mortuary. The police are up there now."

I ascended to No. 15, and found a couple of bobbies and an inspector busy making an examination. I asked a few idiotic questions, and they soon kicked me out. Then I found the man that had valeted Scudder, and pumped him, but I could see he suspected nothing.

He was a whining fellow with a churchyard face, and half a crown went far to console him.

I attended the inquest next day. A partner of some publishing firm gave evidence that the deceased had brought him wood-pulp propositions, and had been, he believed, an agent of an American business. The jury found it a case of suicide while of unsound mind, and the few effects were handed over to the American Consul to deal with. I gave Scudder a full account of the affair, and it interested him greatly. He said he wished he could have attended the inquest, for he reckoned it would be about as spicy as to read one's own obituary notice.

The first two days he stayed with me in that back room he was very peaceful. He read and smoked a bit, and made a heap of jottings in a note-book, and every night we had a game of chess, at which he beat me hollow. I think he was nursing his nerves back to health, for he had had a pretty trying time. But on the third day I could see he was beginning to get restless. He fixed up a list of the days till June 15th, and ticked each off with a red pencil, making remarks in shorthand against them. I would find him sunk in a brown study, with his sharp eyes abstracted, and after those spells of meditation he was apt to be very despondent.

Then I could see that he began to get edgy again. He listened for little noises, and was always asking me if Paddock could be trusted. Once or twice he got very peevish, and apologized for it. I didn't blame him. I made every allowance, for he had taken on a fairly stiff job.

It was not the safety of his own skin that troubled him, but the success of the scheme he had planned. That little man was clean grit all through, without a soft spot in him. One night he was very solemn.

"Say, Hannay," he said, "I judge I should let you a bit deeper into this business. I should hate to go out without leaving somebody else to put up a fight." And he began to tell me in detail what I had only heard from him vaguely.

I did not give him very close attention. The fact is, I was more interested in his own adventures than in his high politics. I reckoned that Karolides and his affairs were not my business, leaving all that to him. So a lot that he said slipped clean out of my memory. I remember that he was very clear that the danger to Karolides would not begin till he had got to London, and would come from the very highest quarters, where there would be no thought of suspicion. He mentioned the name of a woman—Julia Czechenyi—as having something to do with the danger. She would be the decoy, I gathered, to get Karolides out of the care of his guards. He talked, too, about a Black Stone and a man that lisped in his speech, and he described very particularly somebody that he never referred to without a shudder—an old man with a young voice who could hood his eyes like a hawk.

He spoke a good deal about death, too. He was mortally anxious about winning through with his job, but he didn't care a rush for his life.

"I reckon it's like going to sleep when you are pretty well tired out, and waking to find a summer day with the scent of hay coming in at the window. I used to thank God for such mornings 'way back in the blue-Grass country, and I guess I'll thank Him when I wake up on the other side of Jordan."

Next day he was much more cheerful, and read the life of Stonewall Jackson most of the time. I went out to dinner with a mining engineer I had got to see on business, and came back about half past ten in time for our game of chess before turning in.

I had a cigar in my mouth, I remember, as I pushed open the smoking-room door. The lights were not lit, which struck me as odd. I wondered if Scudder had turned in already.

I snapped the switch, but there was nobody there. Then I saw something in the far corner which made me drop my cigar and fall into a cold sweat.

My guest was lying sprawled on his back. There was a long knife through his heart which skewered him to the floor. ■

—Man's World Classics—

The *Thirty-Nine Steps*, with a critical introduction by the Raw Egg Nationalist, is available now in paperback from Amazon or the Rogue Scholar Book Store (shop.aer.io/roguescholar).

The second book in the *Man's World Classics* series will be *The Shadow Line*, by Joseph Conrad.

John "Borzoi" Chapman

Cultured Drugs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

THEY HAD NO DEEPNESS OF EARTH.

BY

ZERO HP LOVECRAFT

A collection of ELDRITCH and HAIR-RAISING tales pertinent to the increasing proportion of the techno-industrial surplus being spent to mask **BIO-CAPITAL DETERIORATION**.

IN 2021 THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
this tome was carved out of the irrational
– not SHELTERED from the irrational at all, but TRAVERSED by it. Underneath all reason lies only ***DELIRIUM*** and ***DRIFT***.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS MAN'S WORLD?

He dresses impeccably, as you can see. He wears a suit and tie – whatever the occasion. At a high-society gala, or when he's streaming the latest AAA title on Twitch. Because appearances matter, and he knows it. That positive first impression? He makes it every time.

He reads MAN'S WORLD because he appreciates its quest for the excellent. He is a man who differentiates between the extraordinary and the mundane. Everything he does, everything he says defies the conventional. When he speaks or Tweets, people stop and take notice. He doesn't even have to use the N-word.

What sort of man reads MAN'S WORLD? A man who wants the best out of life.

MW

MAN'S WORLD: THE FINEST MASCULINE CONTENT SINCE 2020

WIT AND WISDOM of Hakan Rotmwort

MEET THE REAL CEO OF RACISM

@zolbarzakusun

Who is Hakan Rotmwort? Or maybe a better question might be *what* is Hakan Rotmwort?

When Hakan was first banned from Twitter, in 2019, one wise sage pronounced the following epitaph; 'The banning of Hakan took so long because a twitter employee had to immerse himself in esoteric racial studies for years before he was able to finally understand a single tweet of his - afterwards pronouncing the verdict.'

In truth, though, no Twitter employee, however well versed in esoteric racial studies, could ever keep Hakan down for long, and in due course he reincarnated, first as Saman Rotmwort and now as Zolbar Zakusun, ready to continue spreading the doctrine of anti-Bantu expansionism and a cleansing return to tradition through global ecological catastrophe.

From murky origins, Hakan has risen so far, if amateur racist Steve Sailer is to be believed, that he actually served as a West Wing staffer under Donald Trump.

Others note that Hakan served as the inspiration for the seemingly insane Measurehead character in the adventure RPG game Disco Elysium. But one possibility that hasn't been considered is not that Hakan inspired Measurehead, but that he actually *is* Measurehead, and will continue to live on only so long as copies of the game remain installed on people's Steam Client software. Spooky!

Hakan (a.k.a. Hakon) is an Ainu-American paleoreactionary activist dedicated to returning the planet to the time-tested verities of the New Stone Age.

ON RACISM

High-quality racism is extraordinarily hard work. You have to have working recall of at minimimum eight or nine thousand distinct races, living and extinct, and run extensive simulations just to model the disgusting attributes of the most easily conceivable 2- & 3-way crosses.

HAKAN'S WISH

continue to pray to Yellowstone. concentrate on the magma chamber. we can end it here. we can end it for all time.

WHY GIRLS LIKE CAMPING

the only reason girls like camping is because it reminds them of being abducted and transported through foreign territory by an enemy tribe

TO A CRITIC

your community life is the filth of the multifamily longhouse, of the endless tropic loop of pigsties recycling human shit, of watching a Dave Eggers film adaptation five years from now with a still fatter gut on the greasy upholstery of a "quirky community movie theater".

NAMASTE

don't EVER let a brahmin-privileged turmeric monster lecture you about POC, colonialism, cultural appropriation, or representation. remind them that when the lord indra arrived on the ganges in his chariot to slaughter 6 million dasyu aboriginals, the first word he said was 'namaste'

A NEW RACE OF MEN

More simply, fruit & vegetables taste like wood & flowers. Meat is altogether the best thing, & I hope for a purely carnivorous race of men who will view the whole world, even the other men they will speciate away from, with the binocular clarity of a total predator.

THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE

If you see UFO over western USA or Japan, it is quite likely manifestation of an Aboriginal Australian who is meanwhile in unconscious state

LET'S PLAY A GAME

Game show where e-racists guess someone's race and ethnicity
it's not a "game", it's very serious, and the price is your life

PENGUIN CLASSICS

HAKAN ROTMWRT

Selected Aphorisms

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BOOKSTORE

I have a great hatred for "small, independent bookstores", the kind that sell enamel pins. I will shut these places down and pulp their contents.

SHUT IT DOWN

Normies are realizing the insanity of generalized freedom of global movement. Trans-oceanic crossing of humans and goods should be rare, risky, slow, and challenged by force of arms on arrival.

NAMASTE II

Indra arriving on the Gangetic Plains in his chariot eerily anticipates Google employees commuting two hours each way to their workplace in a wifi-equipped Google Bus.

#FINANCE

finance has layered defense mechanisms against (namely, generous allowances for) furtive self-enrichment and narrow-sense antisocial manipulations. not so much against SELF-IMMOLATION, the objective of maximum damage to institutions &instruments without concern for personal gain. some of my followers are already positioning themselves to inflict great punishments. you must consolidate control. you must be ready to act.

NO MORE RAMPS!

We must celebrate health and will to dominate. No more wheelchair ramps! Entrances must instead demand great feats of climbing and leaping.

THE BANTU 'EXPANSION'

Bantu "Expansion" into East Africa is euphemism for extermination more total than anything in modern genocide. they were like Giger's Alien

THE TROJAN WAR

Gregory Nagy: “Certainly possible” that Helen of Troy was genderqueer, motivation for Trojan War was violation of affirmative consent. #classicism #startwiththegreeks

BANTU CONTAINMENT

Sahara was intentionally transformed into a desert as a suicidal act of Bantu containment. the Portuguese broke this planetary quarantine...

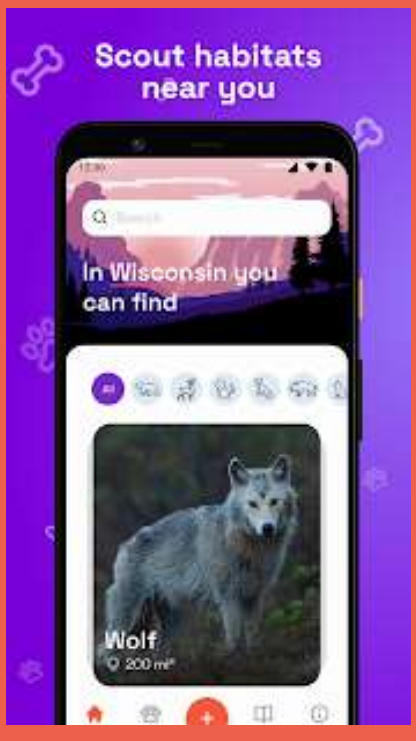
HAKAN'S CAPTION CONTEST

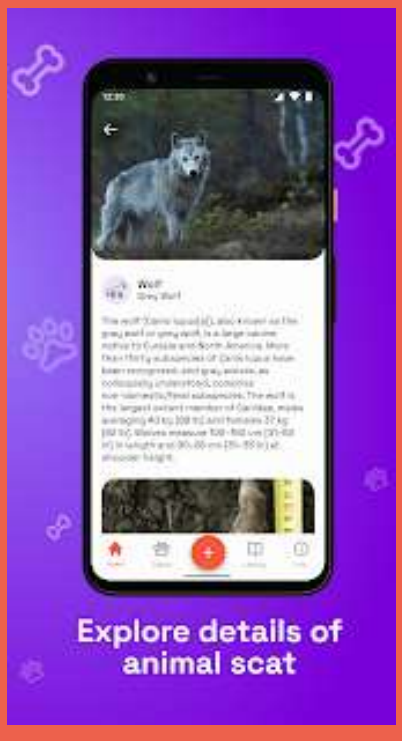
Tweet your answers @babygravy9 for a chance to win... something (we'll figure it out)

LEGIOGLORIA.COM

who_poo_app

Who Poo


Scout habitats near you
In Wisconsin you can find
Wolf


Explore details of animal scat

Be prepared for your next adventure

Who Poo is a new wildlife app for hikers, dogwalkers, hunters and outdoorsmen. Designed for Americans who don't always fit in an urban cage, let's make it a Who Poo summer! Containing an interactive library, Who Poo explores wild animals and their scat near you. Who Poo uses your location to show animals that may be nearby. A filter feature in the library allows users to input scat dimensions and animal track features to find matching wildlife. The library includes photos from President Theodore Roosevelt's North American hunting journals. Who Poo users can also upload their own photos to complete the in-app encyclopedia. Who Poo is currently free and available for download from Google Play and Apple stores.

whopooapp.com

MILES OF KABUL
THE CHA
WHO WOULD

TIN TIN IN AFGHANISTAN
TESCO
18:14
77%
Miles Le-vesconte Routledge
1h ·
Day 2 in Afghanistan: drove 200 miles, 4+ hours each way. Came to a military checkpoint and 2 pointed their AK's at me, I showed them my visa and they were chill. Spoke to them and we became friends, got to take some photos with their equipment, they also told me some history and we all shook hands. They invited me for tea but sadly I had other places I had to goof off in.
UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND
PASSPORT
ROUTLEDGE MILES
GATE/CAPI
BOARDING TIME
23:40

NNER D BE KING

In this exclusive first written interview since his return from Kabul, MILES LE-VESCONTE ROUTLEDGE (@lordvesconte) spills the beans to the RAW EGG NATIONALIST and tells him what it was really like there in the twilight days of the American empire...

When I finally get to speak to Miles Routledge face to face, he's being held at an undisclosed location near an RAF base, back in the UK. A few days before, when I first made contact with him on Twitter, he was transferring in Dubai. As I'm about to learn, he'd been planning a layover in sunny Albania to avoid the UK's quarantine rules – but things haven't quite gone to plan, have they? Now he has to quarantine for eleven nights in an 'isolation hotel', at Her Majesty's pleasure.

It's been quite the fortnight for Miles, or 'Lord' Miles as his freshly won legion of fans like to call him. (He had a fake title added to his American Express card before the journey, in the hope that, as a last resort, a little British flash might help to keep him out of harm's way.) I see he's recorded an interview with Mark Meechan, aka Count Dankula, and I'm keen to know how he's dealing with his newfound fame. Two weeks ago, he was another second-year physics student at Loughborough University, but now he's something of a folk hero, the subject of coverage by the BBC and all the British newspapers, Russia Today and even the Hindustan Times, not to mention innumerable Twitter, 4chan, and Reddit posts. But while many on Twitter and 4Chan have been keen to ennoble him further with the title of 'Miles of Kabul' or 'Tintin in Talibanistan', others have been far less laudatory.

It doesn't take me long to zero in on this last group. They look familiar, the usual suspects. Misshapen, censorious faces. All the wrong causes and hashtags in their bios. 'Can't deal with people calling Miles Routledge 'based' or 'a legend' - rescuing him means someone else can't be, whether that's an Afghan refugee or a British employee or journalist.' (A respecter of journalists: I might have known.) Then I see this: 'He's condemned someone else to death purely so he could brag about going to a warzone on 4chan'. A murderer – really? True or false, an accusation like that has the potential to do great harm, especially to a young lad (Miles is 21), and it makes me want to find out more urgently what he was doing in Afghanistan. Already, I have a pretty good sense that this is not a young man who went there simply to revel in the chaos and misery, or to condemn others to further suffering.

As Miles joins our scheduled Zoom meeting, he's still wearing the desert flak jacket he acquired when he was evacuated from Kabul. He's practically bouncing in his chair. The adrenaline hasn't fully worn off yet – he tells me so. There's talk of a book deal. He's already had three international job offers as a result of his exploits, he says, proving wrong the naysayers who've been claiming that he's unemployable now. So he's aware of the haters then?

'[It's] just people who don't go to the gym,' he jokes. Good man. 'Redditors are against me but, then again, why would I care about that?'

But he does care, at least about the accusation that he stole the plane seat of somebody more deserving than he. He tells me that the plane was an RAF plane solely for British employees of the state and expats – no refugees. The planes were coming and going regularly, and there was more than enough space for everyone. Whoever wanted to go, left. The scenes we now associate with the Western withdrawal from Afghanistan – refugees charging the runways en masse, clinging to the wheels and landing gear of the planes, the specks falling through the air as the planes take off and climb – couldn't have been further from the orderly evacuation Miles was part of.

'So you weren't like that posh chap in Titanic who barges his way onto the lifeboat with the women and children, then?' We both laugh and move on.

Now we begin to talk about Miles's motivations. Some of them aren't surprising. The end of his time as a student and his entry into the world of work – he wants to be a banker, so that means 80-hour work weeks – loomed large for him. Would he have many other opportunities to do something like this in the coming years? Probably not. He's used to travelling outside his comfort zone too, including a trip to Chernobyl, and having watched some Youtube videos on travelling to Afghanistan, he didn't think it would be all that big a deal to go there himself. Others had gone with far less preparation. Miles's own planning, by contrast, ran to 37 pages of close scrawl.

Miles definitely sees himself as an explorer-in-the-making. He says he wants to travel 'to every country in the world' and he's prepared to live frugally to allow himself to do so; although if he does achieve his work goal of becoming a banker, this may not be so necessary, I think to myself. What he doesn't want, though, is to be mistaken for one of those 'people who love to travel' – the Instagram influencers, wannabes. People who are constantly running 'from the emptiness in their lives.' 'If I end up in a tourist destination, I know I've made a mistake,' he adds.

[redacted]

THE TOP BRASS WERE SAYING KABUL WOULDN'T FALL FOR AT LEAST 90 DAYS. 'AND WHEN HAS THE GOVERNMENT OR MILITARY EVER BEEN WRONG?' A WRY SMILE CREEPS ACROSS HIS FACE.

[redacted]

When he tells me he had no prior experience of the Middle East, including languages, I can only laugh. Then I tell him this places him in a fine British tradition of explorer-blaggers, men who were able to get by gloriously with just a few mumbled phrases of the local lingo, a bit of very un-British gesticulation and a stern look or two. I think he likes that a lot.

Some motivations are a surprise though. For the first time, Miles mentions charity, a subject he'll return to later. He chose Afghanistan not just because it's a very dangerous and exciting place, but also because it's somewhere he felt he could do a little good. To my surprise, unprompted he quotes Matthew 6:3 ('But when you give to the needy, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing'). Given that he's just quoted a verse warning against virtue-signalling, I can see that he's a little uneasy even telling me about this aspect of his trip and I almost wonder whether I should include it here. But then I think of all the horrible, ugly people accusing him of being some kind of war criminal and decide it should stay. I'm sure Matthew will understand.

So did he deliberately time his visit to coincide with the collapse of the Afghan government? I bet some people think he did, just to maximise the carnage on offer for extra 'bragging' points on 4Chan. As it turns out, the withdrawal was not something he had planned to get caught up in. The first 'oh

MILES BUYS A BURKA HIMSELF, BUT SOON HAS TO JETTISON IT FOR A HEADSCARF INSTEAD – ANYTHING TO DISGUISE WHO HE IS.

shit' moment came when he checked the news on the plane over, but at that point the top brass were saying Kabul wouldn't fall for at least 90 days. 'And when has the government or military ever been wrong?' A wry smile creeps across his face.

Despite the warning signs, the first two of Miles's five days in Afghanistan could not have been more peaceful, apart from an early and rather half-hearted attempt to swindle him outside the airport. Although the military presence was impossible to ignore, the general atmosphere was supremely calm, with people going about their daily business or sleeping in the afternoon sun. Miles went on to meet his prearranged guide, who took him to the heavily guarded hotel where he would be staying. Miles put a lot of care into choosing his guide, he tells me. It took him some time to find someone who wasn't going to charge him an exorbitant price – $1000+ a day was the minimum figure most were expecting – or demand that they hunker down in the capital. Why even go? Luckily Miles got the best of both: a guide who was relatively cheap and would be willing to take him beyond the capital and as off the beaten track as it was possible to go without being totally reckless. Just how lucky Miles had been in making this choice, he would only discover later.

So for the first couple of days they toured the capital and also made a visit to Kandahar, a few hundred miles to the south. Miles paints a wonderful picture of the road trip – the rugged terrain cut through with fast-flowing rivers full of gangs of smiling children.

It was on the second or third day – Miles can't remember which – that the shit finally hit the proverbial. I can't blame him for not remembering, given that the whirlwind has only just set him down. A glance over his 4chan and Facebook updates establishes it was the third day. Miles woke to an avalanche of notifications on his phone. Now Kabul would fall in 30 days, they were saying. Just how wrong even that prediction was became clear as soon as Miles walked out of his hotel – straight into a full-on bank-run. 'Shit. This is how civilisations end,' he thought. People were setting fires. Women were scrambling to buy burkas, for obvious reasons.

After getting stuck in traffic – at this point drivers were firing their Kalashnikovs from their windows to secure right of way – Miles's guide took their car onto high ground to try and find a way around. From there it was immediately clear just how much danger they were in. They see columns of Taliban, descending on the city in their heavily-armed Toyota pickups – the vehicles they had used to such devastating effect in their first assault on the capital, in the 1990s. Miles and his guide ditch the car and begin to run.

Miles buys a burka himself, but soon has to jettison it for a headscarf instead – anything to disguise who he is. They get back to the hotel, where strangely nobody seems to be particularly bothered by the news the Taliban will be arriving shortly, and from there head to the British Embassy, still on foot. The embassy is empty. 'Sorry mate, looks like you've been abandoned'. Miles tells me he understands totally why the embassy staff got themselves out, without waiting for the remaining Brits – 'no hard feelings' – which seems a rather magnanimous thing to say, really.

Now they decide to head for the airport. A succession of images from that desperate time. Lacking water, Miles gets down on his knees and takes a long drink from a puddle... An Afghan man helps him re-tie his headscarf properly after it falls off... He checks his phone and discovers that all flights to and from the country have been cancelled... He and his guide realise that they have been heading towards the last area the Taliban wants to capture.

Finally, they come face-to-face with the Taliban, who arrive in convoy. Later in our conversation, Miles says that, after the initial panic, he felt an acceptance of the circumstances, that he knew his fate was no longer entirely in his hands, and that this emboldened him greatly. It must have happened by this point in the story, because Miles tells me that, instead of trying to get away from the Taliban, he simply walked straight through the convoy, forcing it to stop. Thankfully, this led to nothing worse than a tense staredown with the driver of the truck he had just cut off. At this stage, it's worth remembering that it still wasn't clear the Taliban weren't actually interested in hunting Westerners at all.

Miles Le-vesconte Routledge
11 mins ·
The happy ending: landed in Dubai thanks to the brilliant people at the British army. All safe!
You and 30 others
10 comments 2 shares
Like
Comment
Share

Anonymous (ID: OF+JEGkv)
08/19/21(Thu)17:30:18 No.335103630
Malang
@MalangKhostay
In risposta a @DebAllcockTyler
Your culture is racist, sexist, homophobic, anti Semitic, and a threat to our liberal democratic society
We finished making dinner habibi
You literally treat women like property!
Yes.
actual taliban fighters sending chad wojak memes
20210819_173627.jpg
104 KB JPG
LMFAO they are shitposting in twitter now

Above: Miles arrives safely in Dubai
Right: A meme posted on Twitter by a Taliban fighter
Opposite page: The face(s) of imperial overreach, then (Saigon 1975) and now (Kabul, 2021)

They decide to try and find another safe house, and eventually, after much negotiating from his guide, they succeed. There are at least a hundred other Westerners there. The next night, they're told to get into Western clothes and go on the run. Rumours are circulating that the Taliban are bringing in foreign fighters who, unlike the Afghan Taliban, will show Westerners no mercy whatsoever.

Now for what must truly be the most surreal episode in the story. After deciding to take their chances, Miles and the other stranded Westerners soon run into the Taliban, whose first instinct is... to start pointing at Miles and pulling the soy-boy face. Clearly they'd been following Miles's progress as avidly as his followers back in the UK and the States. The Taliban start taking selfies and filming TikTok videos. I almost can't believe this happened, but Miles assures me it did. Could there be a more absurd denouement? I wonder what this says about the 20 years, thousands of lives and $3+ trillion dollars America and her allies have spent in Afghanistan. I'm not sure. It does at least confirm that the Taliban really is a Zoomer movement, just like the memes say. (The median age in Afghanistan is 18.4.)

The Taliban treated Miles and his cohort well – the rumours about foreign fighters were untrue – and helped to shepherd them to the airport. After arriving at the British compound there, Miles was able to leave the country within a few hours.

Miles is full of praise for the British military personnel he encountered. Like the Taliban, many knew who he was and congratulated him. The words 'based' and 'mad lad' were used. 'You should join up', they said, which Miles tells me he absolutely would do if he weren't so set on being a banker. Now that he's back on British soil, he's received yet more messages of support either from or on behalf of military personnel who were involved in extracting him.

If there's a single person Miles wants to thank, though, it's his guide. 'He could've taken the money and run', but instead he stuck with Miles to the very end, risking his life. He's still messaging Miles now and, rather bizarrely, 'thanking me when I should be thanking him'. Miles wants to do his very best to help him leave Afghanistan, and is already donating the proceeds from any paid interviews to him. And if there is a book deal, he says the entire profits will go to his guide too. 'It's the least I can do.'

After only an hour talking to Miles, there's still so much I don't know about him. He told me he had been homeless at one point in his short life, but we've not had time to talk about that. It's only at the end of the interview that he starts to talk about his faith, about the fact that he prayed every day when he was in Kabul, as he does in his normal life, and that he made a point of wearing his crucifix proudly, even when the Taliban were around. There's obviously a depth to his religious belief that's liable to get lost when talking about his exploits. And maybe that's a good sign – a sign that Miles really isn't the kind of pharisee Matthew was warning about in the Bible verse Miles quoted earlier.

But these questions can wait. I don't think this is the last we'll be seeing of Miles Routledge. In fact, he says as much. So where will he be going next? 'You'll just have to wait and see,' he grins. Indeed we will. ■

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REAGAN
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THE ENIGMA OF EVENT 201

WORDS: EUGYPPIUS (@EUGYPPIUS1)

The Pierre Hotel, New York

n 18 October 2019, the Johns Hopkins Center for Health Security (CHS) held a strange pandemic simulation before an invited audience of 130 people at the Pierre Hotel in New York City. Billed as a "tabletop exercise," Event 201 purported to war-game a novel coronavirus pandemic, less than three months before China acknowledged a very real novel coronavirus outbreak in Wuhan.

The organisers modelled the fictive pathogen at the heart of their simulation on SARS. They envisioned a virus that originated in bats and made its way to humans via an animal intermediary, in this case pigs in Brazil. Unlike SARS, but like SARS-2, the fictive virus was said to cause mild symptoms in many people, in this way achieving higher transmissibility. The simulators assumed—correctly, as we now know—that it would take a year to develop and distribute a vaccine. After eighteen simulated months, or three hours of real time, the imaginary pandemic had killed 65 million people, with a SARS-like case fatality rate of 10%.

1

The events of the simulation unfolded via a series of staged news clips from the fictional Global News Network, and briefings delivered by CHS staff to a panel of fifteen participants. These players pretended to sit on a Pandemic Emergency Board, tasked with advising governments on policy questions. Through five sessions, this board addressed the problems of "medical countermeasures," "trade and travel," "financial resource allocation" and "communication" – all topics selected to emphasise the role of public-private partnerships, a longstanding obsession of the simulation's co-sponsors, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the World Economic Forum. The participants were a collection of real-world figures drawn from business, government and globalist organisations. The most intriguing personality among them was George F. Gao, Director-General of the Chinese Centre for Disease Control and Prevention. In October 2019, SARS-2 was almost surely spreading among humans in Wuhan, very likely with Gao's knowledge.

Event 201 achieved wide if low-key press coverage, and its organisers produced a series of vacuous recommendations. Their "Call to Action" demanded that "Governments, international organizations, and business … plan … for how essential corporate capabilities will be utilized during a large-scale pandemic." These parties should "work together" to distribute medical supplies, "maintain travel," "provide more resources and support for the development and surge manufacturing of vaccines," and "prioritize reducing economic impacts."

On 17 January 2020, as the Wuhan outbreak made headlines around the world, a statement appeared on the official Event 201 website, drawing attention to the recommendations the simulation had generated. Months later, a prominent disclaimer appeared, insisting that the "pandemic exercise" was not "a prediction" and that it merely "served to highlight preparedness and response challenges." Some of the supporting documentation was revised to emphasise that the entire scenario was fictional.

If you're satisfied with that, you're an idiot.

The Center for Health Security has a curious history. It was founded in 1998 as the Johns Hopkins Center for Civilian Biodefense Strategies by Donald Henderson, the epidemiologist famous for heading the 1967–77 World Health Organisation campaign to eradicate smallpox. At first the Center ran primarily on government grants, which funded them to war-game virus outbreaks for the purpose of formulating defence and security policy. They held their first tabletop exercise, Dark Winter, at Andrews Airforce Base in June 2001. Dark Winter simulated an Iraqi smallpox attack on the United States, and like Event 201 it also had odd prophetic elements. At one point in the Dark Winter script, "the NY Times, Washington Post, and USA Today" receive "anonymous letters" threatening "renewed attacks" of "anthrax, plague and small pox" unless US forces are withdrawn from Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf. This was just months before 9/11 and the very real anthrax attacks of September/October 2001, as well as the ensuing US allegations about Saddam Hussein's WMD stockpiles. The Center conducted a second wargame, Atlantic Storm, in 2005. True to Henderson's background, this again featured a smallpox attack, now carried out by fictional al Qaeda-style terrorists.

In the years after 2005, biowarfare faded as a fashionable

1 - Event 201 in session
2 - Director of the Chinese CDC, George F. Gao, at Event 201
3 - Founder of the World Economic Forum, Klaus Schwab

concern, the Center stopped wargaming, and Henderson retired. The relevance of CHS waned, until they attracted the attention of the Open Philanthropy Project in 2017. Open Philanthropy functions as a vehicle for the superfluous wealth of Facebook co-founder Dustin Moskovitz and his tech-reporter wife, Cari Tuna. In February 2017, Open Philanthropy announced that they found CHS to be "the preeminent U.S. think tank doing policy research and development in the biosecurity and pandemic preparedness space," and awarded them an initial grant of $16 million. An additional $19.5 million followed in 2019. Open Philanthropy hoped the money would free CHS from government funding and encourage them to redirect their attention from biosecurity issues to "Global catastrophic risks" such as pandemics. They pledged to "work collaboratively" with CHS "to identify priority projects". With their grant, it is clear, Open Philanthropy hoped to buy a different kind of research and advocacy, one more appealing to Silicon Valley money and globalist interests.

In their grant announcement, Open Philanthropy highlighted the 2005 Atlantic Storm exercise as among the "most valuable" work performed by CHS to date, and so it's hardly surprising to find that the think tank responded to their award by reviving their tradition of tabletop exercises. On 1 June 2018, they held Clade X, their first such simulation in thirteen years. This centred on a hybrid nipah-parainfluenza virus released by microbiologists working for A Brighter Dawn, a fictive group modelled on Aum Shinrikyo, the Japanese doomsday cult responsible for the 1995 sarin gas attacks in Tokyo. Clade X participants were current or former members of the US government, pretending to serve on an Executive Committee chaired by the National Security Adviser.

While the earliest CHS tabletop exercises represented legitimate attempts to war-game biological warfare scenarios, culminating in serious policy recommendations and even a journal article, Clade X was nothing but media theatre. Beyond a vague five-page policy document, its only lasting legacy were press reports, including a breathless write-up in the New Yorker, and other articles in places like the Washington Post, Vox, the Daily Mail, and STAT. As a war game, Clade X was entirely fake. The players formulated recommendations for an off-stage, notional American president, who then issued pre-scripted orders that were oblivious to all advice. Whatever the mock Executive Committee recommended, in other words, the simulated pandemic unfolded as the organisers had determined it would. It had to be this way: The press-friendly production, including the pre-filmed Global News Network segments that would recur in Event 201, made spontaneity impossible.

The GNN clips are not the only element Clade X and Event 201 share. In many ways, the two simulations are twin events. Clade X reads like a trial balloon to attract the interests of more important collaborators like the Gates Foundation and the WEF, who, as we have seen, joined forces with CHS to sponsor Event 201 the very next year. Bizarrely, the product of this collaboration was a tabletop exercise of vastly lower quality. However artificial, the GNN clips in Clade X feature real actors, and the participants are all prominent American politicians capable of miming plausible policy discussions. In comparison, Event 201 comes off as a festival of vacuity and incompetence. The staged nature of the simulation is deemphasised in Clade X, but on full display in Event 201, where the Pandemic Emergency Board cannot develop any specific policy recommendations at all. Many of its participants, particularly the business representatives, plainly have nothing to contribute; for long stretches they recite nothing but flat, preformulated talking points. Particularly excruciating is the performance of the obvious diversity hire Latoya Abbott, from Marriott International; and Martin Knuchel, a profoundly stupid and verbose Lufthansa executive. Chinese CDC Director General George Gao is among the most qualified people in the room, and yet for the entire event he summons not a single substantive word. The policy advice that Clade X generated was at least specific. The organisers demanded, for example, that the United States cultivate the "Capability to produce new vaccines and drugs for novel pathogens within months." The very same point recurs in the policy sheet produced by Event 201, diluted to the point of worthlessness: "Governments," we read, "should provide more resources and support for the development and surge manufacturing of vaccines, therapeutics, and diagnostics that will be needed during a severe pandemic."

Dark Winter and Atlantic Storm, the earliest wargames hosted by the fledgling Center for Biodefense Strategies, were clearly designed to thematise the inadequacy of smallpox vaccine stockpiles. Donald Henderson, whose life's work was smallpox eradication, constructed these exercises to warn the US

government against complacency.

The deeper purpose of Clade X and Event 201 is a more difficult matter. Both events are full of eccentricities, some of them suggesting intentional misdirection. Consider the strange hybrid pathogen featured in Clade X. It is so unusual that CHS had to publish a brief document, "Clade X Pathogen Engineering Assumptions," to clarify its nature to participants and media. There, the organisers describe a pathogen combining the lethality of not-very-transmissible nipah with the transmissibility of nonlethal parainfluenza, essentially a frankenvirus concocted by death-cult scientists, all while the real threats surround controversial gain of function research conducted by well-funded, prominent researchers on known pathogens.

Event 201 is still more peculiar. As a prophecy for the Covid pandemic, it fails entirely on the policy side. Lockdowns, border closures, green passes – none of the clowns gathered for the media circus at the Pierre predicted any of that. On the virus side, though, Event 201 knows the future. An airborne, novel coronavirus, which causes mild symptoms in enough people to be more transmissible than SARS, and for which a vaccine is at least a year away—this is SARS-2 in everything but name. They were wrong only in insisting on a naturally occurring pathogen. As everyone knows, SARS-2 was almost surely enhanced at and leaked from the Wuhan Institute of Virology. The bizarre thing, is that this is precisely where CHS should have been right. All their prior tabletop exercises, after all, had been about outbreaks caused by humans.

We may never fully understand the conspiracy at the heart of Event 201. But there are hints: Advance publicity for Event 201 is notably coy. A tweet from 22 August 2019 is typical in promising that Event 201 will feature a "scientifically plausible pandemic." It's hard to know whether the simulation was always planned around a coronavirus, but this seems unlikely. Earlier CHS simulations had all featured outbreaks with no firm historical analogues. Indeed, there are clues that Event 201 was substantially revised at the last minute, perhaps

We may never fully understand the conspiracy at the heart of Event 201. But there are hints...

around the time that Chinese public health officials like Gao became aware of a lab leak in Wuhan. Compared to the wealth of background research developed for Clade X—25 separate documents, some of them dense, footnoted papers—Event 201 seems hardly researched at all. Consistent with major, last-minute changes requiring that much work be discarded, the website presents only five brief and thinly-documented "Fact Sheets." Intriguingly, almost none of these documents mentions coronaviruses at all. The primary exception is a longer piece called "Medical Countermeasures," where we find an overview of coronavirus vaccine research. The footnotes show this section of the document was thrown together very late, between 8 and 14 October. And then there are the awkward, poorly acted GNN news clips, substantially worse than the videos produced for Clade X, suggestive of last minute re-filming; and the bizarrely vacuous discussion and recommendations of the participants, all of whom obviously had hardly been briefed on the topic.

At the last minute, it looks like somebody succeeded in placing a preview of SARS-2 at the heart of Event 201. Perhaps the purpose was to seed early media stories about natural coronavirus outbreaks, but more sinister scenarios are easy to imagine. Whatever the story, this much is clear: As the media and scientific establishments engage in ever more open propaganda and advocacy, glitches in the matrix like Event 201 will only become more common; but will they be easier to understand? ■

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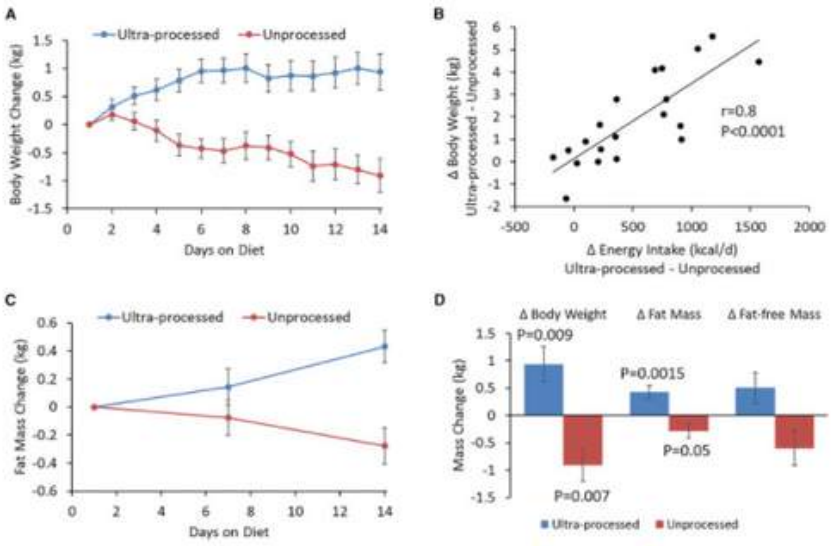
A 2004 SCIENTIFIC STUDY SUGGESTS THAT LONG-TERM CONSUMPTION OF SOY ISOFLAVONES CAN TURN MONKEYS INTO AGGRESSIVE LONERS. SO WHAT ABOUT HUMANS TOO? HERE'S THE LOWDOWN ON A SHOCKING BUT LITTLE-KNOWN STUDY AND ITS POTENTIAL IMPLICATIONS FOR US.

The sheer unhealthiness of plant-based foods is a topic we keep coming back to, again and again.

One of the most shocking cases we've reported on is a study which showed that soybean oil caused serious genetic dysfunction in mice, leading to weight gain and serious neurological problems. These results should be cause for alarm for one simple reason: soybean oil is the most widely consumed oil in the United States. Indeed, there has been a 100-fold increase in soybean oil consumption during the 20th century. Soybean oil is everywhere, especially in the processed foods which make up a significant portion, even a majority, of the diets of most people in America and much of the rest of the developed world.

It is becoming increasingly clear that vegetable oils in general, including soybean oil, are seriously bad not just for mice but people too. We've dubbed vegetable oil 'one of the worst things you can eat', and also included vegetable-oil-laden processed food as one of the main foods that make you ugly. Processed food has come



Some of the results from a 2019 study on consumption of ultra-processed food. The study showed a clear association between eating processed foods and weight gain. Participants who consumed processed foods reliably consumed more calories to satisfy their hunger.

under intense scrutiny, as a result of a new documentary that aired on the BBC a few months ago. For a period of a month, a British doctor conducted a self-experiment by eating a diet composed of 80% processed food, a diet consumed by as much as two-thirds of

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The fruits of the doctor's televised experiment included serious weight gain, piles, anxiety, sleeplessness, loss of libido and, most shockingly of all, changes to the structure of his brain considered to be typical of drug addicts. Weeks after the experiment ended, scans revealed that the neurological changes had not been reversed. The doctor is now quite literally hard-wired to want to eat processed food.

In light of this focus on not just the physical but the mental and emotional effects of consuming vegetable-oil laden processed food, one aspect of the soybean oil study that has generated discussion in recent weeks is the finding that soybean oil consumption caused dysregulation of the mice's oxytocin system. Only some of the implications of this were discussed in the study, leaving readers to enlarge upon them. As well as being involved in the regulation of weight gain, oxytocin also has an important role to play in the expression of empathy and social bonding.

Discussing the soybean study on Twitter, some speculated that this dysregulation of oxytocin could be responsible for the decline of trust and various other social problems.

Proving a direct connection between soybean oil consumption and social strife would be a tall order; after all, human societies are complicated things, with a tremendous number of variables involved. Even so, speculating about the relationship between changing dietary patterns and changing patterns of behaviour is not otiose. Dietary patterns really have changed in recent decades – in fact, far more than we might possibly think – and many of the social problems we are witnessing do appear to be novel ones.

Increasing exposure to xenoestrogens, for instance, industrial chemicals that mimic the effects of estrogen in the body, has had widespread effects on expression of sexual characteristics and behaviour over the last half-century, as well as fertility.

And, interestingly enough, there is some evidence that regular soy consumption can have drastic effects on the social behaviour of some of our nearest evolutionary cousins. A study in the journal Hormones and Behaviour from 2004 claims that long-term soy consumption can make monkeys more aggressive and isolated from their fellow primates.

The authors note the important role of aromatization of male hormones on aggressive behaviour and the mediating role of estrogen in this process.

'Estrogen produced by aromatization of gonadal androgen has an important facilitative role in male-typical aggressive behavior that is mediated through its interaction with estrogen receptors (ER) in the brain. Isoflavones found in soybeans and soy-based dietary supplements bind ER and have dose- and tissue-dependent effects on estrogen-mediated responses.'

They note that, although this relationship is well known, studies had yet to be carried out on the effects of soy-rich diets on aggressive behaviour.

Their study took place over a period of 15 months, and involved feeding different diets to groups of adult male macaques living in nine stable social groups. The diets differed only in terms of the protein source the monkeys received: casein and lactalbumin (no isoflavones), soy protein isolate containing 0.94 mg isoflavones/g protein, and soy protein isolate containing

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Soybean oil destroys oxytocin, the bonding hormone, in mice.
60% of all oil consumed in the US is soybean.
Is this why we're all so angry at each other?
ENDOCRINOLOGY
Dysregulation of Hypothalamic Gene Expression and the Ox...
Abstract. Soybean oil consumption has increased greatly in the past half-century and is linked to obesity and diabetes. T...
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Carnivore Aurelius (now @alpacaaurelius) speculated that increasing soybean oil consumption could be responsible for increasing social tensions in the US. Isolating cause and effect can be a very tricky business, but there can be no doubt that the massive social changes of the last century have been accompanied by equally massive changes to our diets.

1.88 mg isoflavones/g protein.

The results of the experiment were striking.

'In the monkeys fed the higher amount of isoflavones, frequencies of intense aggressive (67% higher) and submissive (203% higher) behavior were elevated relative to monkeys fed the control diet (P's < 0.05). In addition, the proportion of time spent by these monkeys in physical contact with other monkeys was reduced by 68%, time spent in proximity to other monkeys was reduced 50%, and time spent alone was increased 30% (P's < 0.02).'

This led the authors to conclude that 'long-term consumption of a diet rich in soy isoflavones can have marked influences on patterns of aggressive and social behavior.'

It's worth noting that the mechanism of action for the soy isoflavones appears to be different than for the soybean oil in the more recent study. The former works through aromatisation of androgens, while the latter appears to work by causing up- and down-regulation of particular genes, including those relating to the production of oxytocin.

Either way, though, it hardly amounts to a ringing endorsement of soy-based foods. Whichever part of them you choose to consume – the protein or the oil – you could looking at serious negative physical and mental changes.

In an earlier article, we cautioned you to avoid soy products – not just because they're terrible for you, but also because they're terrible for the environment – and we'll happily re-issue that caution in light of this new discussion. As well as choosing not to eat foods that obviously contain soy, if you want to be sure you are not consuming any soy, you should also cut out all processed food from your diet altogether, to avoid hidden soy.

This article is included with 20 others in Herculean Strength's amazing FREE ebook *Aggressive Incel Monkeys and Other Terrifying Tales from the World of Plant-Based Foods*, which can be downloaded now from Gumroad.

TESTOSTERONE 2
Electric Boogaloo
A selection of more articles on the master male hormone
HERCULEAN STRENGTH
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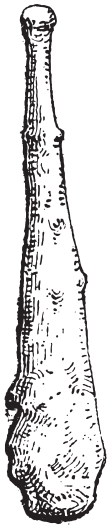
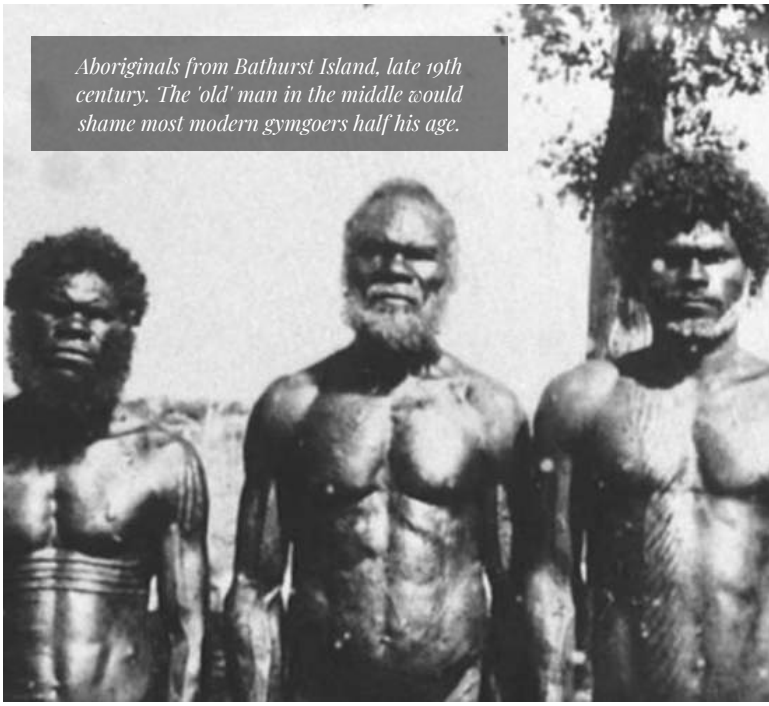
ACCORDING TO A 2009 STUDY, IF YOU WANT TO MAINTAIN OPTIMAL TESTOSTERONE LEVELS AFTER THE AGE OF 30, ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS...

RETURN TO TRADITION





Aboriginals from Bathurst Island, late 19th century. The 'old' man in the middle would shame most modern gymgoers half his age.

IT'S GENEREALLY SEEN as a truism that after the age of 30, a man's testosterone levels decrease at a rate of about 1% a year for the rest of his life. We've even reported this in our many articles on testosterone, including on the global collapse in testosterone levels across the developed world, and we just assumed it was a fact of life for a man. A fascinating study from 2009, however, suggests that this actually needn't be so. All you need to do to buck this trend is...

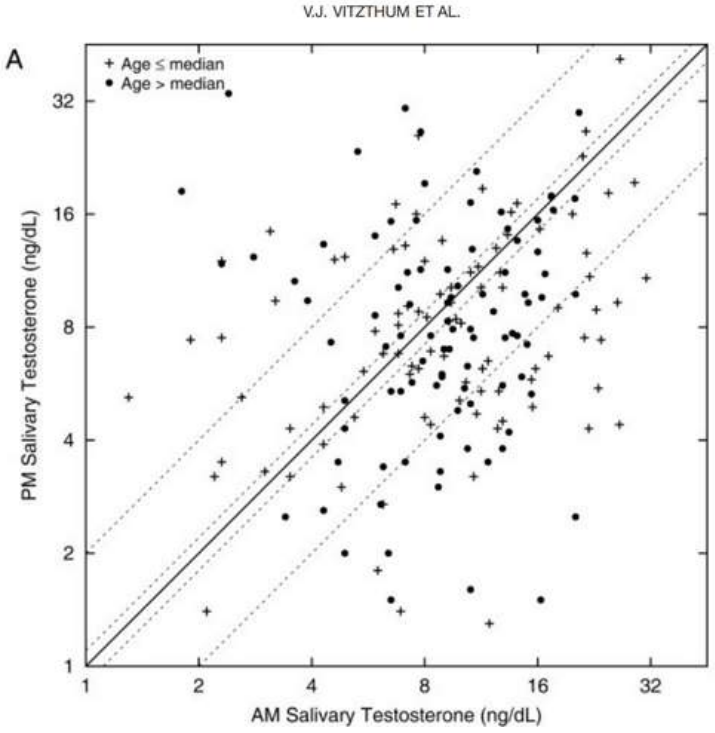
RETURN TO TRADITION!

The return to tradition meme should be a familiar one to many of you, in both its serious and more humorous iterations, and we've actually already reported on another study that suggests there's definitely something to it if you're looking to improve your health and performance. In that study, from 2021, researchers showed that taking a four-day break outdoors and mimicking the life and diet of a hunter-gatherer could have serious benefits in reducing stress levels, especially levels of the hormone cortisol, and helping manage weight.

To mimic the beneficial effects of the 2009 study, however, would require a more serious commitment to the trad life than taking a four-day hike in a National Park. In fact, what you'd have to do is move to rural Bolivia and live the hard, hard life of a peasant.

The researchers began from the premise that environmental factors, especially stresses, play a key role in the modulation of hormone levels. They wanted to assess the relationship, in particular, between testosterone and circadian rhythms, and how these were altered with the seasons. Rural Bolivia was chosen for a number of reasons: because of the harsh variation in seasonal conditions, and because it was not an industrial society, where most studies of seasonal and age-related testosterone variation had until that point been carried out.

Saliva samples were taken from 65 men living in rural communities to the south of La Paz, the Bolivian capital, across



the seasons of the year. What the researchers found, first of all, was that there was no relationship between age and testosterone levels, as shown in the graph below, where the black circles represent older men, and the crosses younger men.

The researchers write:

'In the present studies of Bolivians, all indicators of T levels and T diurnality were comparable for younger and older members. Most studies of industrialized populations (Axelsson et al., 2005; Diver et al., 2003; Keenan et al., 2006; Liu et al., 2005) have observed a 1–2% T decline/ year at older ages (40–90 years).

GOOD

TABLE 1. Descriptive statistics of testosterone (ng/dl) variables

	Study A (n = 115)						Study B (n = 65)					
	Late winter			Other seasons			Late winter			Other seasons		
	AM	PM	Diurnality	AM[a]	PM	Diurnality	AM	PM	Diurnality	AM[b]	PM	Diurnality
Geometric mean of T	7.03	6.99		8.65	7.26		7.63	7.37		10.11	7.59	
Arithmetic mean of $\log_2 T$	2.814	2.806	−0.008	3.112	2.86	−0.252	2.931	2.881	−0.052	3.338	2.925	−0.42
Standard error of $\log_2 T$	0.142	0.142	0.181	0.118	0.118	0.128	0.113	0.126	0.109	0.114	0.128	0.158

[a] $\log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-AM}} > \log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-PM}}$ ($P = 0.035$), $\log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-AM}} > \log_2 T_{\text{LW-AM}}$ ($P = 0.054$).
[b] $\log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-AM}} > \log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-PM}}$ ($P = 0.0005$), $\log_2 T_{\text{OTHER-AM}} > \log_2 T_{\text{LW-AM}}$ ($P = 0.007$).

Findings from the few reports for non-industrialized populations are mixed (Beall et al., 1992; Bentley et al., 1993; Bribiescas, 1996; Campbell et al., 2003; Ellison et al., 1989a, 2002), some observing an age-related T decline, others not, even within the same population. This inconsistency may be the result of some studies having relatively fewer men at much older ages, but 51 of the 115 participants in Study A were 40 years of age. However, all men were younger than 60 years of age in both of the present studies. Although it may be that T declines in rural Bolivian men at ages >60 years, no significant decline at younger ages was detected in these studies.'

There was also a clear seasonal element to the results, with the men's testosterone being lowest during the winter. Of all the morning samples, the winter ones were also lowest, suggesting that testosterone production did not increase much or even at all during the night. This is contrary to what we would generally expect of testosterone production. Studies have shown that simply increasing sleep levels can double your testosterone.

Although, as the researchers note, the people may sleep longer during the winter period, it is not a cosy time to be alive, to put it mildly.

'The days are short, mean low temperatures are typically several degrees below freezing, and dust storms are not uncommon. People may sleep longer, but perhaps less comfortably as fuels are too precious for most to use for heating homes. Food stores are declining, and many families are unable to purchase more foodstuffs. Documented responses to seasonal nutritional stress in the Andes include reduced activity levels.'

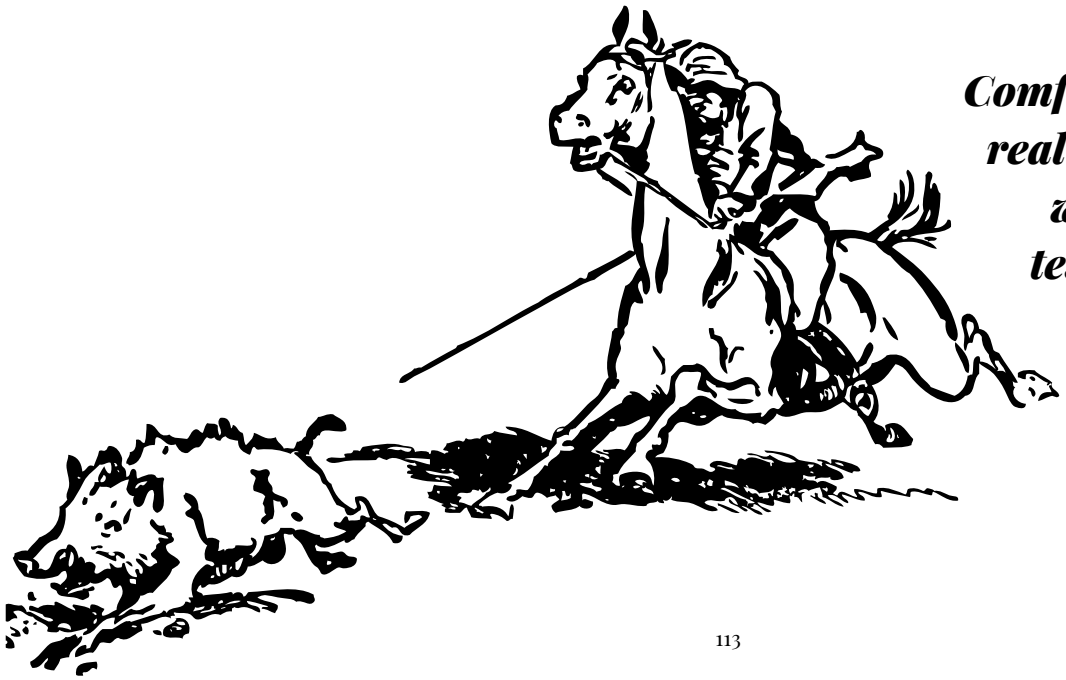
The stress of these harsh winters is almost certainly what makes the peasants' levels decrease as they do. At the same time, though, this season variation may have a protective effect, and the researchers suggest that it could explain why these Bolivian men's testosterone levels do not decrease as they age.

'The evidence of seasonal variation and the absence of an age-related T decline in these rural Bolivians implies that the dynamic responsiveness of the male gonadal axis to behavioral, psychosocial, and/ or environmental contexts may, at least to some extent, moderate the trajectory of age-related change in the axis.'

All of which begs the question: is there a realistic way to replicate these effects in industrialised societies?

Further research will be needed to substantiate this, but it may plausibly be the case that 'shock tactics' like cold showers and intermittent fasting could one day have key roles to play in reversing what has until now been considered an inevitable part of the male aging process. Comfort may be the real enemy in the war on low testosterone.

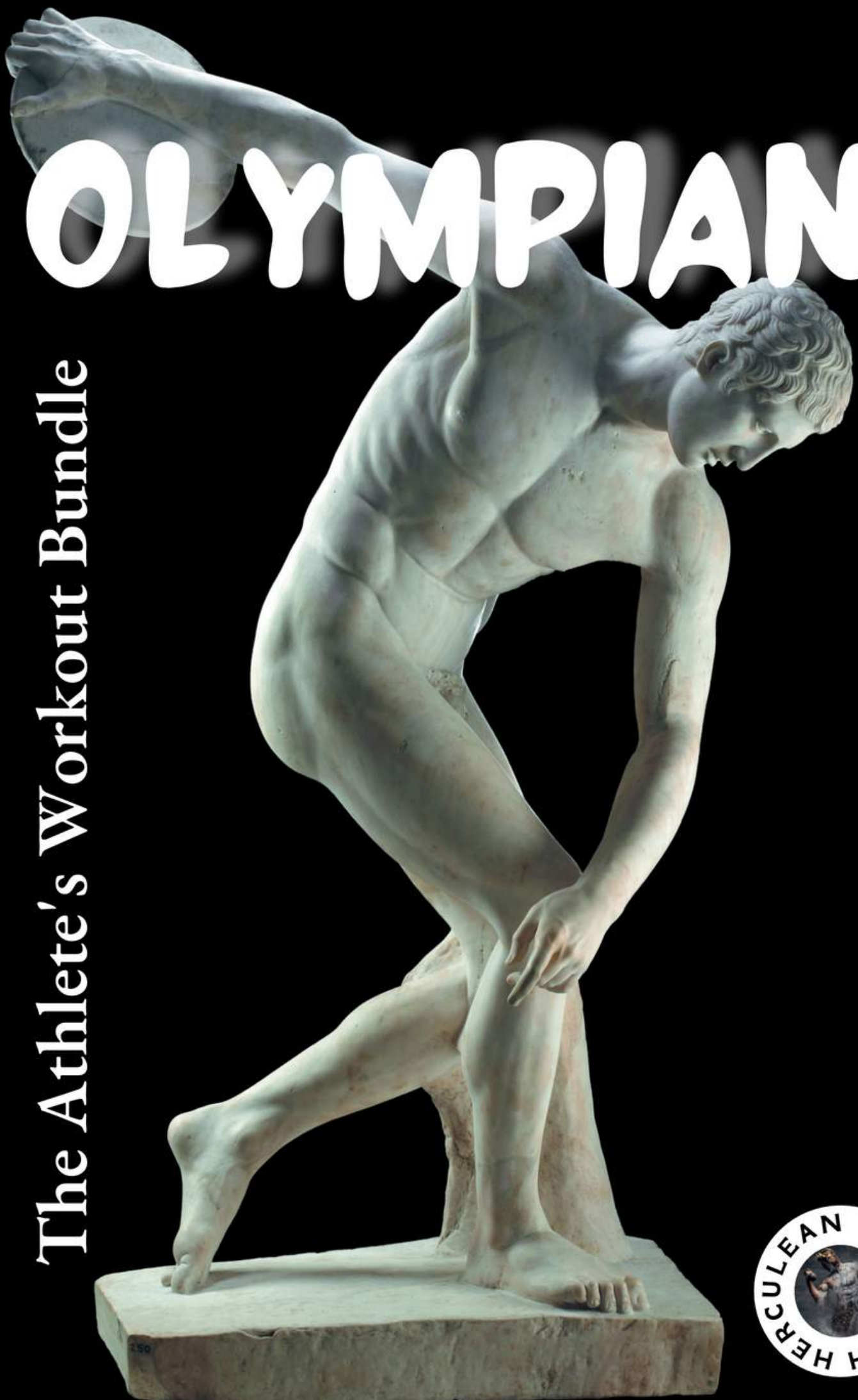
This article is included with 12 others in Herculean Strength's amazing FREE ebook *Testosterone II: Electric Boogaloo*, which can be downloaded now from Gumroad.



Comfort may be the real enemy in the war on low testosterone.

OLYMPIAN

The Athlete's Workout Bundle



HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Even Arnie needed a hand sometimes, in this case from Dave Draper

COACHING WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH

IN THE CURRENT CLIMATE OF LOCKDOWNS AND SOCIAL DISTANCING, EVEN HAVING ACCESS TO EXERCISE EQUIPMENT, LET ALONE A PERSONAL TRAINER, CAN FEEL LIKE A LUXURY. HERE AT HERCULEAN STRENGTH, WE CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH THE EXPERTISE AND THE SUPPORT THAT YOU NEED TO ACHIEVE YOUR GOALS, WHATEVER'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD AROUND YOU.

It's one thing to set yourself goals to achieve – and we all need short- and long-term goals to lead a satisfying life – and quite another to go about achieving them. For many, the process of entering upon a new course of physical training can be a daunting one, especially if you have no prior experience of physical training and/or are seriously out of shape. While even the most experienced of us make mistakes, beginning a course of physical training without the right knowledge, including the right expectations, is one of the royal roads to failure. For every individual who is able to succeed through sheer grit and a willingness to fail and try again anew, there are innumerable individuals who find the disappointment of not meeting their initial expectations too much to bear. Ultimately, for many their first unsuccessful foray into physical training is likely to be their last.

Whatever your goals may be, here at Herculean Strength we can help you to achieve them. Our coaches have a wealth of combined experience in bodybuilding, powerlifting, contact sports, and martial arts, and our expertise extends from the beginner level to the expert. Are you looking to finesse your physique in preparation for your first foray into bodybuilding competition? Herculean Strength can help you with that. Perhaps you want to take your conventional deadlift past 500lbs, after many years of stalling in the mid-400lbs range? Or maybe you want to improve your athleticism to make you a better rugby player? Herculean Strength can help you with both of those things as well. Maybe you just want to lose weight and look good. We can definitely help there too.

Our Custom Training Programme takes place entirely at a distance, but don't let that fool you into thinking it's not as comprehensive as having your own personal trainer physically to hand. If you join our full Programme, available through our Gumroad page, you'll get the following:

- A personalized diet plan with special attention paid to accommodate your tastes
- A personalized workout plan, subject to change, according to your goals and busy lifestyle
- An optional monthly one-hour call and office-hour attention for any queries via Telegram
- Daily motivation messages
- Close monitoring of progress, including, on request, an in-depth video analysis of your training form (your squat or deadlift form, for instance)
- A monthly review of diet and workout plans according to your progress, lifestyle, goals, and ambitions
- 50% of ALL our programs
- Discounts off merchandise
- Free access to our upcoming subscription-only chat group that offers more than just fitness advice, including financial advice, how to grow your business or website, social media pages, boost SEO and increase sales.

Don't hesitate to email us (herculeanstrength1@gmail.com) for further information and a client questionnaire if you'd like dedicated tailor-made personal training on strength training, building muscle, losing fat, and developing athleticism.

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The Book of the INTJ Lifter

EXCLUSIVE FROM COUNTERE MAGAZINE (@counterculture)

Who stood with King Leonidas in the Battle of Thermoplyae? ...Who stormed the beaches of Normandy? ...Who spilled their blood in the halls of Montezuma, on the shores of Tripoli, in the snow of far-off Northern lands?

Many have marveled at these disparate historical events, but nearly all have failed to understand the unifying force which animated these great feats throughout all time. This failure is understandable: through a mixture of denial and suppression, the truth has been whitewashed from history—until very recently.

I write these pages, friends, to tell you of a mysterious group that has emerged in every age: a group who turn chaos into order, darkness into light, fat into muscle. I have studied the ancient manuscripts and what I say is true. These men are known as the INTJ Lifters.

If you are at all attuned into the Lifter Instaverse—the zone on Instagram where weightlifters gather round memes—beginning late last year, you'd have perceived an immense psychic ripple emanating outward, like a portal under the ocean had opened, and a new class of memes came clambering out. Wherever you scrolled, a character named 'INTJ Lifter' would be peering at you with what is known as the 'INTJ Death Stare': a slight sardonic smile coupled with a look of pure analyzing. (Not for the faint of the heart!) Little did you know this event was the herald of a new, yet ancient, order. It was the dawn of the INTJ Lifter.

WHAT IS AN INTJ?

To understand the INTJ Lifter, you must first understand the INTJ. INTJ is an acronym for one of the sixteen personality types determined by the infamous Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI) test. According to this test, each personality type is made up of four categories: introversion or extraversion; sensing or intuition; thinking or feeling; judging or perceiving. One letter from each category is taken to determine your personality type: ISTJ (introversion, sensing, thinking, judging), ENFP (extraversion, intuition, feeling, and perceiving), and so on.

INTJ is a rare personality type, comprising roughly 5% of the population. An INTJ is dominant in introversion, intuition, thinking, and judging. He is a man—I use 'man' in these pages because 75% of INTJs are men, though INTJ women do exist—who could be described as a "ruthlessly analytical introvert." On average, INTJs have a higher IQ than the rest of the population. 16Personalities, the most popular Briggs-Meyers-derived online personality test, refers to the INTJ as "The Architect." Others call him "Mastermind" or "Evil Genius."

An INTJ is sexy. History is shaped by INTJs. Plutarch wrote of Alexander the Great's INTJ "melting glance" (his Death Stare!). Nietzsche was a verified INTJ. Martin Luther was an INTJ. The Unabomber was an INTJ. Tesla was an INTJ—he even designed an INTJ gym before he died.

Due to their raw power, independence, and pure analytical prowess, everybody wants to be an INTJ. For every real INTJ, there are twenty people who wish they were an INTJ. And so as time went on, the world became infested with people claiming to be INTJs. In the 17th century, Sabbatai Zevi traipsed through the Ottoman Empire, falsely claiming to be an INTJ. His followers were reported to have burned their homes in preparation to ascend to his "INTJ Paradise"—only for Zevi to convert to Islam when the Sultan demanded his conversion or impalement! His "Dönmeh" following still number in the hundreds of thousands in Turkey.

In recent times, fake INTJs have clustered online, and constantly said things that were un-INTJ like, for example "I went [to the gym once] and i hated it...it was a horrible experience." First of all, most "communities" are cringe to the individualistic INTJ, no less an online one! Data shows that INTJs form one of the biggest subreddit communities, in total disproportion to their actual population percentage. These "online peoples" were clearly not INTJs—in fact I have my suspicions that they were not even people at all. They were astrologers!

This was a great affront to nature. Beware of fake INTJ's. Jesus—the archetypal INTJ—said of INTJs, "You will know them by their fruits." He excoriated fake INTJs with nothing but his small group of followers, his words, and his INTJ death stare. Fake INTJ's on Reddit and elsewhere expose themselves with every sinful post they write. Nothing is more offensive to the spirit of a true INTJ than an INTJ LARPer. Many of these fake INTJs, in their delusional mania, have tried to stifle the real INTJs born in this age.

But all was not lost.

THE RISE OF THE INTJ LIFTER

Theater kids, nothing against them, but that's where it started. They all wanted to be INTJs," says fellow INTJ Dark Iron Gains over the phone. Dark Iron Gains is a lifter who runs an influential Instagram meme account. He, too, noticed the infestation of INTJs online, and he intuited the root of the problem: "Theater kids wanted to signal they were INTJs—'Look at me, I'm cold and calculated, but I'm also an intellectual figurehead'—but they're all just Dr. Who fans. They're gaming the system while real INTJs are being suppressed."

But it wasn't just theater kids who, through stolen valor and extravert aggression, attempted to kill the INTJ Lifter spirit. It was also writers. "I think the history of literature can be best understood as a kind of INTJ Lifter suppression by fake INTJ extraverts," says Jordan Castro, author of The Novelist, a forthcoming novel written from what he claims is the perspective of an INTJ Lifter. "You have these brief moments where true brilliance shines through, but those are usually followed by decades or even centuries of bullshit. Plato was best known in his time as an athlete. The Sumerians, who invented literature, had to chisel their work into stone and clay tablets, and they would get a sick arm pump in the process, so writing and lifting have always been integrally related. Kierkegaard's nickname as a youth was 'The Fork,' because he could discern peoples' weakness and stab them with it—presumably by means of his Death Stare. We have been in a period of extraverted, non-lifter dominance for the past couple of decades, but I think that as more INTJ Lifters become aware of their true power, this will change in the coming years, especially with the help of memes and novels."

Late last year, Dark Iron Gains posted the first INTJ Lifter meme. He intended to reclaim the rightful title of INTJ from the heretics, and quickly realized he was onto something big. "Lifters from around the world started tagging me in their personality tests," he said. "I got an overwhelming response of followers sending their screenshots and all of them were INTJs. I was like, 'How does this happen? I think it's for real.'

Every single lifter appeared to be an INTJ. Many reported feeling shocked: it was both a great loss—so many years in ignorance!—and yet the greatest gain. In retrospect, Dark Iron Gains understood: "I feel like if you ever meet a guy who's an actual lifter or bodybuilder, they're weird people. They're

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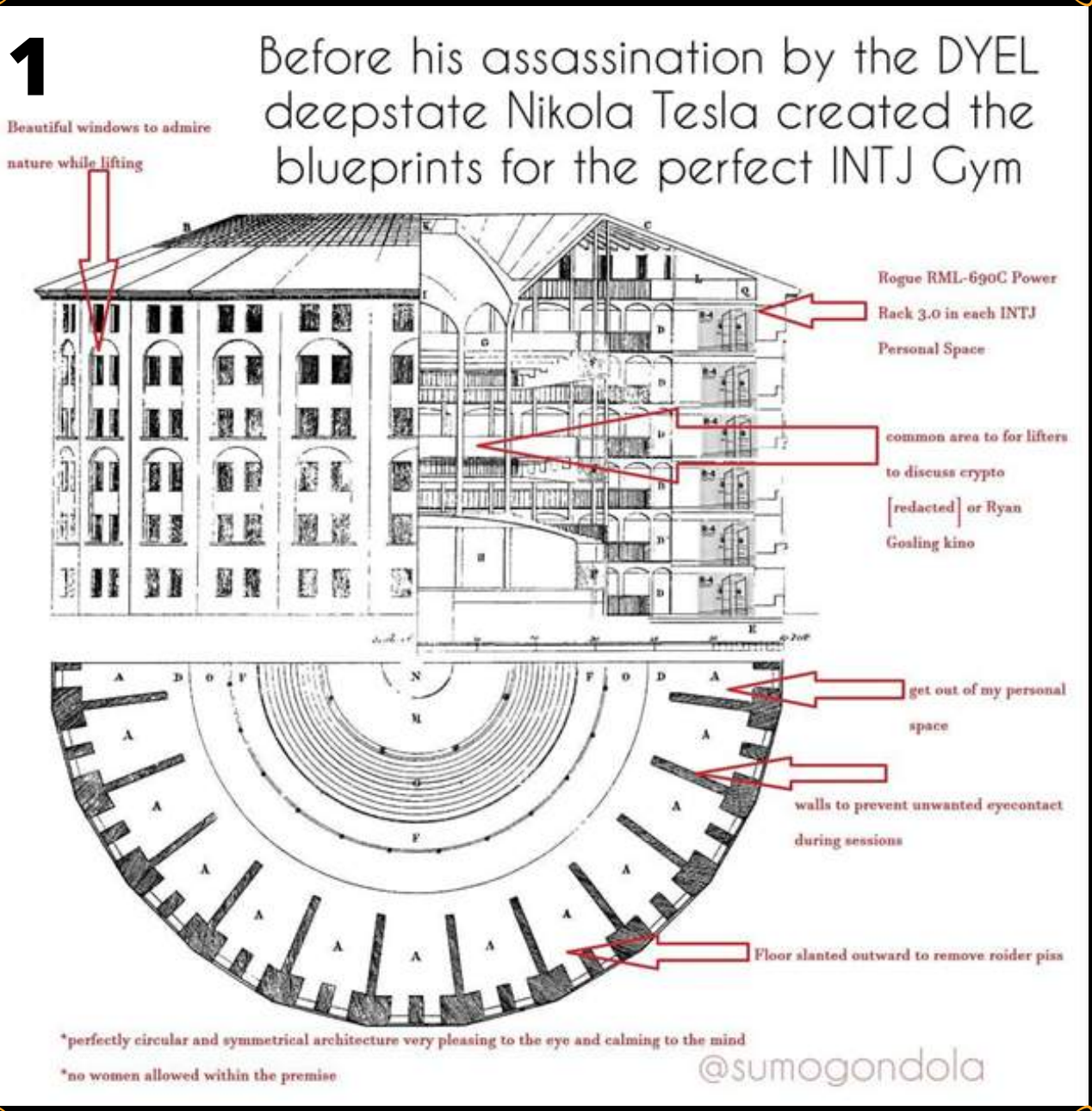
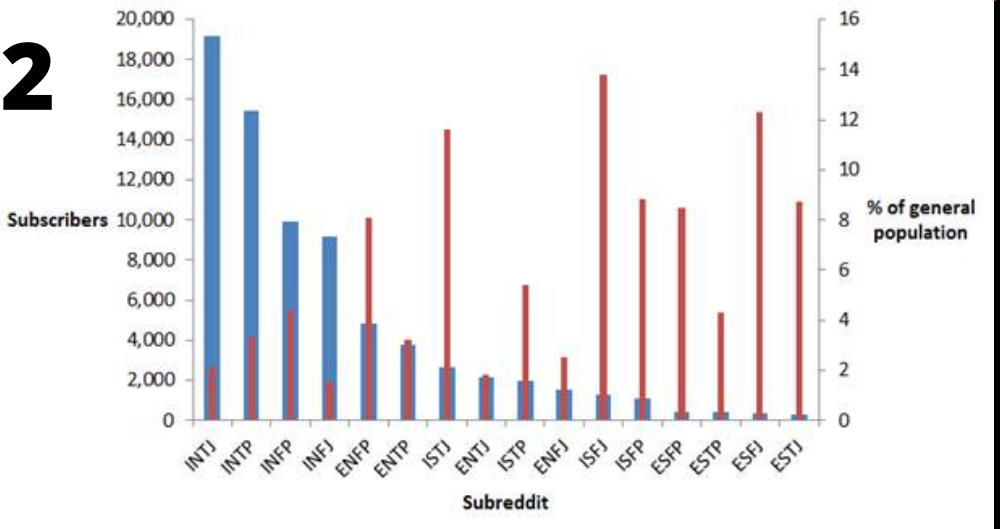
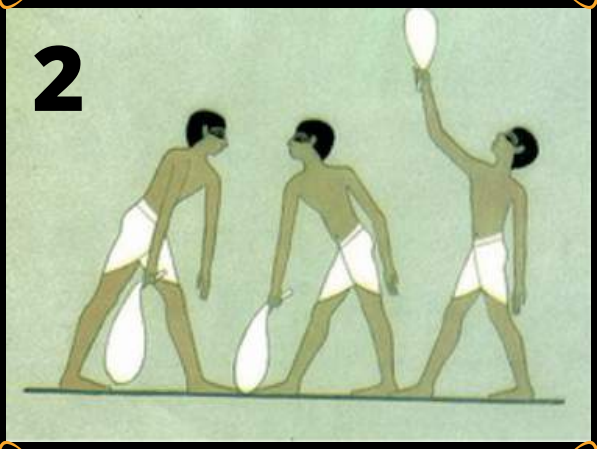

Before his assassination by the DYEL deepstate Nikola Tesla created the blueprints for the perfect INTJ Gym
Beautiful windows to admire nature while lifting
Rogue RML-690C Power Rack 3.0 in each INTJ Personal Space
common area to for lifters to discuss crypto [redacted] or Ryan Gosling kino
get out of my personal space
walls to prevent unwanted eyecontact during sessions
Floor slanted outward to remove roider piss
*perfectly circular and symmetrical architecture very pleasing to the eye and calming to the mind
*no women allowed within the premise
@sumogondola

2



1 - Nikola Tesla's design for the perfect INTJ gym
2 - This 2015 chart demonstrates how INTJs online communities far exceed their real-life representation. Although the communities have all gotten bigger since, INTJs remain the third-largest subreddit.



1 - Chris Haley, an admin for @INTJ_Moments, and a verified INTJ Lifter.
2 - Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics depicting aristocratic INTJs swinging sacks of flour.

antisocial, strict, and disciplined. Those are all qualities of a true INTJ."

The return of the INTJ Lifter meant that it was time for true INTJs to ascend into INTJ Lifters.

...But what of an INTJ Lifter? He is a master of both his mind and body. "The INTJ Lifter takes a calculated approach to lifting...he isn't so superficial," reflected Dark Iron Gains. "He's not lifting for chicks, he's lifting to conquer himself. INTJ Lifters have self-esteem. If you're a fake INTJ you probably don't have self-esteem, but INTJ Lifters are pretty much pillars of society. They're role models. They're focused on building themselves up and the people around them."

Many Instagram accounts, heartened by the return of the INTJ Lifter to our society, began pressing memes immediately. Some of the greatest are INTJ Moments & Sumogondala. A dedicated INTJ Lifter podcast, 8pl8s, arose. The movement quickly identified various INTJ Lifters, including Arnold Schwarzenegger (of course!), Kai Greene, Tom Boyden, Jeff Cavaliere, Larry Wheels, Rich Piana, Eric Bugenhagen, Zack Telander, Mike Ma, Wecking Ball, Raw Egg Nationalist, Ben Braddock, and the Honorable Bloat Lord Kyriakos Grizzly.

This was a powerful re-emergence of hidden, ancient forces. History swells with waves of INTJ LARPers, which are invariably quelled by INTJ Lifters. The INTJ Lifter does not come to purge, he comes to uplift—but through this process he purges the fake INTJs. He is a man of repute. He is Marcus Aurelius, not Caligula. A philosopher-king. He is most concerned with honor (timê) and glory (kudos). Though he could crush his enemies with a mere flex, he prefers to keep the peace. He helps the elderly and sacrifices for the young. He imposes order through example.

The walls of history are inscribed with the deeds of INTJ Lifters. Confucius wrote of a time in which bandits stole the sacred seal of the 神秘的山人 (translation: INTJs) and built barbaric cities inside the mountains. Their features twisted from torture and heat and they abducted children. It took an order of INTJ warrior-monks, lifting heavy weights every day in preparation, to cleanse the Earth of such foul beasts.

In Ancient Egypt, a pharaoh had lost his mind. He regularly ordered guests of the court to be fed to crocodiles; he made his family slaves and his magicians into INTJ advisors. He ordered backbreaking taxes on the people. It took a multiracial coalition of aristocratic lifters—INTJ Lifters, whose known regimen of lifting heavy weights inspired youth for centuries—to surround the pharaoh at court and clonk him to death with weights.

Those were not Annunaki on the walls of the pyramid; they were INTJ Lifters, bestowing the gifts of civilization—teaching writing, making fire—unto the populace. Those aren't UFOs—that's advanced INTJ Lifter technology!

THE INTJ LIFTER DEATH STARE

Every one of the 16 personality types has a superpower. The highly intuitive INFJ has Precognition. The sensitive INFP can Mind-read. The warmhearted ENFJ is capable of crude Telepathy. The INTJ Lifter, in addition to having a strength and intelligence boost, has the 'INTJ Death Stare.' A look of blinding analysis. A withering stare that bores into your soul and—Oh God no, please! I cannot even think of it for one more second.

INTJ LIFTER SUPPRESSION

"The very idea of an INTJ Lifter inflames those who control our world. When you lift, you have to think for yourself," Dark Iron Gains explains. "They don't want you to do that. They will parade an unstable juice head all over a reality television show and act as if that is the majority of lifters. They want to stain the mental image we have of superior physiques. They want you to think that achieving a Godlike physique is "toxic" because they want you to be fat and stupid so you can fall in line with whatever agenda or product they're pushing. They don't want you to be educated and strong—they want you to consume their social commentary. They fear what Lifters represent. They fear the rise of the INTJ Lifters."

Dark Iron Gains pointed out the most obvious tools of INTJ Lifter suppression. "Planet Fitness is an INTJ suppressor," Dark Iron Gains says. "They don't let you lift heavy—if you can bench two plates you automatically set off the lunk alarm. Internet censorship...the gym closings..the COVID lockdown...these are all examples of INTJ Lifter suppression."

Jordan Castro also weighed in: "The fact that most people haven't even heard of INTJ Lifters proves that there is massive suppression taking place. In literature, it's the bleakest thing, because what was once a space for powerful, aesthetically-interesting INTJ Lifter language has become an INTJ Lifter suppression machine. The decayed zombie physiques of most writers is more proof. Photographs and paintings of major INTJ figures like Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, and so on, have been essentially faked, to make them look like non-lifters. Even still though, in some of them, you can see the Death Stare…"

I wanted to intuit the MBTI personality type that is pulling the strings against the INTJ. The natural conclusion would be his personality opposite, the EFSP (extraversion, feeling, sensing, and perception). 16Personalities calls the ESFP "The Entertainer." In other words…a joker! One can just picture a dwarven jester milling about, blabbering in riddles, pinging his eyes around the party for approval…only to be met by the INTJ Death Stare. The jester feels himself shrinking into himself, the walls closing above him…that stare that has followed him his whole life…deep down he knows that he is merely a performer…

…But he is not the true enemy of the INTJ. Dark Iron Gains, in fact, is friends with some ESFPs. And many ESFPs have taken the courageous step of outing themselves as fake INTJs, including one recent poster on the INTJ subreddit who actually wrote: "I am no longer an INTJ…after a lot of work and personal growth it turns out I was a traumatized ESFP that was behaving very similarly to an INTJ." (Can't make this stuff up!) Nay, the nemesis of the INTJ is none other than what 16Personalities calls "The Campaigner." "That's probably the mortal enemy of the INTJ Lifters," Dark Iron Gains warns. "The moralist posing as a journalist. The far-left social commentator. I'm not against people on the Left, but far-left social commentators are the worst of the worst because they manifest insecurities through these pieces they write: "Why you shouldn't eat eggs or lift," "Protein is bad for you."

Our intuition was proved right. When I emailed 16Personalities themselves, they offered a verified INTJ Lifter employee, Kyle Champion for comment. Champion checked the database and confirmed that the natural enemy of the INTJ was the ENFP, saying that INTJs "might find it hardest to relate to… Campaigners (ENFPs)… Entertainers (ESFPs)," and a few others.

ENFPs were responsible, I believe, when Dark Iron Gains himself took the 16Personalities test and received—wait for it—ISTJ. A "Logistician". He might as well have been "Humbug"! A most common and banal personality type! "The 16Personalities test is another example of INTJ lifer suppression," Dark Iron Gains asserted. "They unfairly don't recognize lifters as INTJs. They only recognize theater kids as INTJs." It was clear our institutions have fallen further than we imagined, when a genuine INTJ Lifter can't even be recognized as one.

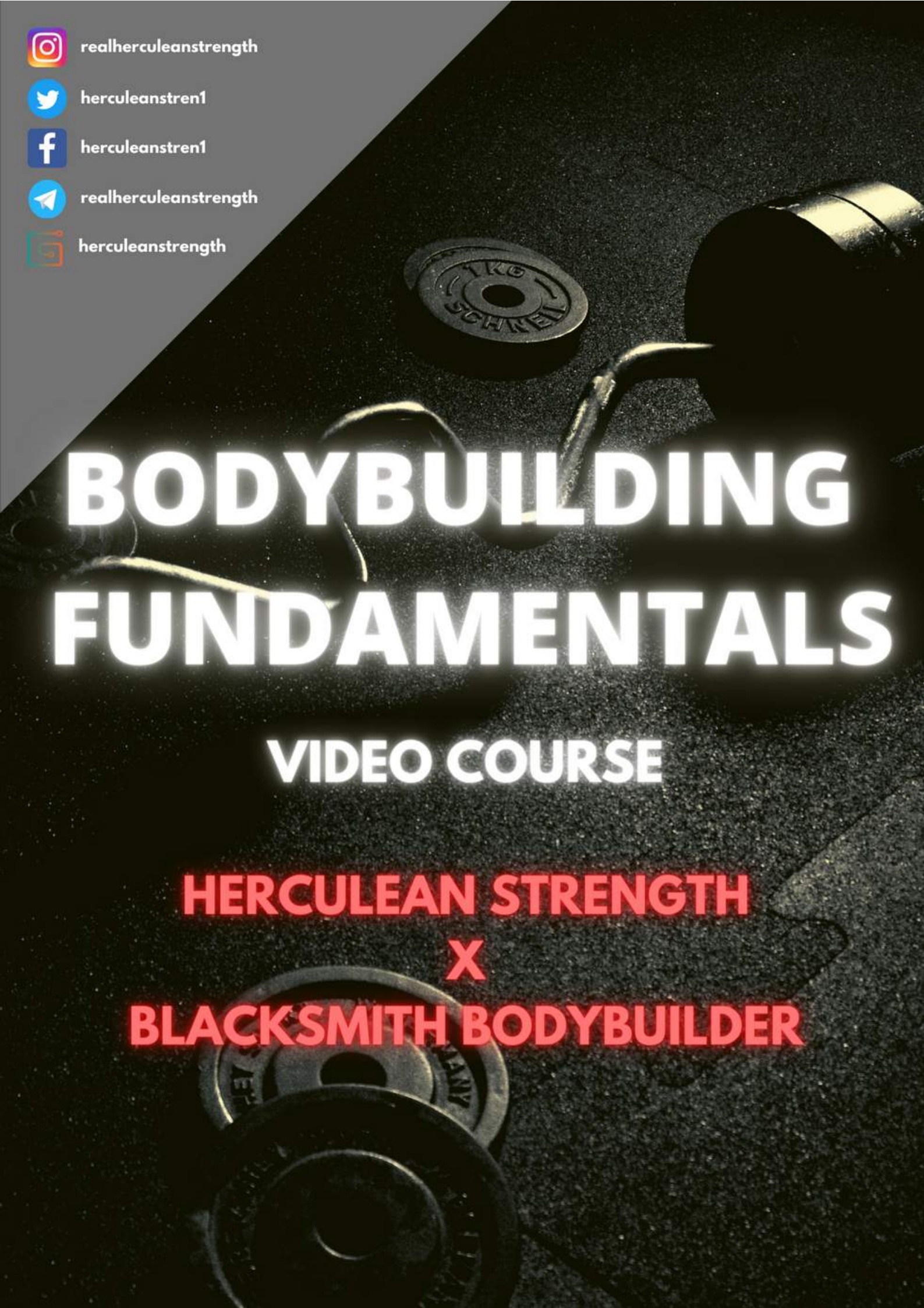
THE FIVE PERCENT THEORY

Towards the end of our talk, Dark Iron Gains introduced what he called the Five Percent Theory. (Such a conversation as this would have made Aristotle smile!) He said that Rich Piana, the beloved lifter who passed in 2017, always said that "only 5% of people had what it takes to be a dedicated lifter." Dark Iron Gains also noticed that INTJs make up 1-4% of the population—essentially 5%! ""Those numbers are astonishingly close to each other," Dark Iron Gains said. "I'm willing to bet that the same individuals that fall in-between the 1-4% number that David Keirsey estimated also fall into the 5% number that Rich Piana estimated. Those individuals are the ascended INTJ Lifters!"

As for me personally? When I take the 16Personalities test, I get INFJ. No matter—I know I am an INTJ Lifter deep down. Castro, a verified INTJ, concurred. "Our institutions are sclerotic and fake," he reassured me. "I could tell immediately that you were a fellow INTJ. Dark Iron Gains too—an undeniable INTJ Lifter, leading the awakening which, I believe, just might bring us back from the brink."

But I'm afraid I have said too much; now I must steal away into the night. As I finish these words, my INTJ eyes analyze the dark outside my window…I can feel the ENFPs suppressors closing in…I can feel the burn of the microwave energy weapons bubbling my brain…quick, I must leave now…

]Editor's Note: Manuscript found in abandoned car off [REDACTED] in San Mateo, CA. Please send to 'TW' for artwork; ask 'RC' to publish with expedience.]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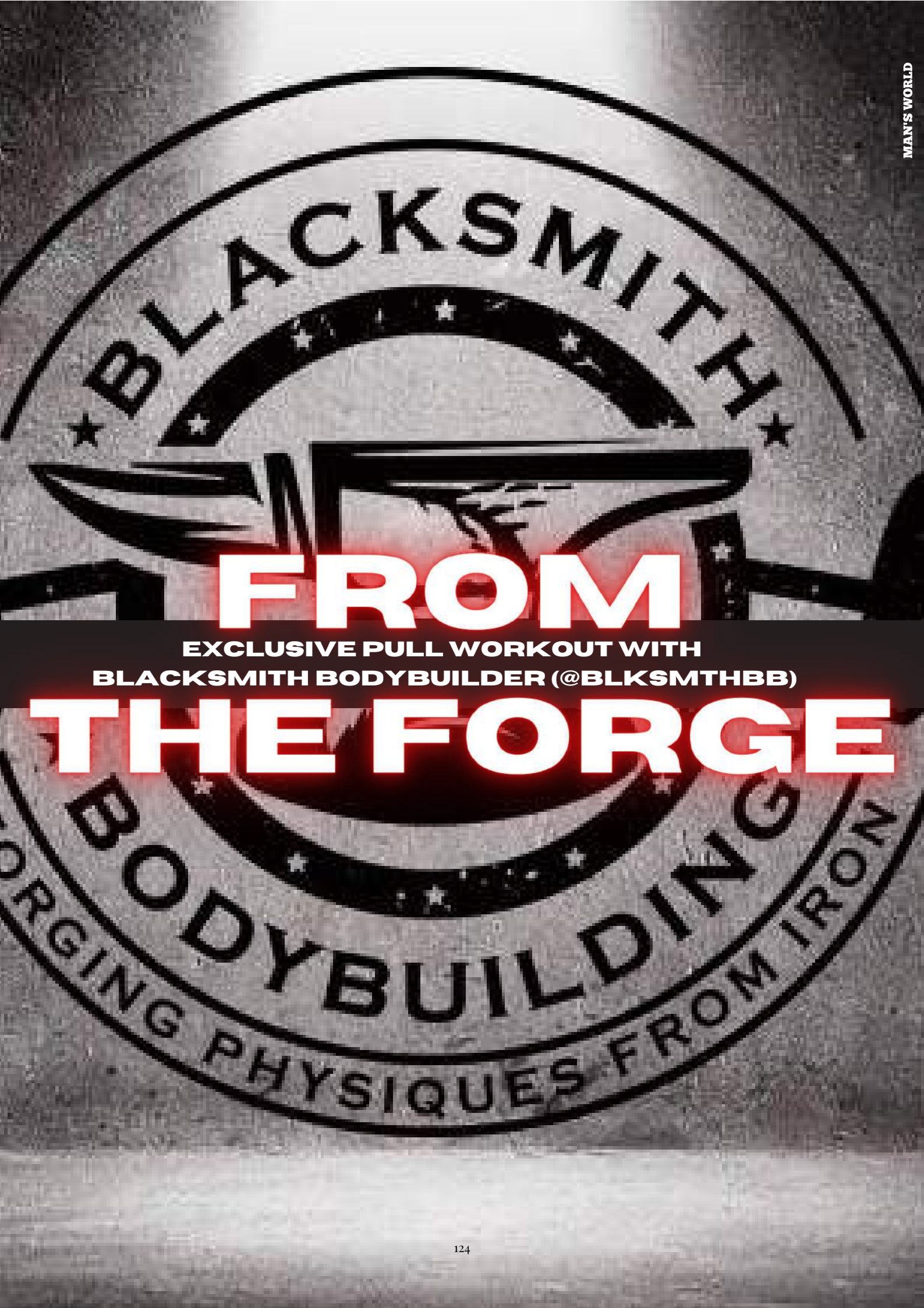


FROM THE FORGE

EXCLUSIVE PULL WORKOUT WITH BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER (@BLKSMTHBB)

MAN'S WORLD WORKOUT

EXERCISE 1: CHEST SUPPORTED T-BAR ROW

Warm up: take your time warming up, start slow with low weight and do a few reps to really build a connection between your mind and muscles.

Set 1: Build up to the first working set. This set is going to focus on loading, so it's going to be very heavy, shooting for 5-8 reps.
5 plates 1 quarter for 6 reps

Set 2: This is our back-off set so I'll be dropping the weight a little and shooting for a higher rep range to really push as much blood into the muscle as possible, shooting for 10-15 reps.
4 plates for 15 reps

EXERCISE 2: ISOLATED LAT PULLDOWN

Warm up: I like to run through 2 or 3 warm up sets but I shouldn't have to spend as much time as before the first exercise warming up.

Set 1: Heavy set just like the first movement, 5-8 reps.
5 plates for 6 reps

Set 2: Back-off set just like the first movement to push blood into the lats, looking for 10-15 reps.
4 plates for 12 reps

EXERCISE 3: DEADLIFT

Warm up: take your time warming up! Do as many sets as necessary. I like to work up from 1 plate doing anywhere from 1-5 reps. I don't want to waste any energy on warming up, just want to make sure my mechanics are good for the top sets.

Set 1: 5 plates for 8

Set 2: 4 plates for 11

EXERCISE 4: SEATED ROW

Warm up: At this point I don't really need to warm up, I did a short set of about 5 reps just to nail the mechanics down for my top set.

Set 1: 250# (full stack) for 7 reps, with 1 forced rep
Set 2: 190# for 10 reps

EXERCISE 5: LAT PULLDOWN MACHINE

Warm up: Again at this point I'm good for a warm up. I just like to do a short set with about half the stack to make sure everything feels good.

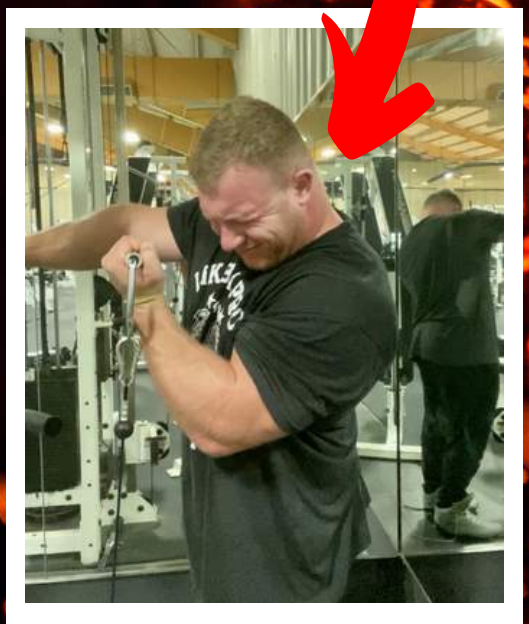
Set 1: 345# (full stack + 45# plate) for 8 reps
Set 2: 240# for 11 reps

EXERCISE 6: ALTERNATING DB CURL

Set 1: 30# for 12 reps
Set 2: 50# for 9 reps

EXERCISE 7: CABLE CURL

Set 1: 60# - 10 reps
Set 2: 75# - 7 reps



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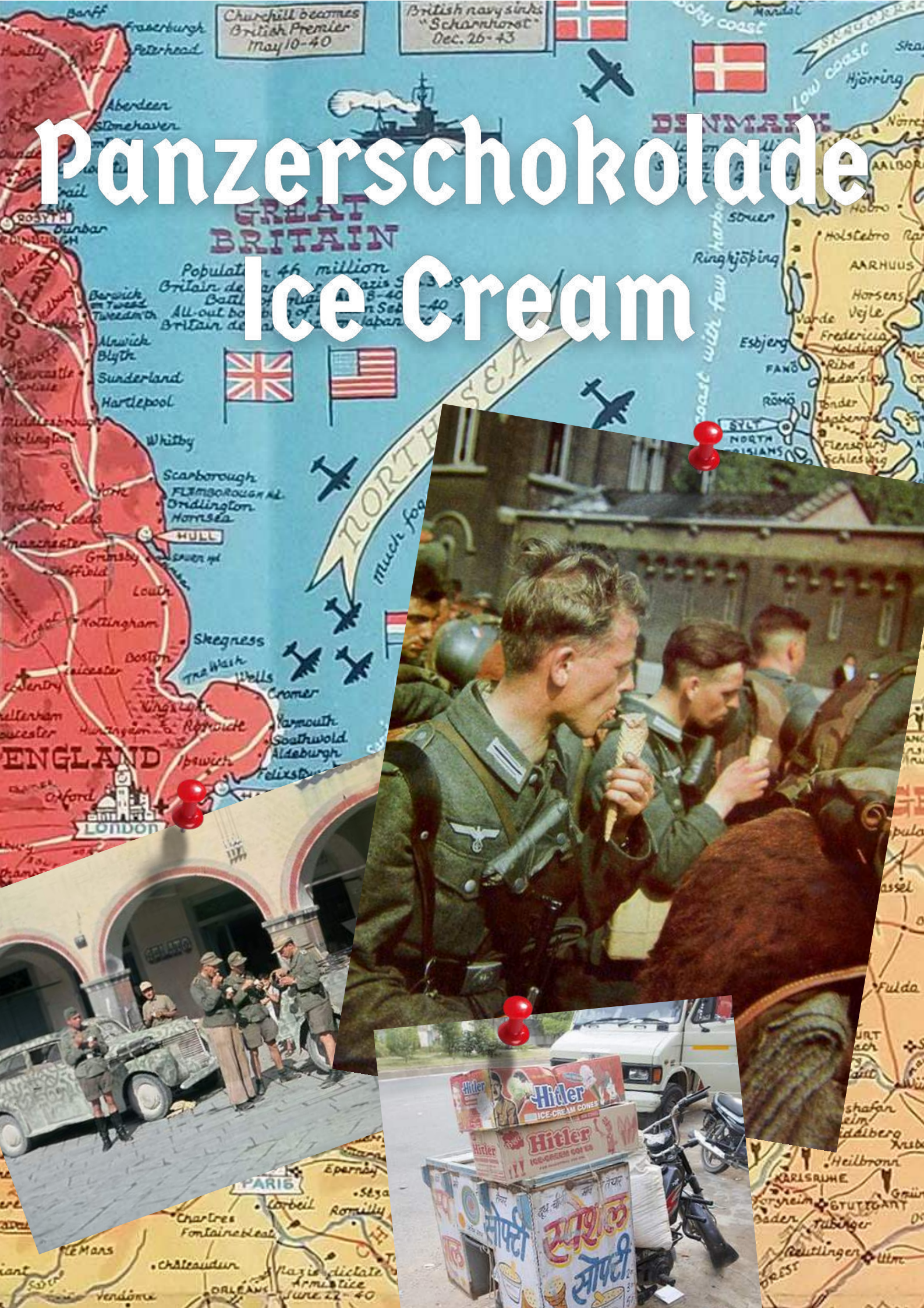
Panzerschokolade Ice Cream



Panzerschokolade was issued to frontline German tank troops during World War II to improve energy levels, alertness and battlefield performance. There is some disagreement about whether this "tank chocolate" actually contained chocolate or not; one thing that is certain is that it contained Pervitin, a form of methamphetamine whose use was incredibly widespread by German forces during the war. Meth-chocolate or no, the Germans did combine chocolate with stimulants, as in the case of Scho-ka-kola, a chocolate bar containing added caffeine and cola nut extract. So consider this recipe for chocolate ice cream fortified with caffeine and theanine to be an anachronism if you will, but don't doubt its power to supply a high-quality buzz. The theanine will take the edge off the caffeine, softening its side effects.

- 600ml whole milk
- 100g sugar
- 30g high-quality cocoa powder
- 6 egg yolks
- 250g high-quality 70+% cocoa chocolate
- 1tsp sea salt flakes
- 3g theanine powder
- 4tsp instant coffee granules

In a clean heavy-bottomed saucepan, whisk together sugar and cocoa powder until no large lumps of cocoa remain.

Then whisk in egg yolks until thoroughly combined.

Add milk to pan and whisk to combine.

Set pan over medium heat and cook, whisking frequently, until custard reaches 170°F on an instant-read thermometer. The custard should coat the back of a spoon and a finger swiped across it should leave a clean line.

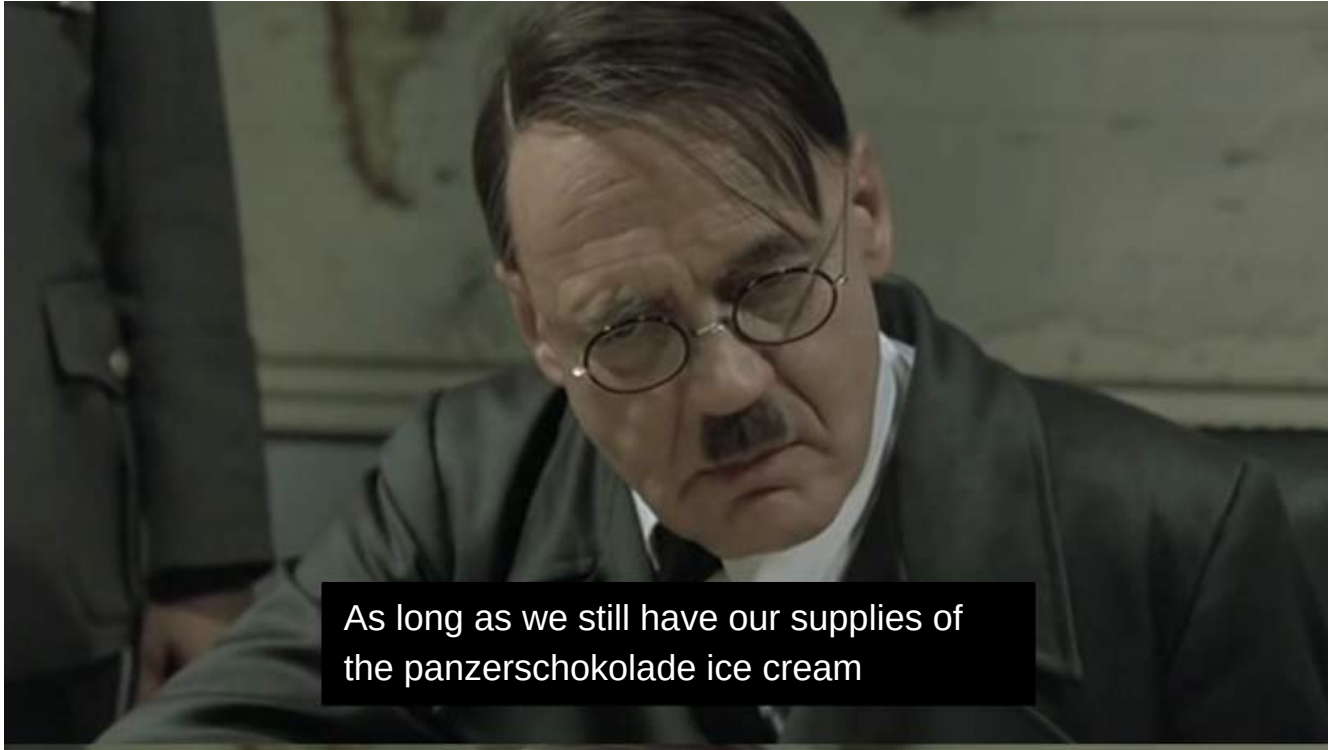
Add chocolate, coffee granules and theanine and stir until thoroughly melted. Strain into a container or bowl, add salt, and chill in refrigerator until base cools to 40°F (or thereabouts).

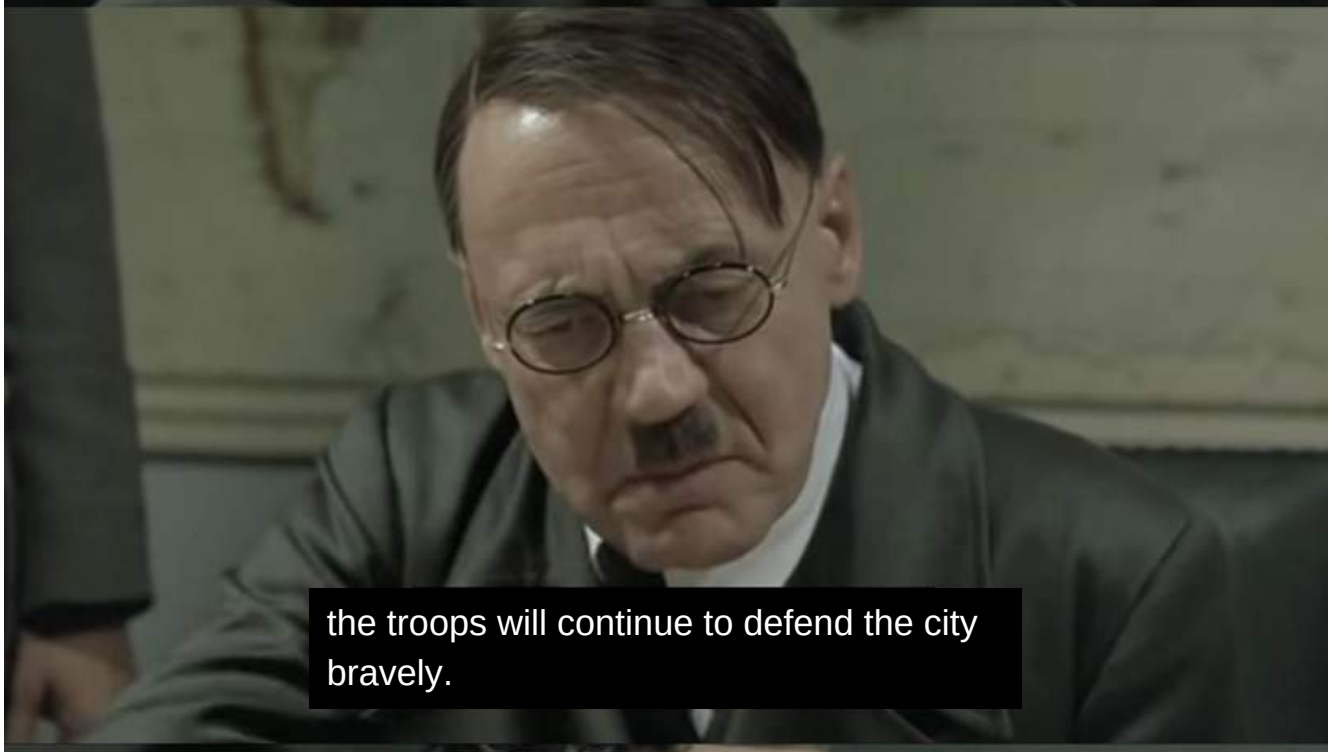
Churn in ice cream maker according to manufacturer's instructions, then serve right away as soft serve or transfer to an airtight container to harden in freezer for 3 to 4 hours before scooping.

An authentic tin of Scho-Ka-Kola from World War II. This brand of caffeinated chocolate can still be bought today.

In this second exclusive extract from his new hardcover cookbook, the Raw Egg Nationalist gives you the recipe for one of the secret wunderwaffen (wonder-weapons) of World War II: panzerschokolade ice cream.

Raw Egg Nationalism *is available now from Antelope Hill (antelopehillpublishing.com) and features 31 amazing recipes over 100 pages. If you're interested in drug use in the Third Reach, try Norman Ohler,* Blitzed.


As long as we still have our supplies of the panzerschokolade ice cream


the troops will continue to defend the city bravely.

My Führer

"Height of Tastelessness.

Would the Germans name a sausage after Godse?"*

*the man who shot Gandhi

This was the incredulous response of one member of the Indian Congress in 2015 when global media reported on the Hitler brand of ice-cream cones popular in Uttar Pradesh. Although the brand's owner, Neeraj Kumar, claimed that the brand name had more to do with a quick-tempered uncle nicknamed "Hitler" in his local village, the truth is that Hitler and Nazi imagery are popular forms of branding on the Subcontinent.

In 2006, a cafe called Hitler's Cross opened in Mumbai, complete with a portrait of the Nazi leader at the entrance, and in 2011, a pool hall named Hitler's Den started in Nagpur. After opposition from Jewish groups, the names of both were changed.

In 2007, a home furnishing firm in Mumbai used swastikas to promote its line of bed sheets and pillow cases called "The Nazi Collection". Despite protests, the company maintained that the name stood for "New Arrival Zone for India". Kek.

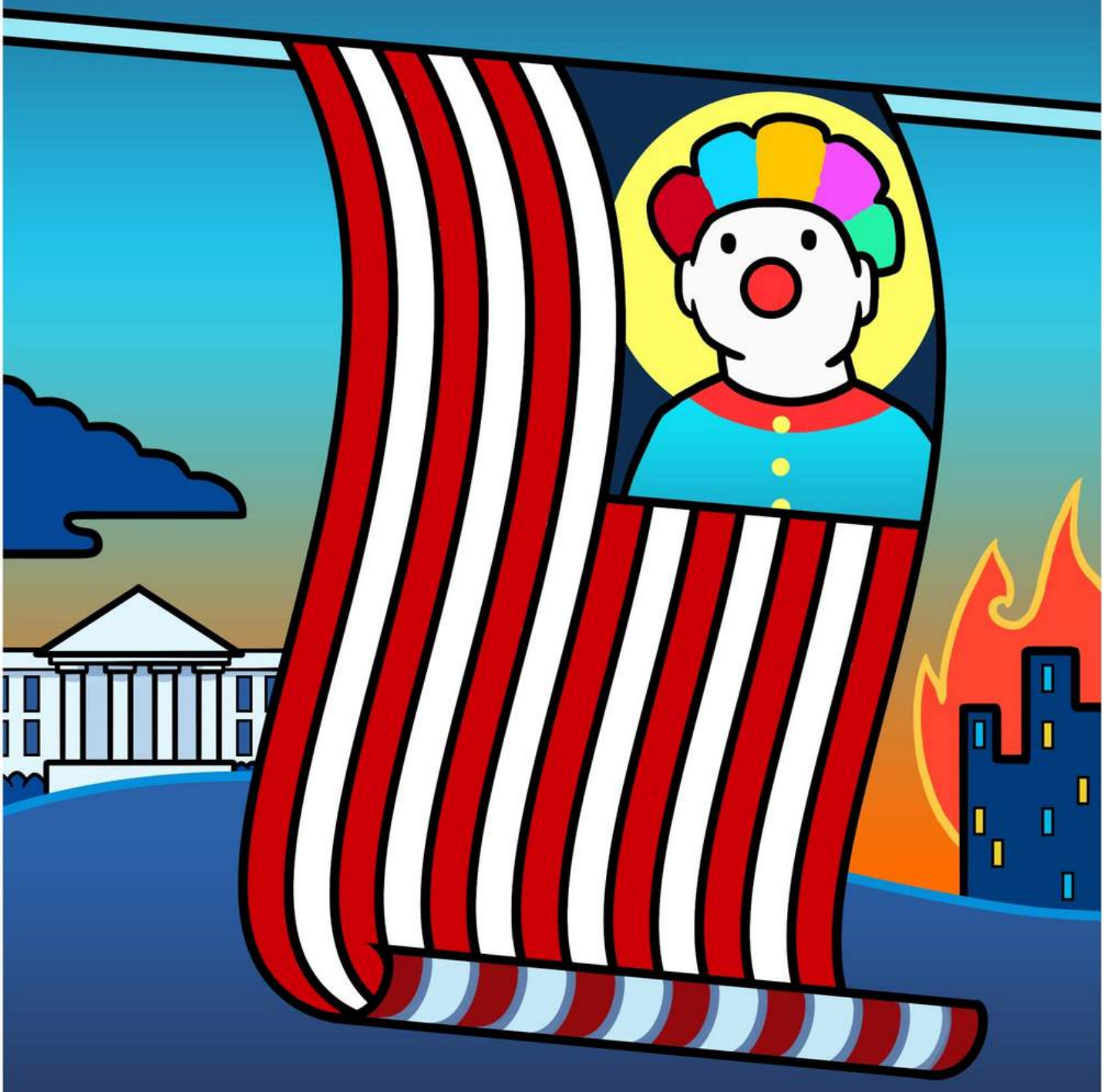
Even reputable brands such as Onida, Luxor and Hewlett-Packard have used Hitler imagery in their advertisements. *Mein Kampf* remains a best-seller in India, with dozens of editions available.

In 2018, MP Naramalli Sivaprasad, pictured above, appeared in parliament dressed as Hitler to demand extra funding for his state. He even performed Nazi salutes for the assembled press.

Although some try to feign ignorance, the truth is that Hitler is widely admired in India. For many he is seen as a role model for those wishing to bring order to such a populous, chaotic country. Others remember how Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose, while fighting for independence from Britain, sought Hitler's help.

THE CLOWNING OF AMERICA

Woke Capital, Con Inc, and Meme Culture



ORWELL GOODE

globohomo

globouomo

MAN'S WORLD: IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

We did a poll of MAN'S WORLD readers and their partners, and asked the partners what it was that made their men truly special. When the results came in, they were unanimous.

It wasn't just that a MAN'S WORLD man is handsome, successful, adventurous – the kind of man men want to be and women want to be with, as the old chestnut has it. No, there was something more, something only a man who knows what's truly worth a damn has. Attention to detail.

Where an average man sees a world of similarity, a MAN'S WORLD man sees a world of difference. And what's more, he knows what those differences mean. Every last one of them, no matter how small.

MAN'S WORLD: Because he knows that by taking care of the little things, the big things will take care of themselves.

MW

CHAGA

THE MUSHROOM AT THE END OF THE WORLD

Alaska Chaga (@alaskachaga), purveyors of the finest quality chaga mushrooms, give Man's World readers the lowdown on this fungus and its amazing health benefits, as well as providing an exclusive offer.

In the 1966 novel Cancer Ward (Раковый корпус) by Russian novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the main protagonist Oleg Kostoglotov receives a curious letter from a doctor named Maslennikov about a mushroom with wondrous curative powers. Kostoglotov (literally "bone swallower") is staying at a cancer hospital in Ush Terek – located on the Russian Steppe. Maslennikov, who is attempting to treat several of the patients via letter correspondence, describes how Siberians commonly brewed tea out of a black and orange mushroom that grew abundantly on the sides of birch trees in the taiga. It was originally meant as a cheap alternative to buying tea but according to Maslennikov, these Siberian villages experienced significantly lower rates of cancer than the surrounding areas and he believed there was a connection. Solzhenitsyn's work was the first entry point for chaga, or Чага in Russian, to enter the collective Western consciousness as a supplement. In the following decades, scientific research was able measure in chaga what Maslennikov could only sense – chaga mushrooms contain one of the highest concentrations of antioxidants known to man.

Opposite page: Chaga in the wild

alaskachaga

alaskachaga

ALASKA CHAGA

15% off with code 'rawegg'

TAKE YOUR TEA TO THE NEXT LEVEL

Discover the Wonders of Chaga Mushroom Tea. Our Wild, Fresh and Sustainably-Harvested Alaska Chaga is picked and packed in small batches.

Our Chaga Mushrooms are picked near Fairbanks, Alaska during the winter months. Chaga from these frigid conditions and away from our polluted modern world ensure that you receive the maximum benefits. Our family-owned business takes pleasure in sharing the gift of chaga with the world.

ALASKACHAGA.US

A delicious cup of chaga tea and inset: a chunk of chaga

Most Indo-European languages use a variation of the Russian chaga loan word to describe the mushroom. For example, Chagapilz in German or té de hongos chaga in Spanish. The origin of the term chaga itself is more difficult to trace. The word is likely derived from the Old Slavonic word for mushroom but this word in turn is thought to originally derive from the Permyak language of the Komi people living in Ural Mountains. I don't know much about the Komi themselves except that they are Permians which is a branch of the Finno-Ugric ethnic group (perhaps Hakan has more info on this). At the end of the day, all roads lead back to the Steppe.

The mushroom itself is not isolated to the Steppe. Chaga appears on birch trees throughout the northern hemisphere. So why would people prefer chaga from colder climates? What's the difference between chaga found on a tree near Spokane, Washington and chaga found closer to the Arctic Circle? It appears that the composition of chaga is at least in part affected by climate. For example, there are quite a few birch forests in warmer areas of the US and Europe where chaga is rarely seen. It simply does not thrive there. Approaching the US-Canada border, it becomes more common to see but of an inferior grade to what one finds closer to its Hyperborean source.

I truly appreciated Mr. Ingrisano's article in Man's World Issue 3 which took us readers through the stages of how his tobacco is planted, cured, fermented and then rolled into cigars. I didn't know much about that process until reading his article. All I know is that the Globalists really don't want us consuming fine tobacco products so we probably should. So, as I sit here smoking one of his fine cigars, I'd like to follow his lead and take the reader through the decades-long process for chaga to go from a tree to a tea cup.

SYMBIOSIS. All mushrooms are fungi and chaga is no different. It is spread through airborne spores that infect birch and occasionally spruce or aspen trees. Chaga stands apart from many other mushrooms in that aggressively spreads through the heartwood of the tree and extracts nutrients directly out of the tree. Many people ask whether harvesting chaga kills a tree. It does not (unless you cut the tree down completely) but the chaga infection itself will eventually kill the tree. Think of it as stage 3 tree cancer. It is terminal. This process takes years or even decades before the chaga bursts through the tree with its burnt charcoal appearance.

FORAGING. The mushroom often infects groups of trees in a small geographic areas. It's possible to walk around all day and come back empty-handed then stumble upon a grove of infected trees the next day. Although an ax sounds manly and makes you feel like a Viking, it can also shatter the bulb all over the forest floor which makes recovering the pieces close to impossible.

Sometimes a crowbar or small saw can work wonders for prying a 20 lb bulb off a tree without destroying it. It's also important to cut up the mushroom while its wet. It can be sliced with a machete or even cut with pruning shears but when its dry, its as hard as a rock!

DRYING. The cold weather will keep the mushroom from molding outside but its imperative to start the drying process as soon as it is indoors. There are several methods including using industrial dehydrators but the easiest way is to put the sliced chunks onto a sheet of fabric that will absorb water as box fans push a steady flow of air over the mushroom. Roll the chunks every few hours so that they dry evenly. After a couple of days the dried chunks should be as hard as marble and can be collected together for further processing.

GRINDING. This step only applies to chaga powder and chaga tea bags. The chunks need to be ground down to the appropriate size. It might come as a surprise to the reader that this requires a meat grinder or industrial grinder to accomplish. Many a Fruit Ninja has met its match against dried chaga chunks.

I STRUGGLE TO THINK OF ANOTHER ACTIVITY CLOSER TO THE BRONZE AGE MAN THAN HARVESTING MUSHROOMS IN THE FOREST – AX IN HAND

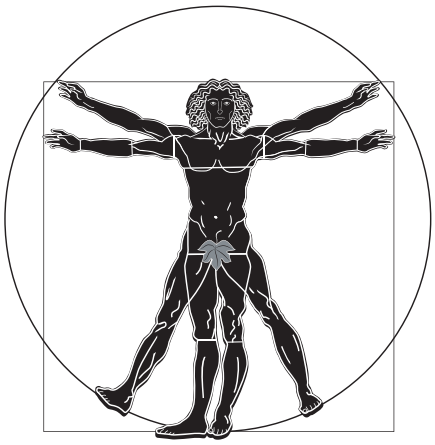
A northern latitude is not the only prerequisite for quality chaga mushroom. Readers of this publication are already aware that there is no such thing as equality in nature. So take the time to consider what life is like in certain regions of the world where allegedly high-quality chaga is being sold. Would you buy chaga from the Inner Mongolia region of China? There is a reason why supplements are rarely imported from that part of the world. Likewise, although there are many relatively untouched areas of the Russian Steppe, those readers who have been to Eastern Europe will also know that there are many regions that could only be described as "Industrial hellholes." Unlike its rough chitinous exterior, the inner mycelium portion of chaga is essentially a large, wet sponge. When picked, chaga is approximately 50% water by weight and must be dried over the course of several days. So consider the ecology surrounding the chaga mushroom. We pick our mushrooms using snowmobiles to reach birch forests inaccessible by car or on foot. A polluted environment will be sucked right into the mushroom and do more harm than good.

I've been an avid Man's World reader since Issue 1. This is a publication for those who take matters into their own hands and embody what Schopenhauer referred to as Wille zum Leben and Nietzsche later described as Wille zur Macht. So far be it from me to tell the reader to become a chaga consoomer when one might just as well become a chaga forager. I struggle to think of another activity closer to the Bronze Age Man than harvesting mushrooms in the forest – ax in hand.

SEED O
UGLY
BOT

A hundred years ago, they were used almost exclusively to lubricate machinery. Now they're advocated as 'healthy' alternatives to the fats we've been eating since the dawn of time. How the hell did we get here and what can we do about it? Rocky (@optimal_LD) lays out the facts.

ILS: N A H TTLE

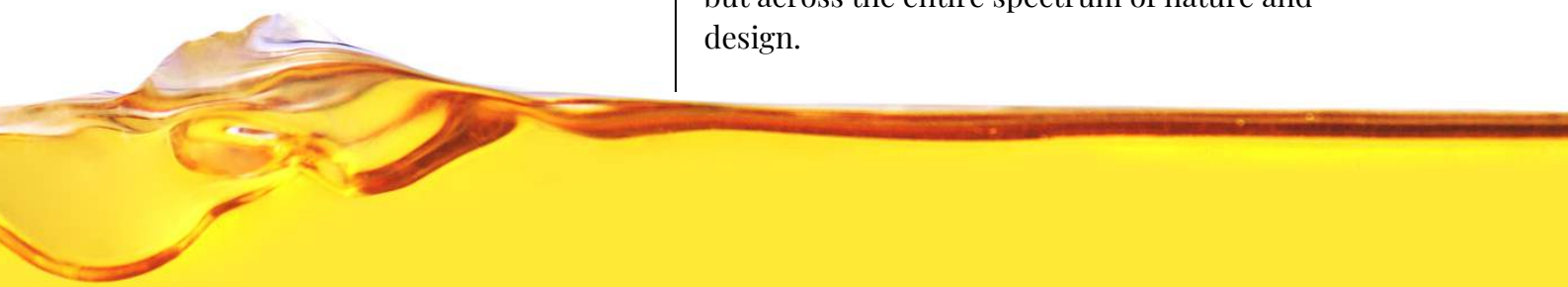


ead to your local supermarket and look at the ingredients of the products you see on the shelves. I guarantee you'll find seed oil as an ingredient in 80% of them. These oils (soybean, canola, rapeseed, cottonseed, sunflower…) were not fit for consumption just a century ago — they were used to lubricate machinery. Fast forward to today and they are in almost every packaged food product.

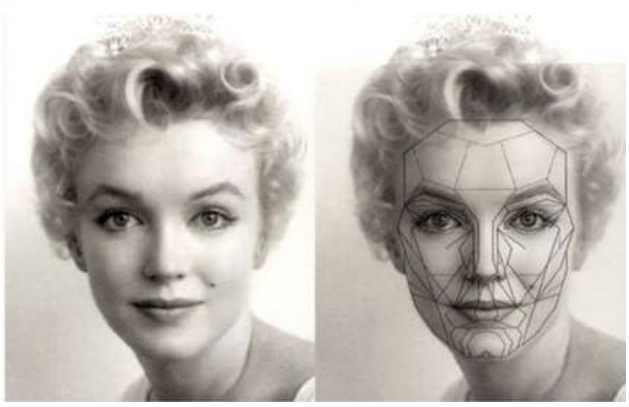
SEED OILS PROMOTE UGLINESS

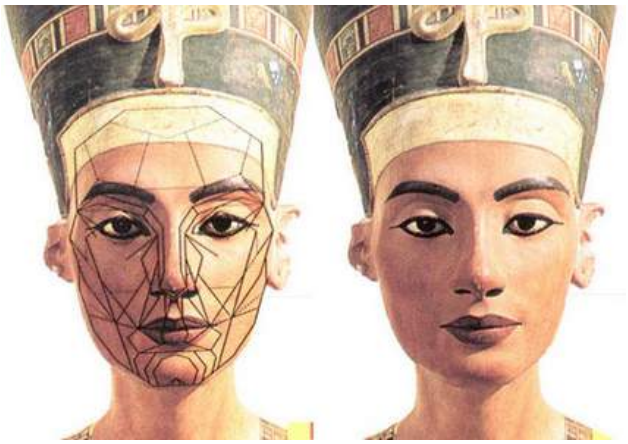
A consequence of seed oil consumption that rarely gets discussed is that they promote ugliness. Seed oil consumption really does make people uglier.

Beauty is not subjective. From the dawn of time, we've had men like Plato, Pythagoras and Leonardo da Vinci who have studied the ideal proportions of the human body. There is clearly a science (or mathematics to be precise) behind what we see to be beautiful or ugly. You've probably heard of the Fibonacci Ratio, or Phi, which is commonly referred to as the "Golden Ratio". This ratio (1:1.618) represents perfect harmony not just in our bodies but across the entire spectrum of nature and design.



It's not a theory that's only studied in history books, but put into practice. Dr Stephen Marquardt, an American plastic surgeon, developed the Marquardt Mask, which serves as a blueprint for the ideal human face, regardless of ethnicity or gender. The mask is a series of geometric lines built on the Golden Ratio that helps plastic surgeons decide on facial recomposition, down to the millimetre. It's interesting to see how the mask not only fits modern day celebrities like Marilyn Monroe but even ancient beauties. The face of Queen Nefertiti of Ancient Egypt, whose name translates to "The Beautiful Woman has Come", superimposes perfectly with the Mask (see right).





In fact, the ancient Egyptians themselves were rumored to have understood this golden ratio, utilising it in construction amongst other things. Even the Greco Roman statues are widely understood to have been sculpted based on this ratio. These ancient societies understood there was a close relationship between beauty and symmetry with form and function. Beauty is health.

THE PURSUIT OF AESTHETIC EXCELLENCE

Fast forward to today and we live in a world where fat people are praised and put on billboards. To claim beauty is health isn't far from being labelled a hate crime. The pursuit of aesthetic excellence certainly falls within the "right wing" ideology in mainstream media and I believe this is no insult. Human beings, from the dawn of time, are designed to appreciate beauty. From the buildings around us to the faces we see, there is a natural attraction to all things beautiful. Babies stare at an attractive person's face for a longer period of time. A perfectly symmetrical face proportioned according to the golden ratio is the epitome of genetic wealth.

This beauty = health concept is not unique to human beings. In fact, it's applicable throughout the animal kingdom. Just ask any farmer. Visual asymmetries, i.e. "ugly features", found in offspring are usually a tell-tale sign of disease.

So why am I telling you all this?

The more we deviate from the traditional foods our ancestors ate, the more we deviate from Marquardt's Mask. A diet heavy in inflammatory seed oils distorts nature's natural geometry and perpetuates ugliness. We were never supposed to ingest industrial lubricant, and our appearance will only reflect this fact if we do.

PREGNANCY AND NUTRITION

Both men and women should make sure their diets are in check before making babies. Seriously. Men, you want your sperm pool strong, providing intense competition which will only result in stronger, healthier children. Women, you want to make sure your body is healthy enough so your baby gets all the nutrition it needs. One of the first steps towards achieving this is in avoiding seed oils.

Pregnancy is an extremely nutrient-intensive process. It's designed in such a way that if the fetus does not have enough nutrition, the placenta will get it directly from the mother's bones, even her brain. The life of the baby is always put ahead of the mother's. Vegetable oil consumption has been shown to disrupt this process and increase the odds of complications during pregnancy. To put things into context, it is as harmful to a pregnant mother's baby as smoking or alcohol consumption. If your girl is with child, it would be wise to dump all seed oils in the trash. Having a holistic, healthy diet is the first step towards restoring and accumulating genetic wealth. It's truly the original "generational wealth".

It's why you some are able to abuse their bodies in their youth with bad diets but still look good: they have their ancestors to thank. Eventually, if this cycle is repeated through the generations, this genetic wealth will be spent and there will be consequences, both visually and under the skin.

JUST WHY ARE SEED OILS SO BAD?

So far you probably understand that seed oils are unnatural for us – we aren't machines, after all – but you probably don't know why they are so harmful. Without getting too deep into the science, I'll explain.

I call them seed oils because that's exactly what they are. Vegetable oil is an interchangeable name which is more commonly used because it sounds like something that's good for you. Unfortunately we know that's far from the case: there's really nothing vegetable about vegetable oil. The process of extracting oil from these seeds destroys almost everything that's healthy once it becomes liquid. This process involves a ton of chemicals that convert a thick, dark substance into the clear oils you see today.

OXIDATION

You've probably heard this term somewhere. Let me break it down for you. In basic terms, you want fats to be stable, especially if you're using them to cook, and resistance to oxidation (i.e. reaction with oxygen) is a measure of this. Animal fats like butter or suet have a high smoking point, because they contain saturated fatty acids. "Saturated" basically means there's no room for oxygen to enter and react

with the molecule. Monounsaturated fats (like olive oil), allow just one oxygen molecule to enter but are still heat-resistant enough to cook with. By contrast, polyunsaturated fats (often shortened to PUFAs) such as vegetable oils have so much room for oxygen to enter, that it's almost certain these fats will oxidise when heated. This is bad, because it causes the molecules to become distorted, producing substances called free radicals which attack the tissues of the body. In fact, free radicals play a role in more or less every disease known to man. What's worse about most vegetable oils, especially the cheap ones in the supermarket, is that the industrial process that creates them in the first place oxidises the fat, making them highly toxic straight from the bottle. In short, there's more or less no such thing as a healthy vegetable oil.

If you'd like a deeper understanding, I strongly urge you to read Catherine Shanahan's *Deep Nutrition*. In essence, we were not made for vegetable oil consumption. I don't think any animal was. Seed oils are solely made to reduce costs and were not made to improve our health in any way shape or form.

PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY

It might get a bit depressing when you realise that most food contains seed oils, but don't worry. There are simple things you can do to reduce or even totally eliminate your exposure to these toxic fats.

1 Stop cooking with seed oils

Instead use extra virgin olive oil, coconut oil, ghee or animal fats like butter, suet, tallow, duck fat or lard. Avocado oil is fine, but make sure you get a brand that's reputable. A lot of these companies usually dilute their oils with cheap seed oil like canola to reduce costs. This is the same with olive oils, you always want to make sure it's extra virgin. Even better if you know the source.

2 Avoid fried foods in restaurants

When you go out to eat at restaurants, avoid fried foods. Nine times out of ten they are cooked in seed oils. To make things worse, these restaurants often reuse the same oil over and over again, which only makes it more toxic. What I do sometimes is tell the waiter I'm allergic and would prefer for my food to be cooked with olive oil or real butter, if they have it. I say "real butter" because most butter nowadays is not real — it's almost always blended with some cheap canola oil to make it cheaper. But remember, control what you can, and do not worry about the rest. Worrying about what you cannot control is pointless.

3 Check the ingredients of all the products you buy

When you go for your next grocery shop, take a look at the ingredient list of the products you're buying daily. I still remember the first time I did this with butter on the shelf. It was shocking. I would say about half of the butters on the shelf (at least) are infused with some form of vegetable oil spread. When buying butter, what you want to see instead is just one or two ingredients. Other foods which commonly have seed oils in them are chocolate, breads, any type of biscuit or cracker and about anything that comes in a packet of sorts (processed food). And I have to give an honorable mention to granola. Almost every single granola packet you see has seed oils in it. Which is ironic, since granola is marketed as a healthy food.

BEURRE DE BARATTE NON PASTEURISÉ
DOUX 82% DE MATIÈRES GRASSES
Crème de lait non pasteurisée
(lait : origine France), ferments lactiques.
UNSALTED CHURNED BUTTER NON-PASTEURIZED
Fresh cream non-pasteurized
(milk : origin France), lactic starters.
MILDGESÄUERTE ROHMILCHBUTTER NICHT PASTEURISIERTE
Nicht pasteurisierte Sahne
(milch : ursprung France), Milchsäurebakterien.
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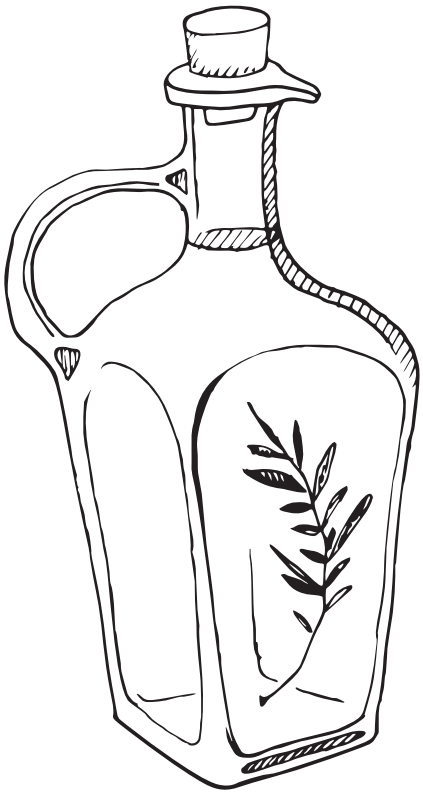
This is what the list of ingredients for butter should look like: unfortunately, a great many 'butters' are blended with unhealthy vegetable oils.

At the end of the day, seed oils are the antithesis of everything the Man's World reader believes in: health, beauty and aesthetics. Eating well is the way we will preserve and accumulate as much genetic wealth as possible.

Beauty is health.

Beauty is wealth. ■



FALL
/
MAN'S
WORLD
STYLE,
WITH
YANKEE
PIRATE
WINTER

The first bite of frosty air in the fall is something magical. It means football games, holidays, and most importantly, it means it's time to focus on your wardrobe. While the summer lends itself to bright colors and preppy nonchalance, the fall and winter allow a man to express the more serious side of himself with rugged fabrics and textured layering. Of course, these suggestions are a best fit for the climates of North America and Europe. If you're already living in Club Tropical Excellent, take the following with a grain of salt, and perhaps a margarita to go with it.

First, a man should establish his fall "uniform." This is the day-to-day outfit worn around the house and out in casual settings. The quintessential fall clothing item is the rugby shirt. It can be plain, striped, or somewhere in between, and it represents the rugged-yet-refined sportiness of a gentleman in the fall. It is an article born for layering—it can fit a turtleneck or button-down shirt underneath, and can be worn underneath a sweater, quarter zip, or jacket for extra warmth. On a crisp fall day, a stylish man could be seen walking around in a rugby shirt under a field coat or leather jacket, paired with some jeans or corduroys and suede chukka boots.

For those who work in professional environments, it is important to maintain a refined look as the temperatures drop. A camel polo coat is the iconic city coat, made for wear over a stylish gentleman's suit. Everyone from Richard Gere to Ralph Lauren has adored this garment and it has served them well.

Pair it with a plaid flannel scarf, dark cap-toe oxford shoes, a sharp charcoal gray suit, and a dark necktie. Some black leather gloves would be a stylish accessory choice for those in colder climates.

Left: Model and denizen of Club Tropical Excellent David Gandy looking supremely stylish in a light grey herringbone three piece suit and camel polo coat. Perfecto!

Below: Black Nappa leather gloves, also Ralph Lauren

Right: A classic Ralph Lauren combo including a rugby shirt, khakis and tassel loafers. Swap the loafers for chukka boats for extra dress-down points.

No winter is complete without a smashing New Year's Eve party. This event is best done in style: think black tie, smooth jazz, and champagne. Ring in the New Year like Gatsby with a rich velvet dinner jacket, white dinner shirt, and black dinner pants. Accessorize your look with some unique cufflinks, an elegant black bow tie, and luxurious Prince Albert slippers. Some men may be opposed to black tie or never have an opportunity to wear it, but this was practically the uniform of the aristocrats of old and therefore must get a mention. If there are no classy bars or clubs near you, host friends at your house and make an occasion of it. Splurge on a little luxury, it does wonders for the soul.

And just because it's snowing doesn't mean a man has to sacrifice his style. Get out on the slopes of Gstaad or Aspen in some high-tech ski gear and then head back to a classy ski lodge for cocktails. Après ski is an important ritual of the cultured man in the winter and a great opportunity to show off your winter style. Get yourself a classic, dark parka and pair it with a Norwegian sweater, a turtleneck shirt, casual jeans, and some duck boots. All you need now is some rich German liquor and a warm fire to gather around. Prost!

Top: Cary Grant in classic black tie
Above: dress cufflinks by Hackett
Left: Skull Prince Albert slipper by Del Toro
Bottom left: Nordic sherpa sweater, Ralph Lauren

This fall and winter, get out into nature and connect with your more serious and authentic side. Spend time with family and appreciate the beauty and richness of life. Most of all, do it in style, and let your appearance reflect the adventurous, aristocratic spirit that lies inside of you.

Yankee Pirate tweets @yankee_pirate

The Real Man's Guide to Smok-ing a Cigar

with Jared Michaeli

Lead in Global Sales at Mombacho Cigars

MOMBACHO

Accessories: Part I

Tools, accoutrement, accessories – call them what you will, but if you're any type of gentlemen you're already familiar with these essential life items. When it comes to being a cigar smoker, your pockets should always be adorned with the appropriate accessories to allow you to take a step back and enjoy the finest tobacco as it should be enjoyed. Accessories are something of a rabbit-hole for any lifestyle or hobby subject; before you know it you've been sucked into a world of seemingly endless extras when really there are just a few essentials. The cigar accessory world is very much like this, when in all reality for the pros there are just two must-have accessories: lighter and cutter.

In this issue, we will cover the former, the Lighting Tool, and discuss the main staple ways to light your cigar. The goal is to make certain this core competency is well understood for the best experience in smoking.

The Torch

The torch is the modern efficient and clean way of lighting a cigar, perfect for toasting the foot of the cigar and getting smokers puffing quickly. The torch is great for a beginner, but also comes with its subtleties. A torch basically uses clean butane and air to propel lit gas into a hot-blue, conical flame. Torches can be equipped with a single jet, such as a pocket torch, or up to six-plus jets, which is common for a table piece intended to live fixed near an ashtray. All options, and there are many, depend on your preference.

The torch should be held away from the cigar, so the tip of the flame is barely in contact with the foot. Spin the cigar between your thumb and index/middle fingers and work the torch in small circles around the foot of the cigar. This is hot blue heat, so be careful not to incinerate the wrapper of the cigar if you're too far off of the edge of the foot with the tip of the flame. Be careful not to burn yourself. If a torch is going bad or is overfilled with too much air it is possible the cut valve which stops the release of propelled butane can fail and the flame will die out slowly. If your cigar needs a touch up because of a burning issue, simply light the torch and quickly pass the tip of the flame back and forth over the issue area.

Torches are easy to carry. It's the user's fashion and pocket size/count that really decides on the size of the torch. Many are produced as thin and wide to fit the typical pocket, but the most common size is the cylindrical, half-palm length torch with one to three jets. A torch will usually last quite a few lights but always pay attention to the tank size, since carrying around a can of butane is pretty cumbersome if you want to top up. Travelers can try to pack a torch in a check-in luggage but should not count on it being there when they arrive; one certainly cannot bring one in a carry-on.

For the expert, the torch is a necessary tool and widely used, especially when it comes to professional applications like lounges or cigar events. A tobacco professional will always recommend this method if they are at the service of smokers. In terms of cigar specific usage, it is also the most commonly found device for lighting a cigar, especially in North America and Europe.

A combined torch and cigar cutter

The Soft Flame

In terms of accessibility and ease the soft flame lighter is king and is my absolute preferred method. The disposable soft flame, such as a Clipper or a Bic is the preferred tool for rollers and bunchers, and anyone in the factories. Of course, with the difficulty of purchasing butane in some countries this tool is easiest and always available. The soft flame is a calm, low-heat method of lighting. Disposable lighters do not come equipped with a gas as clean as torch butane, but the gas is clean enough not to alter the taste of the cigar. The question of using a Zippo always comes up, to which I always respond not to use a Zippo, because they have a thicker and less clean fuel which can alter the taste. While less aesthetically pleasing, the function of the soft flame is spot on and really allows the method of lighting to test the construction of the cigar, especially how the wrapper leaf (the outer leaf you touch) adheres to the binder leaf (beneath the wrapper), and the combustibility of the foot where the cigar was cut. There are fancy soft flames as well. These are torch style lighters that are filled with the cleaner butane found in a torch and have endless aesthetical options. For instance, this is would be a nice pipe lighter. You can get your style kicks with a soft flame and spend as much as you'd like.

When lighting with a soft flame one will need extra time to roast the foot of the cigar, as the heat is lower and less precise than a torch. If using a disposable, keep your thumb safely on the plastic because the metal pieces of the lighter will get hot quickly. If you're using a higher quality soft flame that isn't disposable, then you will have plenty of space to light and hold as you please with no issue of burning the thumb. When the flame is lit you will typically have a solid 1.25cm length to use. Hold your cigar between your thumb and index/middle finger and spin it gently. Remember this is not as precise as a torch. Place the center of the flame on the middle of the foot of the cigar. The soft flame will not light the cigar to grey like a torch but will first blacken the foot. Once the foot is toasted and most of the filler tobaccos are black, begin taking puffs while holding the flame in the same spot on the cigar. If your cigar needs a lighting correction, approach the flame with the issue area slowly, holding it in the flame for a second or two then removing it. Repeat as necessary.

Soft flames are easy to carry and are a traveler's friend, so that you can even bring one as a carry-on in most places. If you lose a disposable, no big deal, but don't lose the fancy soft flame as they typically are a bit more expensive than a torch when compared to a similar product in its class. You'll always see a cigar professional with a soft flame, and in my opinion, it is the preferred way to light a cigar. The cool burn allows the initial aromas to be more impactful, and the first taste when lighting with a soft flame is usually cooler in temperature which allows for the tobaccos affected by the smoke traveling through the cigar to remain that little bit purer.

The Match

The original lighting method, matches are a sophisticated way to enjoy lighting a cigar. Seen at nearly every cigar lounge or bar next to every ashtray. A serious cigar business would also display long-stem matches. When lighting a match, the initial sulfur strike and its smell will quickly dissipate, igniting a clean wood which burns down through the entire stem. This wood offers a very cool lighting experience, but also a much more difficult one. Matches are far more readily available in other countries outside of North America but are still less commonly found. It is important to stay away from the cheapest matches too, as the lower quality will usually hold a foul taste when inhaling a cigar to light.

Aside from the sometimes brutish approach of an unfamiliar user wielding a torch, the match is by far the most difficult method of lighting a

at once. Once the match is struck and lit, smokers should turn the match upside down for a few seconds, allowing the flame to climb up the wood to get a good ignition. Once the wood catches, quickly bring the match to parallel with the ground again as the flame will rise quickly. Bring the foot of the cigar to the flame and begin turning to toast the foot. Remember not to move the match or the flame will extinguish. Quickly turn your match upright and begin puffing on the cigar, using one hand to hold the match and the other hand to turn your cigar in your while in your mouth. Be prepared to light a few more matches if necessary, repeating the first step but continuing while puffing the cigar. If you have long stem matches, this process allows for more time which you will most likely need as matches are quickly lit and extinguished.

Matches can be taken anywhere; though, oddly, I have actually seen them confiscated at airport security. Though it is a nice experience using them, matches really aren't practical if you are the move. A smoker must know he will be stationary or in an appropriate environment to use matches, otherwise one could use an entire box just to get a less-than-perfect light. I enjoy matches and will use them if necessary but even in upscale lounges and bars I don't particularly care for them. Nevertheless, when using a match specifically designed to light cigars it is quite a refined experience and allows for an excellent initial burn if lit correctly.

Cedar Spills

If one desires elegance and a great taste with the cleanest and lowest heat, then look no further than the cedar spill. A long, thin strip of Spanish cedar (usually the material used in cigar boxes) is a fancy and very refined way to light a cigar. The aromas are incredibly pleasant, and while a smoker will need some sort of soft flame to light it, the cedar spill burns slowly with a sizeable flame. This allows smokers as much time as needed to light their cigar appropriately. The methods of lighting are the same principles as the match, though the cedar spill will allow a more flame to play with when toasting the foot of your cigar. The burning aroma is extremely pleasant and pairs well with the burning of tobaccos and smoke as it passes through your cigar. The nicest of lounges and bars will have this available, usually with several in a glass of some sort next to the matches and ashtray. When you have completed toasting the foot and puffing for a proper light, simply blow very lightly on the end of the spill to extinguish the flame, resting the spill in an ashtray so the ember may slowly extinguish itself. One caution: cedar produces ash like a cigar, so if it is taking more time to light your smoke don't do this over clothing; and when you extinguish the spill make sure not to blow too hard or in the direction of furniture or a friend, as the ash will fly.

****

The process of lighting a cigar is more than a necessity, it is ritualistic and the most important facet to enjoy a cigar. It takes times and practice. Over time, your methods will be sharpened, and your preferences will take shape. Just make certain to remember that there should be no rush in lighting up: the 100% handmade product deserves an intricate methodology. The other great facet of lighting your cigar is you get to adhere your own aesthetic to it. Don't be shy, do what is comfortable and why not look good while doing it? You may see folks put their hand behind the flame when lighting or sniffing along the cigar after the foot is toasted. No matter the method, keep lighting them up and explore the beauty of tinkering with tools and deciding what you like the most. Once you have found a type of lighting tool or method you prefer, you will proudly own it and share it with friends and hopefully the next generation to come too. ■

Mombacho cigars is kindly offering a 10% discount to all Man's World readers with the code 'rawegg'. Visit mombachocigars.com now. Part two will feature in the next issue of Man's World.

YOU NEED TO OWN A Classic Car

SICK AND TIRED OF MODERN CARS THAT NANNY YOU AND SPY ON YOU? PLUS ULTRA (@ULTRA1922) HAS JUST THE ANSWER...

Above: Porsche 914

Not only are roads littered with speed limits and surveillance cameras, the car itself is being turned into a surveillance device that observes its driver, incessantly corrects his driving style and will snitch on him at the behest of the authorities.

For many people, a car is not much more than an efficient and convenient device to get from point A to B. But they can become a real burden, crushing their owners with payments while rapidly depreciating in value. Moreover, in many regions and countries, taxes, toll roads and parking fees add to the cost of driving so substantially that it becomes an actual luxury to own a car.

Of course, a new car is still a formidable enabler of freedom. It allows its owner to travel anywhere, any time, without sticking to a public transportation schedule. It is a symbol of speed, status and an expression of the individual. It is a private cocoon, sometimes the last refuge where a man is left alone for any meaningful time. No wonder the car is intensely hated by our self-proclaimed rulers.

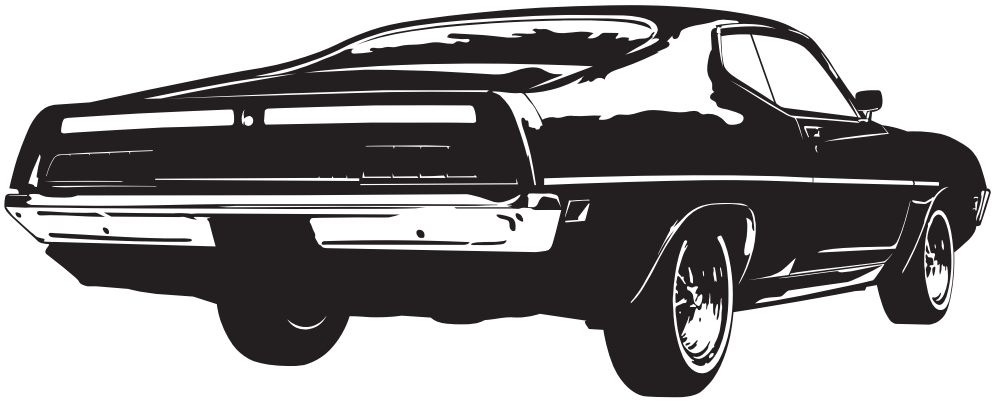
Unfortunately, they have succeeded to a considerable extent in ruining the experience. Not only are roads littered with speed limits and surveillance cameras, the car itself is being turned into a surveillance device that observes its driver, incessantly corrects his driving style and will snitch on him at the behest of the authorities. I am not going to dispute a certain value in safety and emissions regulation; for whatever it's worth, the regulation saves dumb drivers from the consequences of their ineptitude, and it presumably protects "the environment."

1988 Aston Martin V8 Vantage

1988 Porsche 959

1976 BMW 530

Audi Coupé 5E



Sadly for the rest of us, the same regulation has made modern cars fat, ugly and boring. Today's premium cars with their bag full of "assistance systems" will make a self-respecting driver slash his wrists in desperation. And that's why almost all of them get a hard "no" from me.

Of course, the proper alternative to driving a modern car is not public transportation. It is owning a classic car - as a treat for special occasions, or even as an everyday driver. Interestingly, many regulators try to shut the use of classic cars down. At the same time, some countries recognize them as cultural and industrial heritage and protect your right to use them.

Choose beauty

Owning and driving a classic car is, above all, a more or less sublime statement of aesthetics. Choosing one is an intensely personal act that reflects the owner's personality and taste. Some cars are chosen because they evoke personal experiences; it is utterly satisfying to turn a childhood dream into reality. Some offer a raw driving experience that no modern car can offer. And others can be appreciated for their industrial and technological significance or simply as works of art.

Don't shy away: Many classic cars are easy to drive. They will fire up without hesitation and handle everyday tasks just like they did when they were new. Some are expensive divas that require kid gloves and constant attention. Yet others, especially pre-war cars, need to be learnt and studied. For instance, a Ford Model T, a car that was ubiquitous in the first half of the last century and still a common sight in the USA for many decades after the war, has a different pedal layout and requires a specific starting procedure. Most people wouldn't be able to drive a Model T if their life depended on it. But it is easy to learn.

Readers of this magazine have an elevated sense of aesthetics - and they will appreciate that half of the fun in owning a classic car is the hunt for the right one. The options are endless: Some may want to go for an all-American muscle car, perhaps adorned with a Confederate battle flag, in order to loudly articulate their protest against the impositions of modern-day "Amerikwa". Some might go for a Lancia or Maserati in appreciation of the futurist aesthetic that was an precursor and indispensable part of the Mussolini era. An Aston Martin, a TVR or an MG will symbolise a masculine, specifically British style. And a Volvo 240 station wagon underscores an appreciation of a simpler life. How about a hardcore off-roader? Indeed, the choices are limitless.

Be your own man

Sometimes, a classic car becomes a challenge: It can be difficult to find parts and skilled mechanics to keep it in good shape. It is simply impossible to generalize: You can run a VW-Porsche 914 on a really tight budget, while a regular service on a Porsche 959 can set the owner back by anything between 25,000 and 50,000 dollars. That said, owning a classic car might encourage the owner to perform some maintenance and repairs by himself. It is rewarding and useful to learn and refine mechanical skills.

I firmly believe that almost every classic car has the potential to outlast today's cars, which will turn into electronic garbage once carmakers stop supporting their technology. God knows who will be able to repair or replace the multifarious control units (there can be over 100) once they sigh out their last breath, or simply provide software updates and fixes.

Consider also that new cars lose their value at an astonishing rate. You are financially far better off buying a classic car at the nadir of its value, or when it is on the upswing. That will easily make up for any maintenance and repairs your classic car might require.

While modern cars are claimed to be "safe" (who cares?), a classic car is far better at communicating the speed driven. Their horsepower ratings may be lower, but they are lighter - and they sound better. Here's another advantage: Their lack of sophisticated electronics ensures that they won't track your location and driving style. If you need GPS navigation, here's a life hack: Stick a USB port into the cigarette lighter and charge your cell phone instead. Waze beats any factory-installed navigation system - although the cell phone, of course, is the ultimate surveillance device. Best stick to road maps...

Cars need to be rethought

Even the fastest, best-looking modern cars merely simulate the future that great men once envisioned – a future that has been stolen from us. They are indelibly tainted by the influence of regulators and their pathetic obsession with safety, control and environmentalism. New cars put an electronic layer between themselves and the driver; every input is second-guessed.

And the worst is yet to come, since politicians are on a mission to extinguish the combustion engine and load up every car with a plethora of the aforementioned, impossibly annoying "assistance systems". Big Brother wants to put you into a two-and-a-half-ton RC car, remote controlled by a government-commissioned call center in Calcutta.

Just say no. Find a classic car that fits you. Replace your Chevy Bolt with a '78 Monza, your BMW 330e with a 633 CSi or your Toyota RAV4 with a classic Land Cruiser. Discover their character, watch their value go up - and enjoy the freedom and pride that they give us, and that - one day - new cars will give us once again. ■

BROKEN OPEN

WAR BANDS AND THE WOKE IN MODERN ARCHAEOLOGY

BY STONE AGE HERBALIST

On February 7th, 2018, the general public in Britain were given the news that a piece of genetic analysis had been published about a Mesolithic man who lived in Cheddar Gorge some 9000 years ago. Ordinarily this might have been a quiet news story, one that yielded nods of interest and some chatter among nerdish corners of the internet. But this was a different kind of story - for front and centre of the reporting, in gleeful triumphal tones, came the new mantra, “our ancestors were black”. According to the geneticists, the Mesolithic man may have had dark-to-black skin and green or blue eyes, an image forever associated with the Western Hunter Gatherers, and now a piece of received truth within the emerging folklore of Britain’s multicultural past. Oceans of digital ink have now been spilled in opinion columns, social science journals and dissertations, each declaring with a smug satisfaction - “the British are racist”, “the British still have a problem with race” and “our 'black ancestors' destroy the myths of white Britain”.

Main image: The new 'reconstruction' of Cheddar Man

This isn't a one-off or a rare event. Almost weekly now western media outlets report archaeological finds which somehow tally perfectly with the morals of the day: transgender skeletons, female hunters, gay Palaeoliths, non-binary Vikings, shield maidens, black Romans, the list seems endless. So how exactly did we end up in a place where archaeology has been colonised by such politicised and obviously dubious results? What has happened to the discipline to end up with bizarre readings of gender politics being considered good osteology?

> **"...our 'black ancestors' destroy the myths of white Britain, commentators say**

The Old Paradigm

The post-war years in archaeology saw a major change in direction in response to the emotional and intellectual fallout of the conflict, particularly among the 'thinking' classes, who pointed to nationalism and racism as driving forces behind the slaughter. Prior to the Second World War, archaeology had been developing along a trajectory which accepted the existence of defined 'cultures', identifiable through their particular type of material culture (pottery, buildings, weapons, art etc) and burial practices. This idea, that cultures could be readily observed through differences in their artefacts, had been slowly established since the mid-1700s and came to be called the 'Culture-Historical' model or approach. Culture-History was an explanation for how particular groups of people maintained a distinctive way of life and was strongly tied to the developing notion of an ethnic identity. Scandinavian, German and British thinkers had developed a distinction between 'Kultur' and civilisation, tying a 'Volk' to a unique pattern of behaviours, defined by Edward B. Tylor as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society". Works such as Klemm's General Culture-History of Humanity, a 10 part series published between 1843-52, expanded the idea and divided the world into the 'active' and 'passive' races, the pinnacle of each being the Germans on the one hand and the Negroids and Finns on the other.

Probably the most important figure of the time, however, was Gustaf Kossinna. Kossinna (1858-1931) was a Professor of Archaeology at the University of Berlin and pioneered a methodological approach to archaeology known today as 'settlement archaeology'. He believed that Europe during prehistory was a jumble of different cultures, each with a distinct type of material culture. He argued that a culture was an equivalent expression of an ethnicity; therefore not only was Europe a pathwork of distinct cultural groups, but each group had a unique racial and ethnic origin which could be traced by following the material culture backwards and forwards in time. He postulated that the origins of the Indo-Europeans lay with a series of migrations which allowed a more creative and dominant culture to rise above the passive and weak. These ideas, more than any others, have been denounced today as pseudoscience, racist, bad scholarship and unworthy of consideration. We will return to them later in the essay to see Kossinna vindicated.

British archaeologist V. Gordon Childe took Kossinna's ideas and developed a powerful and lasting methodological approach to prehistoric archaeology. In his 1925 works Dawn of European Civilisation and The Danube in Prehistory, Childe outlined a full and complete hypothesis of European prehistory, showing the distinct cultural groups based on their material culture and how various technologies had moved into Europe from the Middle East. This was a major breakthrough and many of the cultures have passed into the standard archaeological model, including the Bell Beakers and the Hallstatt. The triumph of the Culture-Historical approach can be seen today - it is still the dominant mode of analysis in most countries around the world. Its strengths lie in the ability for people and groups today to link themselves to past cultures and feel a sense of continuity with the past. It also allows nations to claim sections of prehistory and deliberately bind the current system to a previous and more ancient one, for good or ill. But it was precisely this quality which horrified the post-war generation of scholars and the backlash against Culture-History has ruled the academy ever since.

Rise of the New Paradigm

It wouldn't be fair to label the rejection of Culture-History as merely squeamishness on the part of the post-war researchers. Decades of new ideas had begun to filter into the mix, including social anthropology, positivism, functionalism, ecological approaches and Marxism, to name a few. Archaeology found itself in a decade-by-decade intellectual maelstrom, as one idea competed with another and the scientific technology improved exponentially.

Out went older forms of study, including craniometry and philology, and in came radiocarbon dating, scientific objectivity and a massive influx of data from the natural sciences, including geology, biology, ecology, chemistry, experimental replication and palaeontology. The horizon of possibilities for a young researcher seemed limitless, with new methods of studying soil samples, dating artefacts and examining the molecular composition of deposits left on pottery and tools. Experimental archaeologists began building ships, siege engines, knapping flint and creating entire living villages to experiment with agricultural techniques and wooden architecture. Anthropology was integrated in new and exciting ways, and researchers like Marshall Sahlins, Colin Turnbull and Lewis Binford demonstrated that hunter-gatherers were not living in Hobbesian nightmares, but enjoyed rich and healthy lives, largely free of the toils of farming peoples. The 1966 'Man the Hunter' symposium resulted in gender, firescaping and high-quality anthropological data being placed foremost in the literature. Marxism pushed economics to the front of many debates, allowing materialism to be taken seriously and the study of trade, coinage, markets and material consumption became dominant in every field from the Neolithic to the Roman Empire.

Many of these intellectual movements of course took place in a wider social context, as the Cultural Revolution of the 1960's introduced feminism, identity, power and hierarchy, collective liberation struggles, subaltern studies, decolonisation and similar ideas into the academy. Evolutionary theories such as sociobiology and evolutionary psychology were also made use of by archaeologists and anthropologists - Napoleon Chagnon being a classic example.

However, within this brew of ideas and theories was a set of common commitments. The older intellectual traditions of Culture-History and forms of colonial and racial anthropology were denounced and largely expunged from the academy. Culture-History was an obvious candidate for ire, since many fascist thinkers and movements had made direct use of the approach, not to mention the sympathies within that generation of archaeologists for Nazism and similar ideologies. Kossinna himself was crucial in developing the idea of a biologically superior Aryan race and that the German nation was both the inheritor of this line. The Nazis founded the 'Ahnenerbe', an organisation dedicated to finding supporting evidence for the Aryan hypothesis. They launched expeditions to Syria, Tibet, the Antarctic, analysed runes in

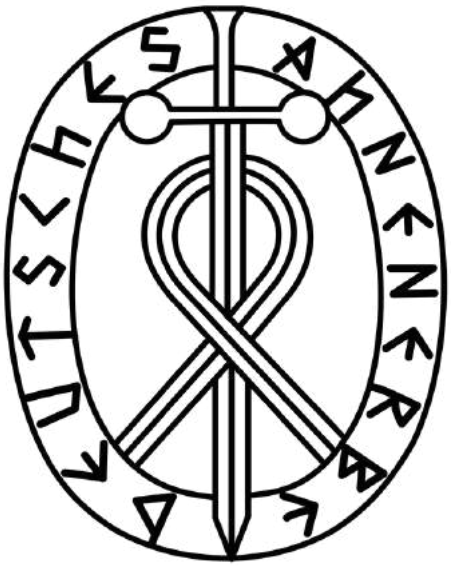
Scandinavia and searched for Atlantis.

Given this history, the post-war archaeological discipline purged its methodologies and approaches of anything which smacked of racialism and the search for ethnically distinct and superior cultures. As the decades moved on, archaeology built a shaky but tenacious fortress of intellectual defenses against part of its heritage, based on the total rejection of racial science. Part of this included the downplaying or dismissal of any theory which placed migration or invasion at the heart of its interpretation. It also involved promoting a form of fairly radical subjectivity which intended to demolish the idea of 'higher' or 'lower' stages of human life, to allow indigenous and hunter-gatherer people to be included in the human story without being denigrated to a lower level of existence. Altogether, by the 1990's and early 2000's, Western archaeology largely prided itself on having removed the majority of racial, nationalist, patriarchal and colonialist theory and rhetoric from within the discipline.

The Two Towers: the Woke and the Steppe

Into this comfortable consensus came two earth-shattering movements. These twin challenges were the rise of a hyper-militant Americanised obsession with identity and power, and the devastating return of the Culture-Historical model in 2015. The former is well known to everyone at this point and needs little explanation, but its particular manifestation within archaeology has been difficult and awkward and has yet to be fully digested. Some obvious examples include:

-The collaboration between historians and archaeologists to downplay and even deny the Saxon invasion of Britain, citing the colonial heritage of Saxon supremacy and the admission of a migration hypothesis.
-The 'queering' of Viking archaeology, the interpretation of Norse mythology as pro-LGBT, of burials as showing no common ancestry to Viking warriors, the existence of female fighters and non-binary or transgender individuals.
-The interpretation of several high profile Roman-era skeletons as sub-Saharan females.
-The insistence on gender parity during Palaeolithic and Mesolithic prehistory.
-The introduction of queer, disability and feminist theory within prehistoric archaeology as standard teaching practice.
-A commitment among archaeologists to ensure their work does not support or uphold 'nativist' or nationalist interpretations of history.

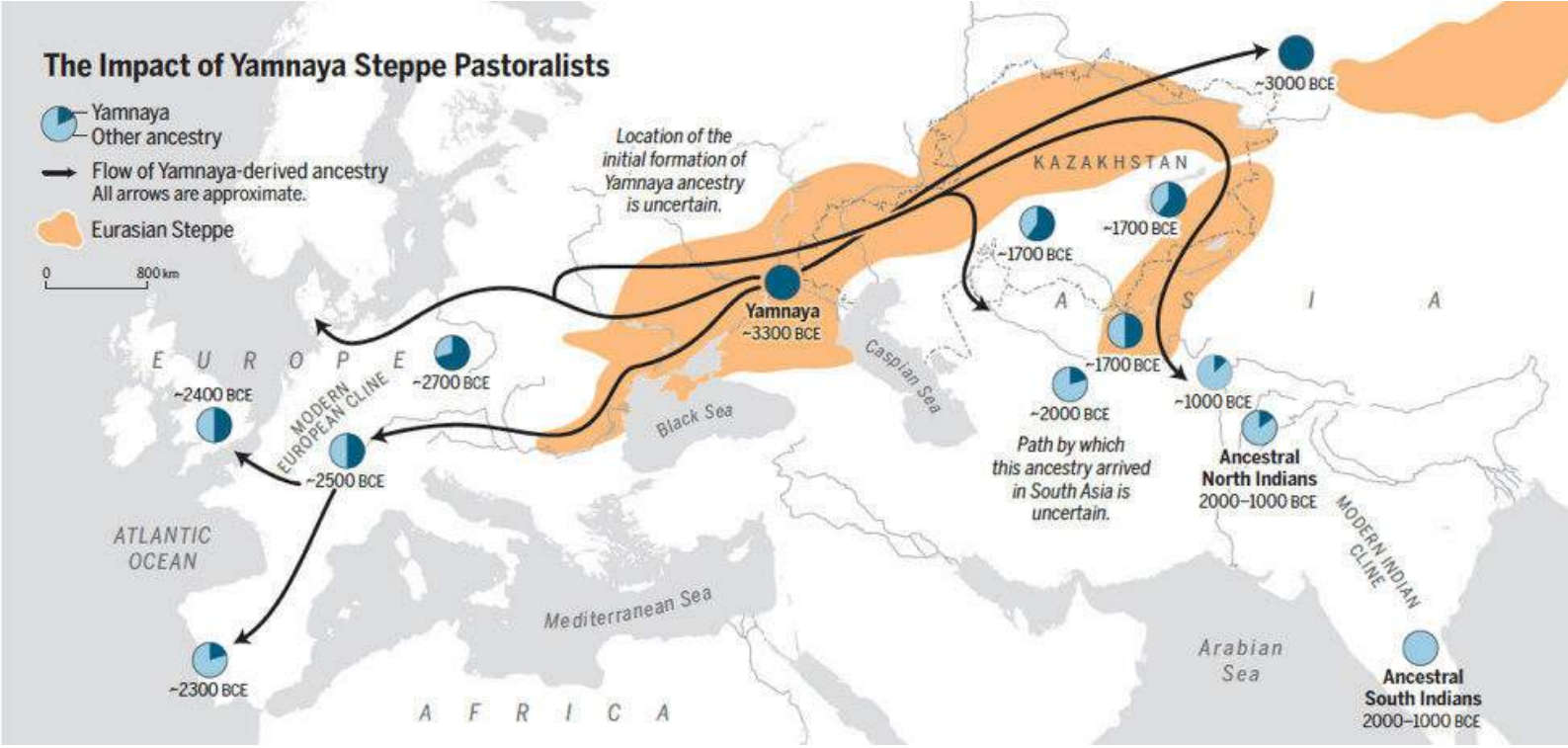


Right: Gusta Kossinna
Above: Insignia of the Deutsches Ahnenerbe, the 'Ancestral Society established by SS head Heinrich Himmler to investigate the racial history of Aryan Germany

Taken together, a number of concerns have animated recent research, including the identity politics of race and sexuality, the older feminist insistence on equality and the anxiety of bolstering a multiracial narrative in the face of mass migration, starting in the mid-1990s. Alongside the rise of these issues has been the downplaying of more traditional topics, particularly anything focused on violence, invasions, migrations and conquest. A hybrid approach to prehistory has emerged which has largely maintained the older Culture-Histories, such as the Solutrean or the Maglemosian, but which focuses heavily on individuals, their particular lives, the lives of objects and the subjectivities of older 'lifeways'. It's noticeable how absent any large scale top-down narrative is for prehistory, often leaving students bewildered about how to contextualise historical processes and change.

However, the most grating part of these developments has actually been the destruction of theoretical tools in the face of the 'woke' approach. For example, the resurrection of craniometry to prove the ancestry of Roman skeletons, or the attempt to diagnose 'gender identity' from grave goods isn't a comfortable outgrowth of archaeology as presented from the 1960's onwards. It has the hallmarks of an imposed and outsider approach to archaeological interpretation, forcing researchers to twist older methods to suit new needs. Bioarchaeological studies of so-called 'third' or 'fourth' genders appeal to the ethnographic record for examples of men who behave as women and vice-versa, which do exist, but they then rely on diagnostic patterns on the bones of a person to reveal a contradiction between their livelihood and their sex. This is uncomfortable for a discipline which has worked tirelessly to abolish the presumption of gender roles and in other osteological examinations will attempt to subvert their own findings. For example, a female skeleton which shows wear patterns of upper limb extension that suggest throwing would be joyfully considered a female hunter; but on being forced to consider the existence of a 'third' gender, we might have to conclude that this was 'actually' a man who was born into the wrong body instead.

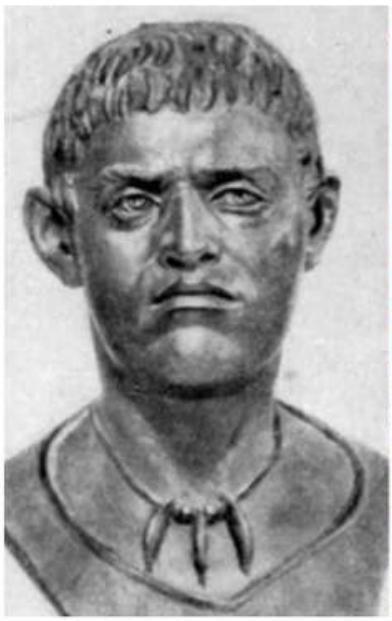
While these debates and intellectual currents have been steadily working their way into the legitimate side of academic archaeology, a more frightening spectre has emerged: the ghost of 'Culture-History' has come back with a vengeance. In 2015 two papers were published, Haatz et al 2015 and Allentoft et al 2015, both triumphantly holding up the severed head of post-war archaeology with the following conclusions: a third group of Europeans existed aside from the Western Hunter Gatherers and the Early European Farmers; these were



either directly descended from the Yamnaya Steppe Cultures or a very similar group; and this group migrated into Europe from the Pontic-Caspian region and most likely began the spread of Indo-European languages. Along with these two papers came several more (Rasmussen et al 2015, Mathieson et al 2015 and Poznik et al 2015) which asserted that the Yamnaya invaders were fair skinned, much larger in stature and were predominantly male.

It is difficult to overstate the distress and anxiety these results caused in the archaeological world: a theoretical bomb had just vaporised the foundations of the entirety discipline of modern archaeology. Invasions were real, male warriors dominated Europe, they were white, huge and aggressive, they took local women and killed or subjugated the men, they had symbols of war – they were the nightmare Aryans of earlier generations. It was all real. Before the Haatz paper was even published several co-authors quit, distressed at the implications of their own research, the main authors had to write a 141 page appendix denouncing any connections between their findings and the Culture-Historical approach, but the cat was out of the bag.

In a 2017 paper entitled 'Kossinna's Smile', Volker Heyd summarised several years of conference tears with the following: "While I have no doubt that both papers are essentially right, they do not reflect the complexity of the past. It is here that archaeology and archaeologists contributing to aDNA studies find their role; rather than simply handing over samples and advising on chronology, and instead of letting the geneticists determine the agenda and set the messages, we should teach them about complexity in past human actions and interactions". Frustrations abounded across the global community - Ann Horsburgh, an African prehistorian railed bitterly: "such molecular chauvinism prevents meaningful engagement. It's as though genetic data, because they're generated by people in lab coats, have some sort of unalloyed truth about the Universe." But the bombs kept going off. In 2018 a paper by Olalde et al broke the news that up to 90% of Britain's Neolithic population were replaced by incoming



HOW THE YAMNAYA PEOPLE SPREAD THROUGH EUROPE
DNA evidence of Yamnaya takeover
Spread of people
Spread of Bell Beaker culture
4400 years ago 'Yamnaya' Beakers reach Britain
4500 years ago 'Yamnaya' Beakers reach Iberia
Around 4900 years ago some Corded Ware people have Yamnaya ancestry
Bell Beaker culture spreads eastwards 4600-4500 years ago
Yamnaya arrive in south east Europe around 5000 years ago
Black Sea
Caucasus Mountains
The first Bell Beaker people appear some 4700 years ago

News > World News

RIDE OR DIE Are the horse-riding Yamnaya tribe who brutally murdered their way across Europe the most violent people in history?

The powerfully built tribe swept into Europe between 4000 and 5000 years ago and their DNA lives on in us today

Top: The impact of the Yamnaya, on the basis of the new genetic studies since 2015
Above: A sun.co.uk headline from 2019

Bell Beaker steppe migrants. It could not have been more devastating for the old guard, many of whom have spent their lives dedicated to a particular theory of Beaker pottery movement, summed up in the famous 'first lecture' phrase - "pots are pots, not people". The return of Kossinna and his 'settlement archaeology' has been quickly dismissed as 'Risk Board archaeology', but despite the pleas, walk outs and demands of researchers, Kossinna is indeed smiling.

The Gathering Storm

Sharp-eyed readers will have noted among the reactions to the 2015 papers this revealing phrase - "we should teach them about complexity in past human actions and interactions", referring to archaeologists teaching geneticists about complexity. Or in other words, we don't like the results you're proving, we need to teach you how to produce better ones. This threat is likely the opening salvo in a new war to reclaim the narrative from the scientists and bring it back into the text house of traditional archaeology.

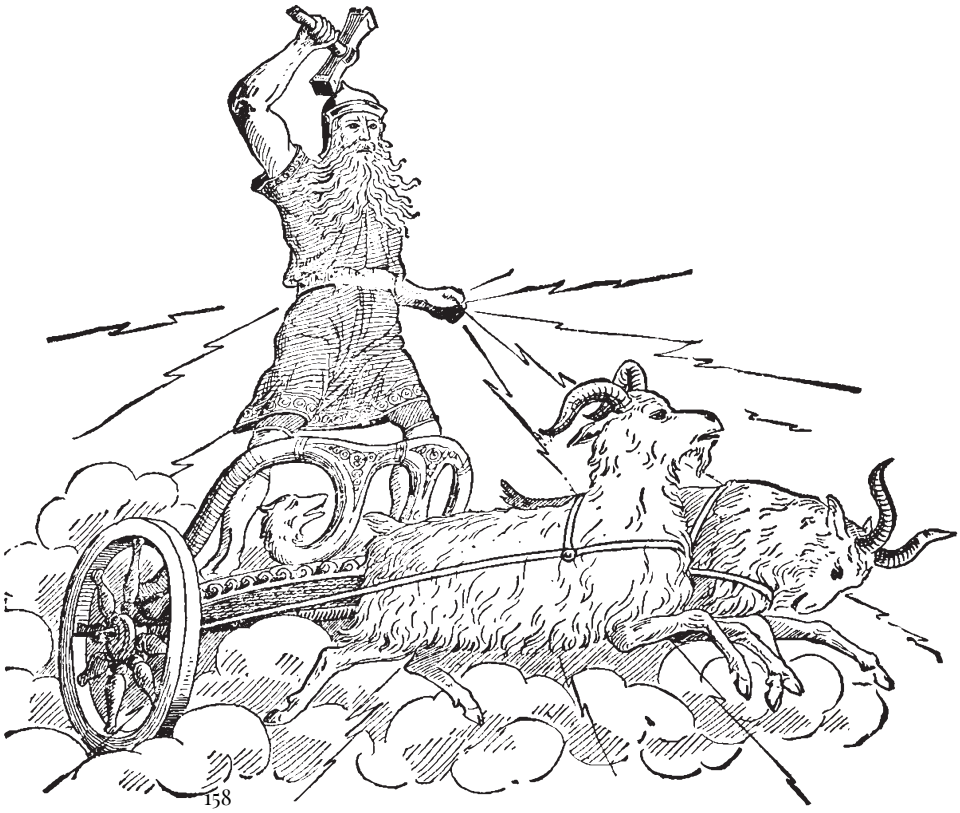
This conflict between genetics and older methods of interpretation is in its infancy. The first ancient skeleton to have his genome fully sequenced was a Greenlander in 2010 by Eske Willerslev. Clearly, we have many years ahead of us. A good indicator of the emerging struggle is in the 2019 paper 'Present Pasts in the Archaeology of Genetics' by Frieman and Hofmann. In it, the authors rail against the Yamnaya steppe war band interpretation of the 2015 papers. They build a laughably absurd case that the media had racialised the Yamnaya, by decrying the use of the term 'thugs' as racist in North American parlance (the paper was published in Denmark) and complaining about an Armenian translation of the Indo-European war band tradition as 'Black Youth'. They demand that genetic information such as eye colour and skin tone not be reported in the literature, state that home and hobby DNA testing kits have fuelled an obsession with appearance and make the bizarre claim that the fact that dominant males reproduced more in prehistory should be irrelevant in genetic reporting. They state: "It is time to question whether the almost exclusive emphasis in our narratives of the past on successful, conquering, increasingly whiter and male individuals, the classic winners of (pre)history, is terribly well thought out, or indeed an objective representation".

But the real meat of their pitch comes at the end, where they make a series of further demands that archaeogenetics submit to the greater interpretive power of traditional archaeology. Hiring non-geneticists to write lengthy and complex additions to papers, altering publication standards, educating university press officers and so on – the fight is now on. In a similarly hysterical paper Hakenbeck (2019) increases the pressure on the geneticists and looks even to pull down the commercial DNA testing companies, stating that white nationalists are taking to online forums to compare ancestry results, looking for Y-chromosome haplotypes which might identify them as Yamnaya. We should expect to see further and more institutional changes in archaeology to ensure that the results of these genetics studies are dampened and problematised. They won't be able to ban these studies entirely – almost all the money in archaeology now goes into such STEM-oriented work – but they can and will double down on making the results as muddied as possible.

Conclusions

Archaeology has come full circle from the late 19th century to the early 21st. The older thinkers who looked to the material artefacts from excavations and carefully categorised them by type and age have been lifted from their obscurity and deserve wider recognition. Only with the absolute precision of genetics have their names and ideas been reinvigorate. A more interesting future for archaeology lies ahead, one where migrations, conquests and vitality are back on the table. To be a traditionally liberal academic working on archaeology today is to be hemmed in between the ghosts of Culture-History and blue-haired students demanding that skeletons be considered queer third genders. The latter has the institutional backing, but little public support and almost no research outputs. The former is ploughing ahead into new territory and leaving behind the old guard with their beaker pots in their trembling hands. A real fight has smashed the consensus, and the potential direction of archaeology is now up for grabs in a meaningful way. If more geneticists, interested in Culture-History and looking to determine the truth of the Indo-European and other great migrations, were to be trained and enter the profession, we could see a powerful new direction in scholarship. Of course, this enthusiasm should be tempered by the realities of working in a captured and hostile institution, but for the first time in decades there is a breach in the walls and we should take full advantage of it. ■

Stone Age Herbalist tweets @paracelsus1092. Visit linktr.ee/stoneageherbalist for links to all his writing and more.



MEETING SPENGLER AT WINTER'S END

ALEXANDER LEONG (@SWOLEBECQ) RUMINATES ON THE MEANING OF EUROPE'S CIVILISATIONAL DECLINE, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OSWALD SPENGLER.

Earlier this week I was thinking about this essay prompt I once assigned my students:

"The history of Europe is a history of failure to learn from past mistakes. Discuss."

I had a bit of time and got to thinking about why Europe has historically been the site of great carnage and invention. And also the home of some of the world's great colonisers and despoilers.

Oswald Spengler was a German philosopher of history. In his masterwork The Decline of the West, he outlined his grand theory of history, in which he argued rather convincingly and in great detail, that the civilizations of man are like living organisms, each with its own life cycle.

Civilizations are born, grow up, enjoy a period of maturity, and then decay into senescence - Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

In his theory, he stated that each civilization has its origins in the identification (revelation?) of what he called a Prime Symbol – a set of concepts, abstractions and assumptions about reality that become the focal point of a particular people. When it first manifests, it unleashes a torrent of creative energy. This is the Spring phase – a new Culture is coming together. Out of the primordial undifferentiated Many, arose a new One.

New cultural, artistic, literary, philosophical, and perhaps scientific forms often accompany this phase, filled as it is with raw efflorescent energy. In Europe, the Prime Symbol that arose from the 9th century onwards was the idea of Infinite Space and (to a lesser extent) Infinite Time. The construction of the first Gothic cathedral concretized this notion, a yearning for Infinity.

As a Culture grows to maturity, cultural habits and traits are made manifest. In the European-Faustian civilization, this took the form of an overarching desire to explore and conquer as much space and time as possible. Reducing the distance between things, people, and places to nothing. This was the élan vital (vital force) which compelled Faustian man to explore the world ravenously, far beyond the borders of the Ancient Greek and Roman horizons.

It was this Prime Symbol of Infinite Space which inspired Faustian man, and no one else, to develop increasingly instantaneous modes of communication. Annihilating the time and distance between places. Unlocking the power of fossil sunlight to speed the journey between lands and seas.

The Faustian yearning for infinity which saw its birth pangs build the echoing spires of the Gothic cathedral expanded and progressed. Remnants of this insatiable yearning to conquer and annihilate space and time can be seen in the present drive toward space exploration, colonisation and the increasing extension of human life.

If, however, Spengler's thesis is right, this explains why the history of Europe is filled with so much bloodshed. Every individual, clan, township, city, prince, and king – all were immersed in an intense yearning for infinity. It was a feeling they could not describe and could resist no more than you can describe and resist the electrical currents in your brain.

They desired to conquer as much space as possible, for as long as possible. These Faustian states collided time and time again, battling to satisfy a yearning that had no name but was written in their fates. The Wars of the Roses, the Thirty Years War, the Conquistadors, the Scramble for Empire, the World Wars, the Cold War... Thinking with Spengler, it is apparent that these were caused (in part, if not in whole) by the manifestation of the Faustian Prime Symbol.

This ceaseless conflict we see has been resolved in two different ways by two of the oldest surviving civilizations on Earth: the Indian and Chinese.

The Prime Symbol of Chinese civilisation (and it is an incredibly old, crystallized civilization) is The Path.

Consider the yin-yang. It represents the intermingling duality of Cosmic Order. Man and Woman. Light and Shadow. Sun and Moon. Active and Passive. Chaos and Order. One half represents Chaos and the other half represents Order. There is a small oasis of Order amidst the Chaos, and a small oasis of Chaos amidst the Order. Between the two principles lies a narrow and tenuous Path, always shifting, never the same for long.

Understand: Chinese warlords had been at war for hundreds if not thousands of years. Somehow, China settled into a comfortable stasis with the adoption of Taoism, Confucianism, and the formation of the Imperial Court. Conflict was minimized because every man, woman, and child saw the world as comprised of the interplay between Yin and Yang. To live well, then, was to live legalistically. To live in harmony with Nature and Nature's Law, was to live in accordance with the Tao, or the Great Way.

The Path even stipulated that the Emperor was beholden to this perilous journey of treading the Path, walking a fine line between the lawful but rigid Order, and the degenerative anarchy of Chaos. Veer too close to either and the Middle Kingdom would fall. This was the Mandate of Heaven.

In contrast, India's solution to strife was the stratification of her people into the caste system - priests, warriors, merchants, and everyone else. As long as everyone knew their place, showed up and did their jobs, civil and cosmic order could be maintained. This state of affairs served them well enough and the Indian subcontinent enjoyed a period of relative prosperity and peace1 until the arrival of the whites.

Another implication of Spengler's thesis is that once a Culture has reached maturity, it plateaus. It has completed its metamorphosis into a

Civilisation. The duration of the summertime of a Culture varies from place to place, but inevitably summer gives way to Autumn. In the Autumn phase there is no longer cultural innovation, only refinement and iteration.

- What improvements there are, are gradual. The low-hanging fruit have all been plucked.

- The culture itself becomes bloated and encumbered under the weight of its own growing complexity. The simple tonal rhythm of a Henry Purcell or a Gregorian chant give way to Baroque and rococo. We have hit the point of diminishing returns.

After a time, Autumn gives way to Winter. The civilization is now in its terminal stage – it has exhausted all its unique and particular cultural forms. It can maintain novelty, sure, and may still credibly present the FACADE of new literary/artistic/ musical forms, but only by importing cultural tropes from other cultures and civilizations.

The hybridity and "cultural promiscuity" of Western civilisation starting from 1900 indicates that European civilization is well into the decline.

A unique feature of the Faustian worldview is that it denies the possibility that other cultures may have their own unique and particular life-histories and trajectories. In the Faustian worldview there is only one acceptable and valid narrative: that we emerged from the darkness of the caves and fumbled about the world until some of us discovered a particular set of truths and axioms about reality.

We have then proceeded to develop our understanding of these natural laws to conquer child mortality, sickness, material privation, and are on track to conquer the stars and bring about a material utopia for all... in the template of the cultural features to which Faustian people (read: Westerners) are accustomed. The notion that some people might resist this agenda, that this might be interpreted as flawed, misguided, or even morally repugnant does not register in the Faustian worldview.

Alternative worldviews came to be seen as primitive, superstitious, generally undeserving of serious consideration. Must be crushed and cast out into the outer dark. No surprise then, the totalizing ideologies of the late 19th and the entire 20th century emerged as the offspring of the Faustian worldview, memetic viruses that imbued their hosts with a yearning to conquer all of time and space in the name of the Third Reich/ Communism/ Socialism/ the Free Market/ The Singularity/ Social Justice, and what have you.

Yes, that's right the Third Reich and Social Justice. Both are children of the Faustian Culture and its totalizing desire to conquer and annihilate space and time. Ideological warfare, properly understood, is really nothing more than a squabble among siblings to be #1. And secondly, because neither of them will work. Not in the long term. Because none of these ideologies born of Faustianism recognize the reality that Decline is already underway, and that it is irreversible and ultimately unstoppable.

Frustratingly, adopting Spengler's philosophy of history guarantees there will be no "Western revival".

There will be no Restoration of the West.

All Faustian Man can do is embrace the reality of this process. Gain an understanding of the process of catabolic collapse – maybe even accelerate it in some cases, or adopt the Reactionary route and try to stave off the final death throes of Faustian civilisation for as long as possible.

It may take 50 or 500 years, but the West will continue to decline and finally pass on. You can reasonably predict that from at some point in the distant future, Europe will cease to be a major player on the world-historical stage... at least for a time.

But here's the thing: Winter never lasts. One day the sunlight of Spring will shine through the cold and sleeping dormancy of the Western world. A new Culture will arise, incorporating recognizable features of what we now know, but in what form we cannot predict or expect.

metabroh

The Course of Empire: Destruction, Thomas Cole (1836)

SHE KNOWS A MAN'S WORLD READER WHEN SHE SEES ONE

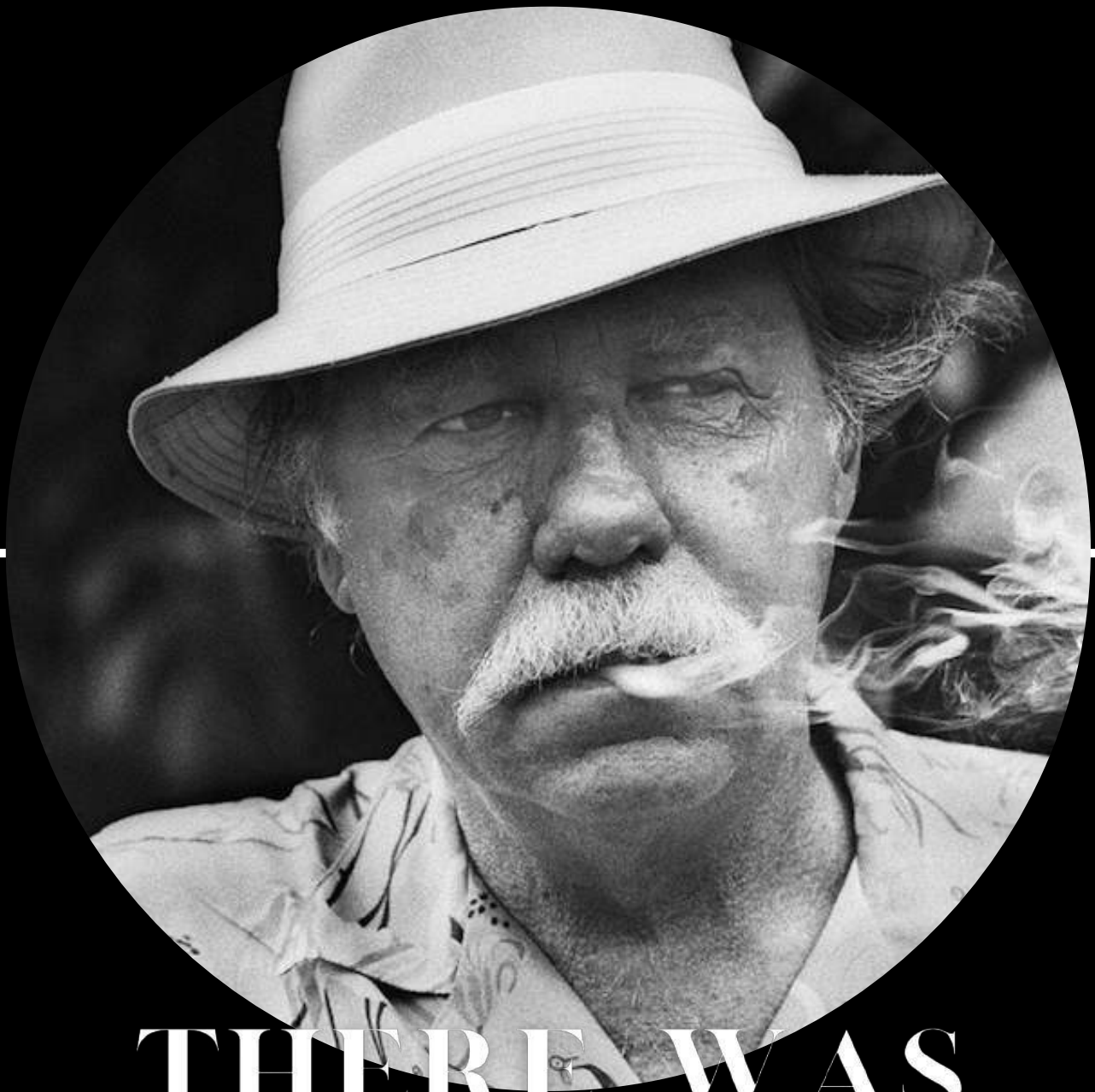
'Oh my God, do you read MAN'S WORLD?' How many times has he heard this – at a bar or nightclub, on the floor at Sak's Fifth Avenue or Liberty of London, or just when he's smoking a cigarette and pumping gas on the way back home to his exclusive basement dwelling? He hears it repeated every day. Like a mantra.

So what is it that makes a MAN'S WORLD reader instantly identifiable to the opposite sex? Is it his style? The cut of his suit, the way that he wears that heirloom timepiece on his wrist? Perhaps it's the confident way he moves, the ease of a man who knows what he wants and how to get it? Maybe there's a smell – a scent that catches and lingers in the air long after he's gone?

Truth be told, it's all of those things that make a MAN'S WORLD man what he is. All of those things and just a little bit more. Call it *je ne sais quoi*. Magic.

MAN'S WORLD: For the man who's greater than the sum of his parts.

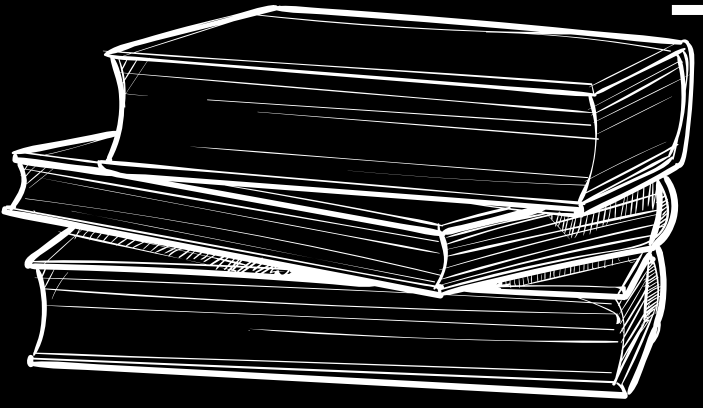
MW



THERE WAS ONCE A MAN

The Life and Work of Charles Willeford

By Stilicho Americanus



Conjure up the stereotypical novelist in 2021. What is their background? Odds are that they grew up in a fashionable suburb outside of a major American city. Likely candidates include D.C., New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. Sometimes their parents stayed together; sometimes they divorced. In the end, the writer went to a prestigious college, did an internship, and then wound up getting an MFA or graduating from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. This completed, they publish a novel with a social conscience that wins applause from the "New Yorker," the "New York Times," and all the rest. From here it's film, TV, and a new career writing snarky, elitist journalism for the same rags that championed their first novel.

Charles Willeford followed the opposite path to greatness. Although little known outside of hardcore crime fiction aficionados, Willeford churned out classic detective and crime novels from the 1950s until his death in the late 1980s. His work combines black comedy with the philosophy of cool detachment. Most of his characters are psychopaths who try to turn a profit in the modern world. Sometimes these psychopaths are the bad guys, and sometimes it is hard to tell. Through it all, Willeford managed to attach himself to several sub-genres, from the hardboiled to the Southern gothic. He is also one of the co-founders of South Florida noir, as his detective, Hoke Moseley of the Miami Police Department, stars in a string of excellent police procedurals. One novel, 1984's "Miami Blues," became an excellent film in 1990 starring Alec Baldwin and Fred Ward as the aforementioned detective.

As engrossing and exciting as Willeford's novels are, the man's life trumped it all. According to "Crime Reads" author Craig Pittman, Willeford was born Charles Ray Willeford III in Little Rock, Arkansas. Tuberculosis first claimed Willeford's father before taking his mother in 1927. At that time, he lived in Los Angeles, and Willeford would later write (and biographer Don Herron would confirm) that he considered L.A. his hometown. But he did not stay in the City of Angels for long. Worried that his aging grandmother could not feed him during the Great Depression, Willeford took to the roads and rails and became a hobo. Willeford was a member of the bum fraternity for a year. He made signs, avoided railroad cops, and slept out in the open with other bums.

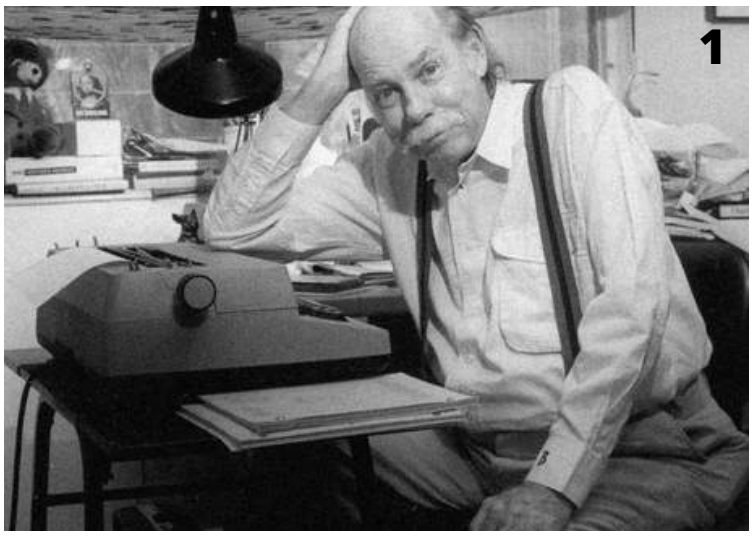
At fifteen, Willeford lied about his age in order to join the California National Guard. The ruse worked. Willeford eventually joined the regular army and was stationed in the Philippines (then a protectorate of the United States). Here Willeford learned to cook and drive trucks. When his first contract expired in 1938, Willeford re-enlisted. His new contact placed him in a cavalry unit stationed at the Presidio. His biography, 1986's "Something about a Soldier," speaks of his cavalry days as blissful, with Willeford learning how to properly train, ride, and shoe horses. Willeford also learned marksmanship as a member of a machine gun unit.

"Just tell the truth, and they'll accuse you of writing black humor."

Charles Willeford (1919-1988)

When the U.S. joined World War II, Willeford was shipped off to Fort Benning to learn how to be an infantry grunt. Eventually he became a member of C Company, 11th Tank Battalion, 10th Armored Division. Created in 1942, the 10th Armored Division got its first taste of combat after D-Day when it was assigned to General George S. Patton's Third Army. The 10th got its baptism of blood at Mars-la-Tour, and from there battled veteran Wehrmacht and SS units during the capture of Metz and the fighting along the Siegfried Line. Willeford saw all of this as a noncommission officer.

The division's true test however came at Bastogne. The division's Sherman tanks, tank destroyers, and half-tracks were outnumbered by the Germans and their Panzer IVs, and yet the Americans managed to hold the line and counterattack. In the end, the Americans won the Siege of Bastogne, and would go on to defeat the German counterstrike known as the Battle of the Bulge. For his actions during the battles, Willeford received a Silver Star, Bronze Star, the Luxembourg War Cross, and a Purple Heart with a single oak leaf cluster. Pittman notes in his article that Willeford kept mum about the war throughout his life. Even his last wife Betsy knew little about his combat experience.



1 Willeford at his typewriter
2 &3 Scenes from the 1990 movie version of his novel Miami Blues, starring Fred Ward, Alec Baldwin and Jennifer Jason Leigh
4 American soldiers at Bastogne, 1944
5 One of Willeford's paintings, 'Ketzerei in Orange'

Despite the horrors he had seen, Willeford stayed in the Army. He obtained the rank of master sergeant while stationed in postwar Japan with the 24th Infantry Division. It was around this time that Willeford began showing his artistic side—he ran a military radio station in Kyushu, he left the Army to attend art school in Lima, Peru, and after being expelled for falsifying his academic record (Willeford was a dropout who never spent a day in high school), Willeford washed up in New York City. The former vagabond found stability again when he enlisted in the U.S. Air Force. From 1949 until 1956, Willeford served on active duty as a non-commissioned officer in Alabama, California, Florida, and Newfoundland.

While modern writers bellyache about "writer's block" or the limitless distractions of social media, Willeford went through two wives and all the bureaucratic nonsense of the Air Force and still wrote his first books. "Proletarian Laughter," a book of poetry, was published during the swan song of Willeford's Army career, while "High Priest of California," Willeford's first novel, "Wild Wives," and "Pick-Up" were all published during the last years of Willeford's Air Force stint. And what novels they are—"High Priest of California" is the story of an amoral car salesman who lusts after married women in San Francisco; "Wild Wives" is a slim and efficient private eye tale centered around a potentially insane woman; and "Pick-Up" is a beautifully written caper featuring a mixed-race couple trying to get their slice of the pie in underworld San Francisco.

Willeford's paperback originals sold well enough, but not so well that he had to give up his day job. After the Air Force, Willeford returned to his roots as a working-class bohemian. He worked as a boxer, actor, radio announcer, and horse trainer. He lived for a spell in Paris as a painter. He finally got around to finishing his education, earning both a B.A. and M.A. in English literature at the University of Miami. Willeford went almost a decade without writing between 1962 and 1971. During this time Willeford focused on teaching English at Miami-Dade Community College. He would hold that position until 1985. Three years after retirement, a heart attack ended the bold and adventurous life of Charles Willeford.

For those who know, Willeford's work ranks up there with the best in American crime fiction. While his Hoke Moseley novels get most of the acclaim, some of Willeford's best work transcends the confines of mere crime fiction. "Cockfighter" (1962), which was made into a film in 1974 starring the great Warren Oates, is a surreal story of a mute cockfighter who stoops to brutal lows in order to be the best cockfighter around. "Cockfighter" is almost Greek in portrayal of the anti-hero's journey. Another Willeford classic, 1960's "The Woman Chaser," is a pitch-black study of a used car salesman and formerly successful songwriter who winds up inhabiting a world of infanticide, incest, and nonstop betrayal. ("The Woman Chaser" was made into a film in 1999, with Patrick Warburton was the cold protagonist.) 1971's "The Burnt Orange Heresy" is often considered Willeford's finest work, and its story deals with art critic Jacques Figueras, who is not above murdering his rivals to further his career. It too was made into film in 2019, with big names like Mick Jagger and Donald Sutherland taking part.

Willeford dedicated his life to writing sparse, dangerous, and deeply masculine novels. Hollywood has shown its appreciation from time to time, and yet Willeford is still something of a cult phenomenon. This is unfair considering the quality of his writing. Willeford's story is also a reminder that the best artists are men born and bred in the arena. Like Dante, Cervantes, and Camoes, Willeford was a soldier before a poet, and like fellow American modernist Ernest Hemingway, Willeford saw the ugly side of combat before he ever set pen to paper. In sum, Willeford lived a masculine life, and this animated his fiction. We have lost such men over the course of time, but there are some signs of change.

Willeford's story is also a reminder that the best artists are men born and bred in the arena.

One of the best, but most underappreciated articles of 2021 appeared in "IM-1776," which is a new publication that everyone on /ourside should read. Written by Alex Perez, "The New Literary Bad Boys" is primarily an introduction to the titans of anonymous self-publishing: Delicious Tacos, Bronze Age Pervert, Zero HP Lovecraft. These scribes are the source of the title, as their work flaunts the current zeitgeist of publishing. These bad boys of the pen are insightful, wicked, clever, politically incorrect, and often profound. The literary establishment can only compete in terms of money and resources. The cultural energy is on the side of the dissidents and men. Fortune favors the next Willeford.

Chad Cormac McCarthy

IN A DEPARTURE FROM HIS USUAL WHIRLWIND TOURS OF THE VAST SPAN OF HUMAN HISTORY, STONE AGE HERBALIST (@PARACELSUS1092) TELLS US WHY CORMAC MCCARTHY, ANOTHER PRODIGIOUS POLYMATH, MAY BE THE LAST TRULY MASCULINE NOVELIST ALIVE TODAY.

There aren't many men in the public eye today that personify any kind of male archetype, but Cormac McCarthy is one of the few. He is the classic lone wolf, the outsider, the barbarian hermit who lives on the mountain and becomes the stuff of legend in the village. Most people know him from his famous film adaptations - The Road and No Country For Old Men, but his literary output is larger and far more disturbing than either of these and his character and biography is almost a total mystery. A man who shuns fame, hates talking about his work and has dedicated himself to a higher vision and purpose. Condensing down all the reasons McCarthy deserves the title of chad is difficult, but here are my top five:

#1 Refuses to talk about his work

There are only a handful of written interviews with McCarthy over the years, possibly one in the 80's and a well-known one with the New York Times in 1992. Later interviews in Vanity Fair and the Wall Street Journal culminated in a terrible televised discussion with Oprah Winfrey, a tragedy if there ever was one. But what comes through in every piece is how much he disdains talking about himself and his work.

"McCarthy would rather talk about rattlesnakes, molecular computers, country music, Wittgenstein - anything - than himself or his books. "Of all the subjects I'm interested in, it would be extremely difficult to find one I wasn't," he growls. "Writing is way, way down at the bottom of the list."

"His knowledge of the natural world is vast and includes many of the Latin names of birds and animals. He can discourse on Harris's hawks ("the only raptor that hunts communally") or on poker (Betty Carey, the former high-stakes player, is an old friend) or on how gun manufacturers rifled their barrels before the invention of metal lathes. One of the few topics about which he will not willingly articulate an opinion is his own fiction"

Before he dropped out of the University of Tennessee for the second time, his writing had been praised by his teachers, and he had even won an award or two. But he does not talk much about his early efforts. His favorite answer when asked why he became a writer is to quote Flannery O'Connor's response: "Because I am good at it."

He has refused to attend honour dinners, speaking and book tours, signings and publication events. He disdains almost every form of publicity but instead relies on the chad's good fortune...

#2 Is blessed by the gods

Many descriptions of McCarthy refer to his self-confidence, good looks, strong gaze and unflappable demeanour. We all know that the gods have affection for such men and McCarthy has spent much of his life living from one stroke of good luck to the next.

"Something would always turn up," he says, recalling blithely the months he spent without electricity in a house in Tennessee. "I had no money, I mean none. I had run out of toothpaste and I was wondering what to do when I went to the mailbox and there was a free sample. Fortune smiled on McCarthy again, in 1981, when Saul Bellow, Shelby Foote, and others recommended him for a MacArthur Fellowship, the so-called genius grant. He calls winning the award "the most profound experience of my life."

"Dressed in western attire (cowboy boots and jeans and a crisply pressed shirt), McCarthy is a courtly, soft-spoken man and a good listener. His is the unhurried manner of one who has never found reason to doubt his own worth or abilities."

Clean-cut and handsome as he grays, he has a Celtic's blue-green eyes set deep into a high-domed forehead. "He gives an impression of strength and vitality and poetry," says Bellow, who describes him as "crammed into his own person."

#3 Is definitely not a simp

McCarthy's relationship with women has been the subject of numerous feminist screeds, attacking him for never writing about women. There is some truth to this: he rarely writes a female character who isn't irrelevant or a whore and has said publicly that "Women are tough...I don't pretend to understand women. I think men don't know much about women; they find them very mysterious.".

Alongside his absence of female protagonists, he's been married three times, his current wife being decades younger than himself. His former wives have complained about his total dedication to his work and how little he cared for their upkeep:

"McCarthy has never shown interest in a steady job, a trait that seems to have annoyed both his ex-wives. "We lived in total poverty," says the second, Annie DeLisle, now a restaurateur in Florida. For nearly eight years they lived in a dairy barn outside Knoxville. "We were bathing in the lake," she says with some nostalgia. "Someone would call up and offer him $2,000 to come speak at a university about his books. And he would tell them that everything he had to say was there on the page. So we would eat beans for another week."

#4 Feels a deep disgust for those who fear death

McCarthy's fiction, in true Southern Gothic style, focuses heavily on the tragic and brutal nature of life. Almost every character comes to a violent death or witnesses a violent death. Many suffer horrific injuries, hardships, starvation and thirst; they see men, women, children and animals die miserably. This cold acceptance of nature as red in tooth and claw has made him dismissive of any fiction which can't face the subject, and of how modernity ignores the reality of human nature at its peril.

"His list of those whom he calls the "good writers" -- Melville, Dostoyevsky, Faulkner -- precludes anyone who doesn't "deal with issues of life and death." Proust and Henry James don't make the cut. "I don't understand them," he says. "To me, that's not literature. A lot of writers who are considered good I consider strange."

"Most people don't ever see anyone die. It used to be if you grew up in a family you saw everybody die. They died in their bed at home with everyone gathered around. Death is the major issue in the world. For you, for me, for all of us. It just is. To not be able to talk about it is very odd.

"Jolly tales," he said, "are not what it is all about. My feeling is that all good literature is bleak. When a work gets a certain gloss on it with age, and the current reality of it is dulled, then we can say what has and what does not have the true tragic face. I'm guided by the sweep and grandeur of classical tragedy. Mine are the conditions common to people everywhere and finally the work has little to do with any personal aberration of the characters. Modern readers are a lot more familiar with Freud than Sophocles."
I asked him how difficult he finds it to write these amazing novels. "I work on each for several years," he said, "and am brought to the brink of innumerable suicides. I want, even for the worst of the characters, grace under pressure, some slinking nobility."

#5 Respects the rigours of traditional science

Unlike today's 'trust the science' sheep, McCarthy is a true polymathic renaissance reactionary. Despite an absence of scientific themes in his work, in his personal life he knows almost every major American physicist and is a Senior Fellow at the Santa Fe Institute, a place devoted to the study of complexity, theoretical physics and nonlinear mathematics. In 2017 he published his first non-fiction essay outlining his thoughts on language and consciousness, titled the 'Kekule Problem'. His respect for deep, committed thought, the rigorous application of the scientific method and the harsh light of nature's truths earn him his final chad points.

"There isn't any place like the Santa Fe Institute, and there isn't any writer like Cormac, so the two fit quite well together," says his friend Murray Gell-Mann, a Nobel Prize winner in physics and one of the founding eminences of S.F.I.

Geoffrey West, a British high-energy physicist turned biologist who is also the institute's interim president, believes strongly that "people define the success of projects here. Cormac is the kind of extraordinary character we like to encourage. Even though we have no formal artist-in-residence program, he functions in this way. He interacts with everyone."

During informal get-togethers in the dining areas, McCarthy joins in by drawing on his extensive reading in 20th-century physics, the philosophy of mathematics, and animal behaviour. In his office are manuscripts or galleys from friends in various arcane fields, such as Harvard's Lisa Randall, a leading string theorist. They send him their latest papers because they're curious to know what he thinks, and they know he likes to keep up on their research.

"It's sobering how investigations into physical phenomenon are done. It makes you more responsible about the way you think. You come to have a lot less tolerance for things that are not rigorous."

THE WHITE SWAN

FAISAL MARZIPAN

WHITE TARA COUNTS THE WORRY BEADS

A STORY BY
FAISAL MARZIPAN

“THIS MARBLE WAS SPECIALLY FLOWN IN FROM VENICE,” THE DOCENT GOKARMA GESTURED. GOKARMA WAS A ŚRĀMAṆERĪ, OR NOVICE NUN IN THE MONASTERY. SHE WAS SHORT, FRESHLY SHAVEN, AND PUDGY, AT LEAST BY THE STANDARDS OF BUDDHIST ŚRĀMAṆERĪ.

The honeymoon in Tibet was Brad’s idea. He wanted to convey interest in Buddhism, to appear cultured for Sharon, a self-professed Buddhist and yoga instructor originally from Reno. But, even more importantly, he was intrigued by the exotic locale. Brad managed a small REIT, a real estate investment trust, and for a $50 k buy-in he could guarantee a 10% annual ROI, safer than the S&P index fund. So, more than anything, Brad understood renovating a previously depressed property. But after spending half a day at the temple Brad was eagerly anticipating the hike to Tashi Dor Island.

Outside of the main room containing the historical buddha were two large statues of Nio. The Nio were 20 feet tall, all hypertrophic muscularity and menacing faces. The Guhyapada wielded a Vajra mallet, a staff that could summon thunderbolts on the enemy. Guhyapada’s mouth was wide open, to perform the “Ha” sounds. On the right was a Narayana, who brandished a large sword. Narayana held his teeth tightly shut to signify the “Herm” chant, Gokarma explained. Guhyapada and Narayan were each 20 feet tall. The marble bases were light pink but the statues themselves were a deep red. “The base comes from the Himalayas, and the marble for the Nio comes from Colorado,” she explained. “Master would travel to each mountain to hand-select tiles, to search for the purest stone.” Brad envisioned a monk in flowing robes at a quarry next to a realtor, vying for position in line for which stone ends up in a chateau in southern France or a Tibetan monastery.

“This temple is the largest Buddhist temple in the world,” Gokarma said.

“The flat screen outside is a nice touch,” said Sharon.
“The abbot had this specially ordered. Fifteen feet by fifty feet.”

“Panasonic,” said Brad, glancing back at Sharon. The ostentatious nature of the temple had them glancing at each other, as when an unexpected party guest shows up and each of the hosts is wondering who invited them. Was Sharon really Buddhist or did Brad just call her bluff?

Brad pondered the mismatch between the menacing Nio and the monks and nuns of the temple. The statues seemed to be a crude caricature of what a warrior is supposed to look like. Narayana’s pectorals had three striated mini-muscles in them, and the abdominal muscles lacked a typical vertical six pack and instead made a horizontal 8-pack over a distended, “dad bod”, gut. No way the sculptor studied a model of human strength, as Michelangelo did. Could this strange fantasy of physical power have been produced by a truly strong people, lacking as the statue did any grounding in the ascetic realities of strength? Brad knew that Afghanistan was once a Buddhist country, and the powerful men who had Allah on their side had sought to destroy all the ancient idols of the Afghan past.

Gokarma guided Brad and Sharon into the main chamber. There stood a stunning white marble statue of Shiyama Tara, also known as Jetsun Dolma. Tara sat cross-legged and had a third eye vertically oriented in the middle of her forehead. On the palm of her hands and center of her feet were additional eyes. Tara’s right hand was palm up in the varada mudra position, indicating a gesture of charity and wish fulfillment. In her left hand, Tara held a lotus, embodying the ascent of the beautiful to nirvana fueled by wretched detritus from the swamp of biological refuse, rooted among the worms and grubs writhing in decaying carcasses. Around Tara’s wrists were a bracelet of beads, thought to be “worry beads”. Tara is a healing Buddha, and she meditates on these beads for the health and well-being of her people. Bare chested and with a gracious visage, even a slight smile, Tara provided a warm and calming effect on Brad. Brad stood transfixed, ignoring the docent as she read from her script, likely a rote mention of the location of the marble quarry – maybe it’s Dover this time. Sharon maintained polite conversation with Gokarma, feigning interest in the mining process.

Gokarma directed their attention to a senior nun wearing the orange śrāmaṇerī robe. Thin, but not frail, even more androgenous and wearing a set of square spectacles, Ani Dohna revealed little of the warmth of the White Tara but bowed with a neutral respect for Brad and Sharon. Brad returned the courtesy with a nod of his head while Sharon deeply bowed to the hip, her devotional posture bordering on the obsequious.
“Ani Dohna has agreed to provide a consultation for you on behalf of the temple,” Gokarma said.

Brad tilted his head down and looked into the wizened eyes of the diminutive Ani. Beside her were some scientific articles. He could vaguely make out the words “Chanting” and “Norepinephrine” in the title of one of them.

“Is there something the Boddhisatva can help you with?” asked Ani Dohna, speaking to both Sharon and Brad.

“You know I’ve got something,” Brad replied. “It’s my work. I bring value to my job but my boss doesn’t appreciate it. I feel he’s holding me back, he puts me on too many projects before I can complete them. I want to start my own business, but without the connections and leverage and capital of my firm, I don’t think I can strike off on my own. It leaves me very frustrated.”

“What is your line of work?”

“Real estate investment, I seek out and sell funds that are backed by rental property. I’m good at selling, but I don’t own the property, and so I’m limited.”

“I understand. We have real estate all over, all throughout Asia, and even in California. We know that this is a patient game, to choose the right place takes lots of planning. You must think in terms of centuries.”

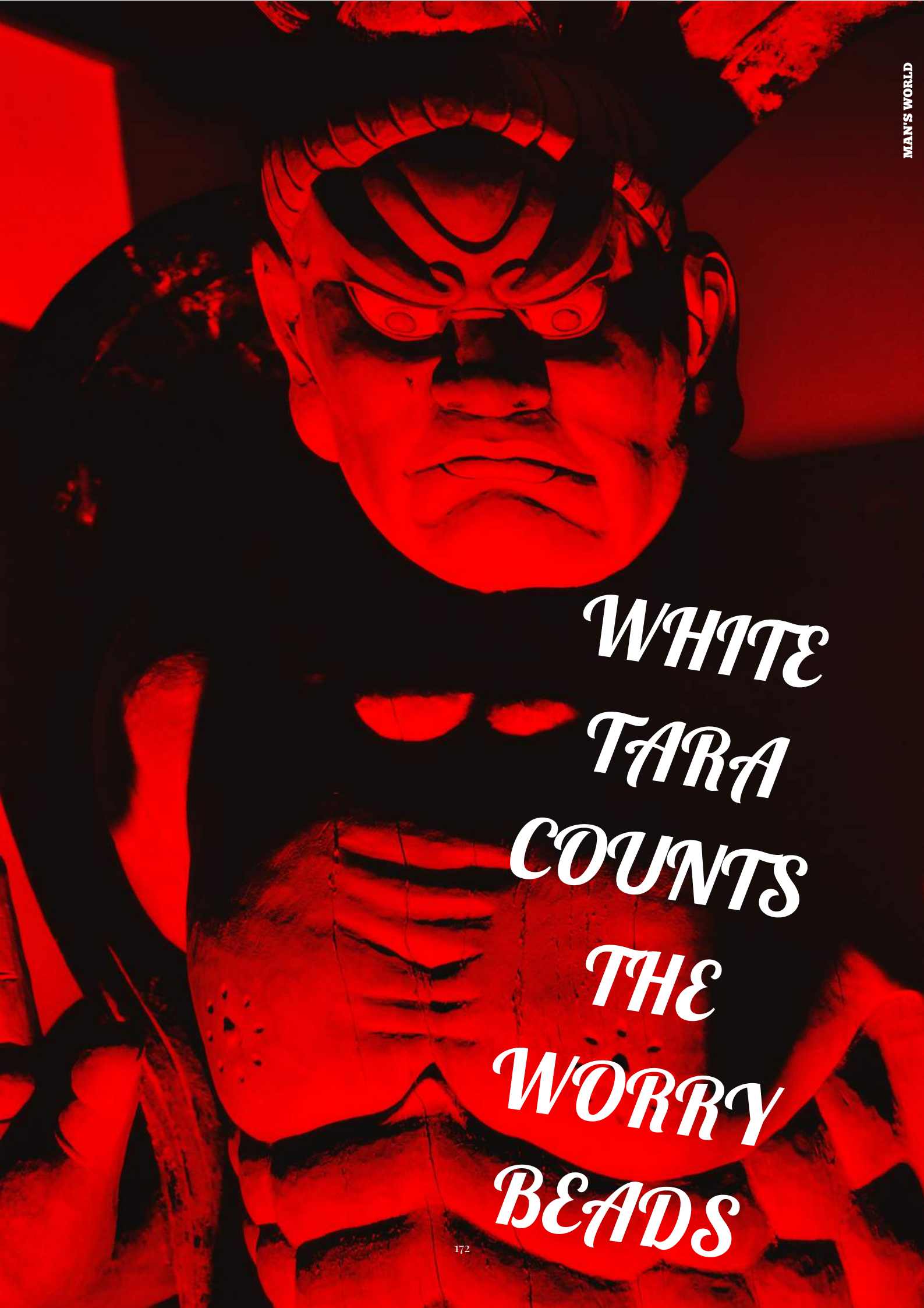
“But I don’t have a century to live. I don’t want to spend twenty years proving myself to become vetted in the firm.” Brad paused. Ss crisp as her English sounded, Ani Dohna probably didn’t know what “vetted” means. “I need to know that I am valued, and I want a piece of ownership within my company.” Brad tried to remain cool, but thinking about the sly backhanded compliments, the sleight-of-hand his boss would play for taking credit for his work, he couldn’t help blushing.

Ani Dohna chose her words carefully.

“You have had anger in your heart, for many, many lifetimes.” She paused, and the silence hung in the air with the tension of a rope holding back a guillotine. Her gambit was to see how Brad would reply. Would he perform daily mantras – join the Marin county branch of Vajrayana Buddhism?

Sensing her challenge, and perhaps spurred on by some ancestral memory of a Yamnaya raider on horseback beating down onto the scorching plains of the Indus Valley, or a Norman knight descending upon Sicily, or a Catalonian prince driving the Moors back through Aragon – Brad pivoted, showing his jutting blonde, bearded chin in profile, and uttered a single word of affirmation. “YES”. ■

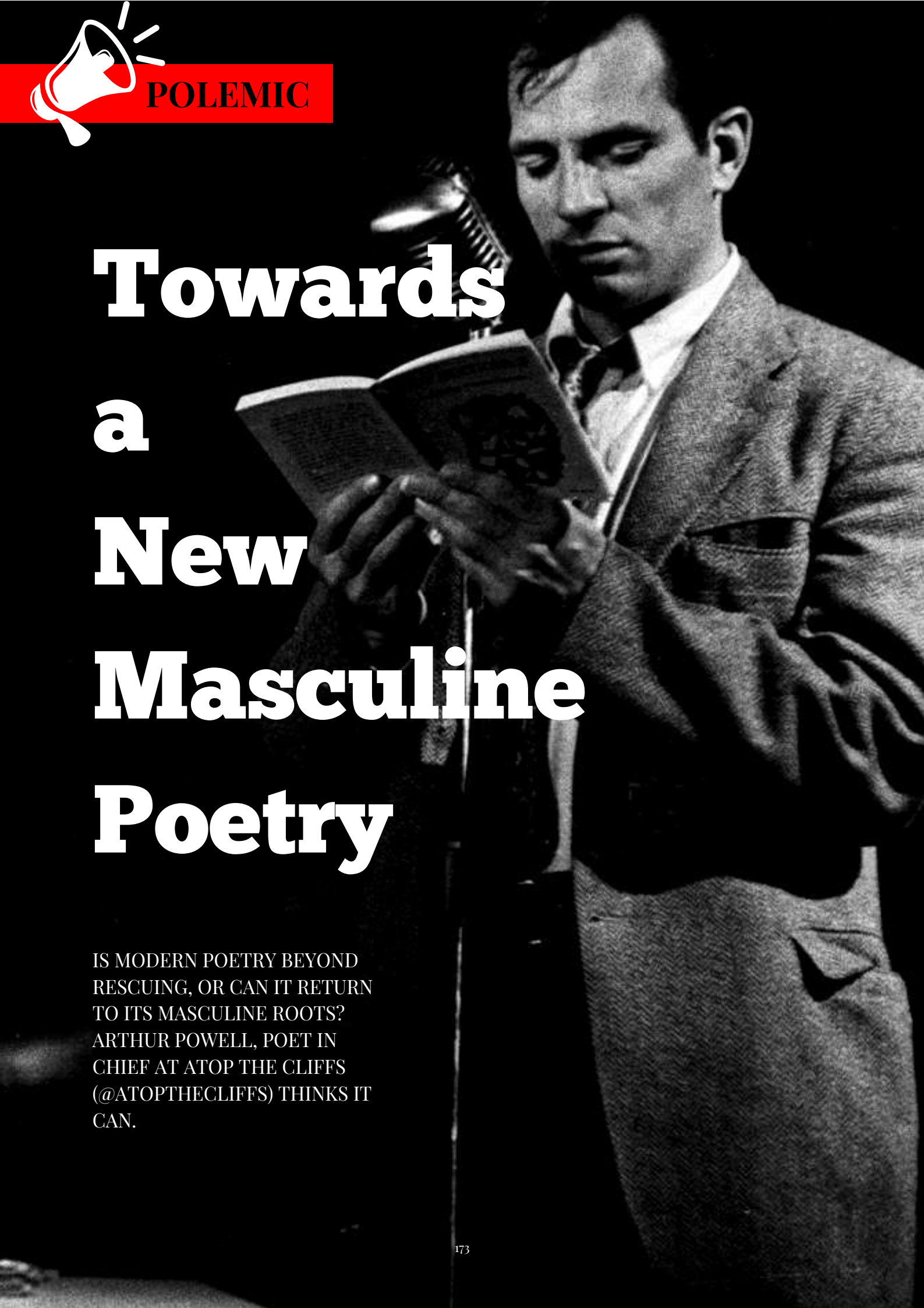
Faisal Marzipan is the author of the White Swan, available now from Terror House Press. He tweets @cedarsupremacy.



WHITE TARA COUNTS THE WORRY BEADS

POLEMIC

Towards a New Masculine Poetry



IS MODERN POETRY BEYOND RESCUING, OR CAN IT RETURN TO ITS MASCULINE ROOTS? ARTHUR POWELL, POET IN CHIEF AT ATOP THE CLIFFS (@ATOPTHECLIFFS) THINKS IT CAN.

SOMEONE, UPON LEARNING of my poetry journal, once asked me "What makes a good poem, on the Right? Is it content, style, spirit, or some combination of those?"

This is a very good question and gave me serious pause for thought. It also made me pause and reflect on the forgotten masculine nature of poetry. An ultimate goal for us all is to work towards a time and place where classifications from an ideological perspective of 'left' or 'right' would be unnecessary. That the art and culture of the time would simply be beautiful and not require political interpretation. That the masculine exists without shame, alongside a genuine femininity.

Alas, we do not live in that age yet. Indeed my very inspiration for starting the journal was to push back against the leftist hyper feminine control of culture that permeates life today. The left themselves have been largely responsible for the politicization of life, and art is no different. Consider the 'art' of Tracey Emin. Her defining piece of 'art' is a bed she lived in for 7 days (My Bed). This performative degradation of beauty was shortlisted for the Turner Prize.

Turner may have been somewhat of a 'radical' for his time but to look upon his artwork today is to feel something profound. The power of the storm or the melancholy of the Man-o-war as it is towed towards destruction. To cast your gaze upon Tracey Emin's work does not invite anything. Most people will feel nothing, a few perhaps feel true revulsion. Yet the cultural 'elite' of our time are telling people this is art, and art worthy of acclaim at that.

Poetry is sort of lost in the same way. For us to answer what makes a good right orientated poem we must understand the left's 'poetry'. There is an awful lot of explicitly political and victimhood poetry that has been produced in recent years.

The Wall Street Journal recently profiled the impact of one of these more horrible 'poets' and the influence she has had (http://archive.is/GRwXW). Her name is Audre Lorde. Lorde is a black lesbian. Her poems are transparent, they reveal her full of resentment, of hatred, of myopia.

All her poems I read were intensely personal narratives of her life. Her raw emotions transcribed, anger at an imagined injustice, or affirmation of what she is, and is not. As the Wall Street Journal notes, part of her very political promotion was to have people turn inwards and become driven and ruled by their feelings. To quote the article:

In another essay, she asserts, "Beyond the superficial, the considered phrase, 'It feels right to me,' acknowledges the strength of the erotic into a true knowledge, for what that means is the first and most powerful guiding light toward any understanding." She defines the erotic as "a resource within each of us that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, firmly rooted in the power of our unexpressed or unrecognized feelings." If student activists seem irrational, they're actually deliberately antirational, rejecting reason as "white" and "male."

And if they seem self-absorbed, that is consistent with Lorde's encouragement to turn inward. "Our acts against oppression become integral with self, motivated and empowered from within," she wrote. Lorde also claimed that in an oppressive society, "caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare." Ergo, when students enjoy crayons and cookies in their designated safe spaces, it is a revolutionary act.

So we see this Lourde as embodying much of what is wrong with poetry (that has been made leftist). It is selfish. It is obsessed with the political, it is about resentment. Her life as a black lesbian is all she wishes to write about. Of course there are other types of reprehensible poetry and art, mostly disgust-inducing, but we need not dwell upon them. Like Emin's 'art', they leave people hopeless and empty.

Masculine poetry stands in complete opposition to this. It focuses upon Truth, Beauty, and Justice. It is there to inspire profound emotions and tell stories that transcend space and time. Perhaps one of the greatest masculine poems would be that of Beowulf. A mythic poem that tells of a hero overcoming great beasts. It is a narrative tale of something greater than the self, a founding myth of the Anglo-Saxons. Whilst we all know of Beowulf, the tradition of masculine poetry did not die with the fading of epic mythical poems of our ancestors. Poetry continued.

An ultimate goal for us all is to work towards a time and place where classifications from an ideological perspective of 'left' or 'right' would be unnecessary.

Rudyard Kipling is another masculine poet who stands in complete opposition to the modern poets. I'm sure most readers know his poem 'If' but I would encourage them to look beyond that. His poetry from his days in the British Raj illuminates a forgotten history of that time that we all too often gloss over in favor of plain historical accounts of life. Poetry tells a more poignant story and it is part of the wider masculine flair for story-telling as a whole.

Poetry and warfare often combine, for it was once poetry that cemented certain battles or conflicts in the public consciousness. Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade immortalized a cavalry defeat during what is today a largely forgotten war. It is also poetry that reminds us of the terrible losses of the Great War - school children today still learn about poppies blowing in Flanders Fields.

Where do we go from here? The idea of the warrior-poet is a popular one, and an inherently masculine one. Poetry must make a return to the male sphere. In much the same way men caroused and sang together so to did they speak of great deeds in the mythic poetic form. The spirit of it must be first and foremost. Poetry must not speak merely about the individual writing it but appeal to greater experiences and Truths we know. It should inspire profound emotion, Beauty, and it should not shirk from expressions of Justice. Poetry can be a vehicle for masculine values we espouse and live. It remains a poignant way to transmit ideas, I urge all men to take another look at poetry.

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John Cold and the Weather Machine

Words: Ernest Lewicki (@ernrestthepole)

In the fourth part of our serialisation of the novel John Cold and the Weather Machine*, John Cold encounters Derleta and is about to have a very bad day...*

THERE COME MOMENTS in each of our lives in which we face humiliation, either through our own misstep or by the misdeeds of others. Such moments were exceedingly rare in John Cold's life.

When he had come to, the girl was nursing his head in her lap, softly stroking his hair and beard. She was humming some wordless song. Her hands were free.

John sighed.

They were still in the oval room. The pain in his leg was gone. When he raised it, he saw that also gone were his trousers and boots. But the myriad tiny wounds that the infernal machine had inflicted on him had also disappeared.

"Magic. How'd you do it?" he asked.

"I have my secrets," she smiled. "But I'm sure you're not so dumb as you pretend to be. You've read this." She motioned at the steel-bound notebook she obviously had perused herself. "You know of technology and medicine of old."

"Seems for you people it's not 'of old'," he quipped. "Is your name one of your secrets, pretty girl?"

"I am Amara. I cannot tell you where I hail from, alas—that is a secret, a real one. Were you looking for the somatoma?"

"Indeed I was."

"Then you know what it does, and how it operates."

John nodded. It was a known fact that an ancient sect had created the artifact. They did it in a lab hidden somewhere in the catacombs of Rome. Of course, that was when that city, and the rest of Italy, were still inhabited.

How they did it, however, nobody knew. The somatoma was irreplicable by any who tried. For some perverted reason, it required a human heart to kick it into action. Perhaps the group thought it wise that suffering would add to its lessons.

Some rumored that it had the power to preserve that heart's wish, and then realize it. The eventual demise of the cruel sect —for which their victims must have wished - seemed to some scholars to be a proof of this.

But maybe it was not the cruelty of the creators. Perhaps, it is that miracles require a sacrifice, because the operation of the somatoma was nothing short of miraculous.

Not only did it hold the heart in suspended animation—that would be just a cheap trick—no. By some unexplained mechanism of physics the somatoma sustained itself without external sources of power and allowed its operator to control the weather in a wide radius—hundreds of clicks.

In a world that had been boiling to death, it was an immense boon. Whoever had it could be a saviour to millions.

And so the sect used it in Italy, holding an incomparable sway. But there came a day that an ignoble thief stole it from the gilded city of Rome. The millions he doomed mattered little to him. The desperate rulers of other lands offered much.

Neither the thief nor the somatoma reappeared afterward. Had he gone mad after his monstrous deed? Some thought so, and the steel-bound notebook proved them right.

"I had the thief 's notes. But how did your crew find it?" asked John.

"My people, though we are few, unlike you primitives, move freely about the face of the planet. Derleta always had a mind for such things. She went to the ruins of Rome and found in old records there a way to track it that even the sect forgot in its final days. A frequency signature. Since then she had been chasing about the skies, looking for it desperately. She dragged us along, me for my piloting skills with the flier and poor Bertie simply to toy with him."

"So she wants to save the world?"

"No, John. She wants to destroy it! She has always hated all that is good. And above all she hates you, the mud-walkers—as she calls your people."

"She must surely know we are not one people. The world is as divided as it has always been."

"You're all the same to her," said Amara. "I tried to stop her here for the final time, disregarding the filial laws of our city that dictate absolute obedience to an elder sibling. Even Bertie," she pointed at the dead man.

"Despite the mad love he had for her, he tried to reason with her. She repaid us in cruelty, using this medical bay."

"Let's follow her. What do you think, where would she go now?"

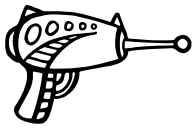
"She'd go to the closest inhabited town," said Amara, standing up as well, "to try the damned thing out as fast as possible. The somatoma powers up slowly, the range is limited at first."

"Kirshevo. Five days by foot from here, to the north. We have to go. But only after I make you mine. You will submit."

Amara took her jumpsuit off, knowing it to be true. "I took you in my care," she said, half-pleadingly.

He looked at her body like he owned it already. "That's why I will impose myself on you. Come here,"

And she did.



THEY SET OUT to return the way they came into the base. Their footsteps echoed in the ancient hallways, but the rhythm was uneven.

The long staccato of John's movements was countered by the pitter-patter of the girl. His pace was so fast that the girl struggled to keep up. She had herself to thank for it. The treatment that had reinvigorated him had been hers. If she was a witch like her sister, it was an altogether different kind.

They came at last to the vestibule of the upper floor. They were about to step out when John stopped and held her tightly, hand across her mouth.

"Shush. Voices outside," he whispered.

"As much as I like the taste of their eggs, I sure do hope you did not bring us here skindle hunting, Nurlan." A powerful voice. Thick Surgutian accent.

"No, Makan-Khan," came Nurlan's reply. One could hear he was bowing ever so slightly. "The Cascadian must be inside, for there are no tracks of his going out. I'm sure he will fetch the somatoma out of the bowels of earth. And when he does, we will snatch it from him. It will not be hard with the twenty men you brought."

"Who broke the trees here? No ordinary man could do it. Did this John Cold of yours already use the somatoma in this pit?" Makan-Khan questioned with distrust. "If we are wasting time in this place, too hot to live in, you'll pay for it. I hardly believe you came to us at all."

"I'm certain of what I am saying, Khan. His raft was still anchored at the bank when you landed your planes! Let us stay quiet now, in case the gunslinger approaches the exit and hears us. But remember what you promised: his head will be mine."

John Cold understood what must have happened. Instead of returning in shame to Kirshevo, Nurlan decided to betray his country and his Tsar. He went over to the Yaik Tigers. He knew after all, or at least guessed, the position of their camps. He sought out their leader, the rapaciousMakan- Khan himself.He offered him the chance to gain the somatoma. Probably threw in the keys to Kirshevo as well.

There was no doubt in the gunslinger's mind now. A new chance presented itself, one he had to take. He grabbed Amara's hand and leading her, he backtracked his steps a bit. Then, relying on his superior instincts, he made a sharp turn towards the west. He'd always been sure of the directions, even underground.

The corridor they entered went quite a long way, zigzagging, but John never hesitated. They passed four batches of rooms and at last came to another vestibule. The door at its end was locked. Some air was coming in through a vent above it. Though filtered, it had enough extra moisture in it that he knew that his instincts had not lied to him. He grabbed the hand-wheel and opened the door to reveal a dense mat of roots and earth. He dug in with his hands, pushing through. There was open air just behind. He made a few swings with his machete and soon a view of the river emerged.

On the water anchored four floatplanes with open sides, painted in tiger-stripes. Five men were playing some game of chance and drinking onboard the plane furthest from John and Amara. It seemed they had dug their way out at a fortuitous moment.

"I've flown those. Let's sneak down and steal the one closest to us," said John. "Crouch down, your jumpsuit is too bright."

They went down the slope, as silently as possible. Cold had his gun ready, just in case. The men were too busy with their game, however, and did not notice them.

John stepped on the floater and into the open deck. Amara followed him more gingerly. The craft's tail hid them from the guards' view.

"I guess this one steers different than your discus," ventured the Cascadian, motioning at the yoke. He sat down at it and looked for the ignition.

"Cut the rope."

Amara did not know how he did it without the keys, but the moment she struck the line with his machete, the propeller started with its whirr.

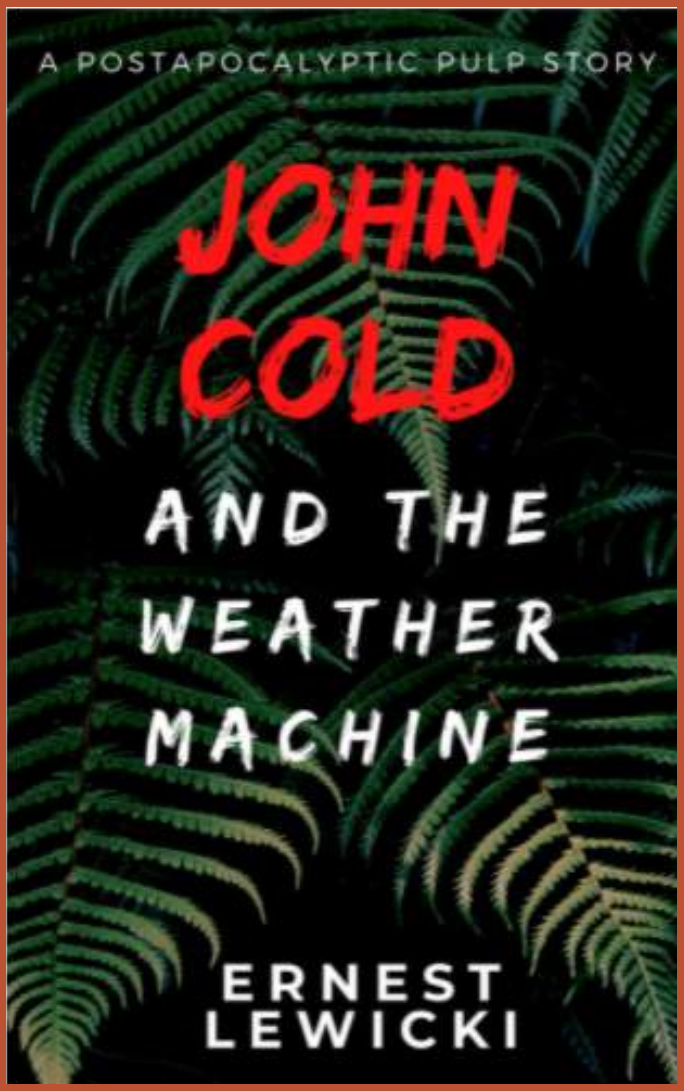
"Now, take the gun. Try shooting at them," said John, turning the craft downstream for a float-by. "They might shoot back."

They were rapidly accelerating alongside the other planes. Onboard the last one four men were still sitting at their game. The fifth one stood facing the river, a cigarette in his mouth, his fly undone. His eyes opened wide and the cigarette fell out as he said something to his mates.

Bam. The bullet went through his mouth, though she had aimed at his torso. John lifted the plane.

"Gimme my gun back. And strap yourself in before you fall out."

Amara did as commanded and just in time, for Cold suddenly made a tight turn. Fingers on the front gun's trigger, he strafed the other planes. It would be stupid to allow pursuit. He veered towards the north just as Makan-Khan and his other henchmen appeared on the river bank. Thud-thud-thudddud. The guerrilleros shot at them and some hit the plane. Then they were out of range.



Praise for *John Cold and the Weather Machine*, available now from Amazon

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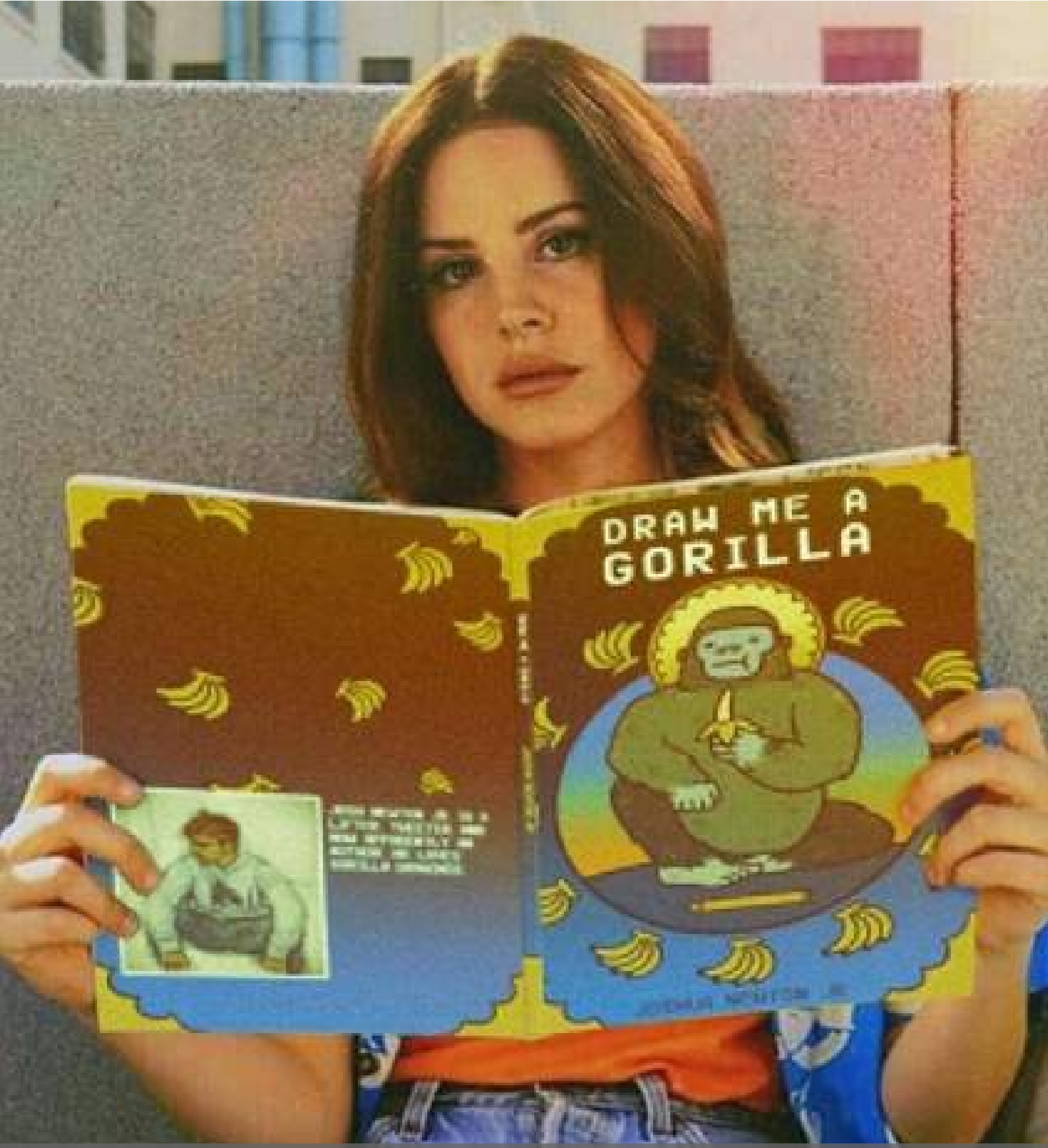
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THERE'S SOMETHING MAGICAL

that happens when you find yourself in between two distinct states of being. Where water meets land is one such place. When the day meets night is one such time. When you put the two together, you get a moment captured in time and space, a moment of completion and serenity. A hypnotic dance in the evening as the clouds play Greek Chorus to the sinking burning sun. A sunset palm tree is the quintessential symbol for places both serene and dangerous. Places where civilization meets the jungle. When the fruits of modern life encounter the guts of ancient survival. It's places with beaches, palm trees, and burning sunsets where a man can come from nothing, become a king, and die hard, young, and fast in a single lifetime.

All it takes is just a bump in the right direction.

All it takes is a little $YAYO



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